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WORKS

OF

THE HON. AND VERY REV.

WILLIAM HERBERT,

DEAN OF MANCHESTER, ETC.

EXCEPTING THOSE ON BOTANY AND NATURAL HISTORY;

WITH

ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS

BY THE AUTHOR.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

H. G. BOHN, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

1842.

ATTILA,

KING OF THE HUNS.

BY THE

HON. AND REV. WILLIAM HERBERT.

LONDON:
HENRY G. BOHN, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.
MDCCCXXXVIII.

G. NORMAN, PRINTER, MAIDEN LANE, COVENT GARDEN.

TO

HENRY HALLAM, ESQ.

I AM induced by the friendship which has subsisted between us near half a century, to inscribe these pages to you, who will fully appreciate any merit they may contain, and be disposed to look kindly on their defects. The historical treatise is the result of the researches I made to collect the materials for the poem, which was begun many years ago, and, having been some time completed, has remained in my desk receiving occasional corrections and additions. It is not without some natural anxiety, that I commit it under your auspices, as a favourite offspring, which has been sedulously educated, to the judgment of those, who will look upon it, not perhaps with greater critical severity than I have applied to it in the process of its correction, but without those feelings of paternal regard, which must have an undue tendency to reconcile me to its faults and deficiencies. I am well aware that my countrymen have lately conceived a great distaste for poetry, with which they seem to have been satiated; and perhaps I vainly flatter

myself, that the general historical truth of the poem may cause it to be looked upon in a light a little different from mere works of imagination; and, although I may be disappointed in the hope that it contains passages calculated to direct the emotions of the mind to the true comforts of religion, at least it contains nothing that will not tend to promote the glory of God. The foundation of the pagan empire of Rome was the noble subject of the Æneid. That which I have chosen is the firm establishment of Christianity by the discomfiture of the mighty attempt of Attila to found a new Antichristian dynasty upon the wreck of the temporal power of Rome, at the end of the term of 1200 years, to which its duration had been limited by the forebodings of the heathens. The grandeur of the subject is undeniable, and the deep consolations of Christianity give it an advantage over any heathen materials, however I may have failed in treating it.

Believe me ever,

Your sincere friend,

WILLIAM HERBERT.

Spofforth, March 23, 1837

I.

ATTILA,

OR

THE TRIUMPH OF CHRISTIANITY.

A POEM.

PREFACE.

The general course of this poem conforms with historical truth and fabulous traditions. The reapparition, however, on the field of Chalons of the deer, which led the Huns into Europe, is not founded on tradition, and Hacon is a fictitious person. The abduction of the wife of Alberon by the Romans is only thus far supported by history, that the bride of some distinguished person, whose nuptials Clodion was celebrating, was carried off by them, and Alberon was perhaps not the bridegroom. The subsequent adventures of the lady are imaginary. The character of Cyprianus is invented, the anecdote attributed to him in Alexandria being however true concerning some person, whose name has not been preserved. The loves of Andages and Mycoltha are invented, nothing being recorded concerning her, except her parentage and her marriage with Attila on the last night of his life. The termination of the story of Honoria by her forced marriage does not rest upon certain grounds, though I think the expressions of Priscus evidently point to some such impediment to her marriage with Attila having been devised, though it is barely possible that the objection that she had been

given to another man might have reference to her previous incontinence. Her repentance is supplied by me, history being silent concerning the close of her life. The names of Ostorius and Lucilia are fictitious, but not the sacrifice. The history of Hilda is conformable with the accounts given in the Scandinavian and Teutonic legends, reconciling their differences. The name of Escam, the daughter and wife of Attila, mentioned in the history of Priscus, is applied to the legends concerning the younger Hilda, who was his daughter and wife. The mutiny of the heathens in Rome, quelled by Leo, was not an actual occurrence at the period stated, but such a mutiny broke out with an attempt to reestablish paganism a few years before on the advance of the great army of Radagais to Florence, and the same feelings must have been in activity on the approach of Attila. I hope it will be found that I have filled up the outline with nothing repugnant to truth and tradition; but I am doubtful whether I have not shackled my imagination too much, by the desire to adhere to them as closely as practicable. I trust that nothing I have said concerning the Arians of the fifth century will be misapplied to the Unitarians, whose opinions I look upon as totally distinct from the ribaldry of the Thalia of Arius. I intend nothing polemic towards any person or sect of the present day.

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ERRATA ET EMENDANDA.

B. 1. v. 150—1. *read* with solemn chaunt
Unholy adoration,

B. 3. v. 233. *for* loathly *read* guilty

B. 4. v. 168. *for* Saragossa *read* Calahorra

B. 9. v. 8. *read* Lost to man's highest purposes, enslaved

B. 10. v. 296. *for* impious *read* Syrian

——— *for* loathsome *read* nauseous

B. 12. v. 127. *for* Set on a crucifix *read* Uplifted to a cross

B. 12. v. 346. *for* Mitraton *read* Mitatron

Hist. Treat.

Page 343, l. 25. *for* Mysian *read* Mœsian

Page 447. *note*, l. 10. *read* was fought

——— l. 15. *read* have had

Page 538. l. 17. *dele* the

Page 559, *note*. Sozomen is quoted by mistake instead of Socrates and some other writer to whose work the reference is mislaid.

ATTILA.

BOOK FIRST.

HIM terrible I sing, the scourge of heaven,
Who, braving the Messiah, with thy sword,
Dread Ariman,* outpour'd his Scythian flood,
What time the empire of Quirinus old
Quaked from the base; for even then its years 5
Were ended, and the breathless nations look'd
For who upon the seven eternal hills
Should sit enthroned with might; and, in God's house
Blaspheming the Most High, with impious pomp
Display himself as God. Night's shadow sank 10
On Catalaunum,† and the dreary waste
Red with the blood of thousands, that confused
Lay on its bosom weltering. The sound
Of conflict was o'erpast, the shock of all
Whom Earth could send from her remotest bounds, 15
Heathen or faithful; from thy hundred mouths
That feed the Caspian with Riphean snows,
Huge Volga! from famed Hypanis, that once
Cradled the Hun; from all the countless realms
Between Imaus and that utmost strand, 20

* Ares, or Areimanios, in Latin Mars, the war-god. † Chalons.

Where columns of Herculean rock confront
The blown Atlantic; Roman, Goth, and Hun,
And Scythian strength of chivalry, that tread
The cold Codanian* shore, or what far lands
Inhospitable drink Cimmerian floods, 25
Franks, Saxons, Suevic and Sarmatian chiefs,
And who from green Armorica or Spain
Flock'd to the work of death. Arduous it were
To scan the tribes, different of faith and mien,
Upon the waste of Catalaunum heap'd 30
In undistinguish'd wreck. Within his camp
Stood Attila unbroken, undismay'd
By that disastrous hour, his pagan host
Beneath unnumber'd banners mustering,
Various and many-tongued; in this agreed, 35
Firm trust on him their leader, him revered
E'en as a God; with courage desperate,
That little heeded life, and by reverse
Unshaken. O'er that field, where battle's din
Had seem'd a voice from Erebus, now reign'd 40
Stern silence; save where moans of agony
Came on the night-breeze, or the howl of wolves
From Ardenne gathering to their loathsome feast
Made the deep stillness horrible. Around
Flamed beacons, lighted by the wary Franks, 45
Whom Merovëus of the flowing hair
Marshall'd against the invader. On the south,
Flank'd by victorious Goths, the middle post
Held princely Sangiban, of dubious faith,
With his brave Alans. Sorely had they rued 50

* The Codani dwelt by the Baltic. There is no trace of the existence of the name Dane there before the reign of Attila.

Their leader's taint, exposed that fatal day
In the red front of conflict. On the left,
Camping aloof, and 'scaped from that fierce heat,
Wherewith Gepidian Arderic had press'd
His legions, parted from the central host, 55
Aëtius watch'd the slippery tide of war,
Lord of Rome's strength. He from thy tottering walls,
Aurelia,* dogg'd the Hun, what time thy towers
Shook crumbling to the stroke of engines huge,
And, in the breach, already swarm'd the foe, 60
And steel met steel, and clashing bucklers broke,
And matrons shriek'd: while Anianus stood
High on the battlement, in flowing robes
Pontifical, and stretch'd his arms to heaven;
When, as he pray'd, a dim and distant cloud 65
Obscured the pale horizon; on it roll'd
Clothing with dust the desolated plain.
"The aid of God!" the Christian pontiff cried;
"The aid of God!" from every tremulous tongue
Rang to the citadel; and the misty shroud, 70
Thrown backward by the gusty breeze, display'd
Rome's eagles, with thy bright auxiliar host,
Theodoric, and all the banded South.
From that portentous hour the sullen Hun,
Sweeping the realms of France, roll'd back the tide 75
Of his fell myriads; not in rout, or fear,
But wary, unappall'd, so to o'erthrow
The rash pursuer; till on Chalons' plain
His vaunt was staid. Unscathed Rome's army stands;
But where art thou, illustrious Goth, supreme 80
From beautiful Tolosa, that beholds

* Aureliæ, Orleans.

Pine-clad Cebennæ and the snowy ridge
Of Pyrenean hills, to the Roman walls
Of Arelas, and Rhone's impetuous wave!
Baptized Theodoric! whose conquering* sire 85
Clombe the Tarpeian, but with alter'd mien
Bow'd humbly in Jehovah's shrine. Transfix'd
By heathen shafts, and trampled by the hoofs
Of thy victorious cavalry, thou liest
Upon that field of glory; but the Hun 90
Treads not upon thy corse, or girds thy spoil.
Ranged in fierce order, where the loftier ground
Swells gently from the plain, the Gothic power
Frowns o'er the silent champaign; but anon
Strange sounds of barbarous music, woful strains, 95
And funeral wail is heard; like that† sent up
From Hadadrimmon in Megiddo's vale
For good Josiah dead. That awful dirge
Sends forth the grief of thousands, a whole host
Hymning their monarch slain. King of the West, 100
It cannot rouse thee from thy gorgeous bier!
Nerveless is now that arm which shew'd thy Goths
The path to glory; and the eye, that oft
Relumed their fainting ardour, dark and seal'd
By the long slumber. Thou art as the dust, 105
Which thy foot trampled, when Tolosa's dames
Saw thee go forth in bravery to war;
Of all thy sire possess'd, or thy sword won,
Thou dost inherit nothing, but the urn
Where the worm nestles, and the voice of fame 110
Which falls unheeded on the ear of death.
The wild lament was hush'd; and then a shout,

* Alaric the Great. † See Zechariah xii. 11.

As of applauding millions, rent the sky;
And thousand torches from their flaming locks
Cast forth a lurid glare; a clang of arms 115
With loud acclaim announces to the host
The heir of all his glory and estate,
Young Torismond, upon his buckler raised,
Amidst the bristling ranks of Gothic steel.
Thro' Arduenna's woods the echo rang, 120
And blood-stain'd Matrona's polluted wave
Ran trembling to the Seine; awhile the blaze
Stream'd o'er the field of death; then all was still,
Horror and utter darkness: through the night
Deep silence brooded o'er the Gothic camp. 125
But not to Attila came soothing rest,
Not to the throng of pagan combatants,
That wearied, faint, amazed by that day's rout,
Presaged worse ruin, desperate overthrow.
Breathing revenge, he thro' the midmost ranks 130
Imperious rode; his outstretch'd arm raised high
The ponderous falchion, upon Scythia's plain
Cast by the fulminating God of war,
Itself divine; as shoots the meteor-stone
With hissing speed along its fiery path 135
Precipitate thro' mid air, by mortals deem'd
Flung from the moon's Vulcanian hills. So fell
The accursed brand, there since by wondering hinds
Found on the verdant mead, distain'd with blood
Of a pure heifer, midst unnumber'd herds 140
The first, self-offer'd, victim. To that steel
Bow'd Hun and Tartar, not by temples graced,
Altar or secret shrine, or costly dome
Fretted with proud barbaric ornament,

But in the barren sod firm-fixt and stark, 145
An horrid Deity; the type of him
Whose might unseen, amid the crash of arms,
Wields the blind chance of conquest, flight, and death.
By Tanais oft, or Rha's* majestic flood,
To that grim idol rose the solemn chaunt 150
Of nightly adoration, while the clang
Of armed legions in their bloody rites
Rang e'en to Caucasus. Now held aloft
Terribly portentous, and to him their prince
The badge of heaven-born power, the lurid blade 155
Gleam'd o'er the Painim rout. Silent the bands
Adore it; then thus spoke the king of kings.
" Drunken, but not with wine, our foemen shout
" Fate-stricken in their camp. Not Cæsar's arm,
" Not Merovëus, or the Gothic tide 160
" Push'd back our squadrons, but almighty Powers,
" Who darkly work their end. Empire is mine
" Predestined, and the march of fate is sure.
" Low lies the great Theodoric, while-ere
" Thy vaunt, Tolosa! let the Christian dogs 165
" Bay near us, and the spurious Franc afar
" Bid cressets blaze! let Rome's sly chieftain prowl
" Round our defences! In his eyrie pent
" The Hunnish vulture undismay'd and fresh
" Plumes even now the wing, that shall o'ersail 170
" The towers of Constantine, and those seven hills
" Where Rome sits shrined in glory; for this sword
" E'en on the Capitol erect shall stand
" Sprinkled with sacrifice, and Christian gore

* The ancient name of the Volga

" Shall froth upon the hilt. Hear, haughty queen, 175
" The curse of Attila! and ye, loud mouths
" Of martial symphony, defiance breathe,
" Pouring the strain, that cheer'd to victory
" Stout Rhuas,* and Balamber's iron heart,
" And those of older attribute, who made 180
" Far Sericana dread the Tanjoo's arm!
" For not in vain (I deem) our fathers burst
" Forth from their oozy lair; the glamorous deer
" Over Mæotis and the swampy brake
" Not without fate conducted them." He spoke, 185
And, with that word, an universal blast
From thousand instruments of warlike breath
Gave note of stern defiance, and rang forth
Of stirring music a sonorous peal
From gong and cymbal, many a clashing sword 190
Resounding to the buckler's iron orb;
And, midst that clang, the multitudinous shout
Of all those uncouth nations, that, erewhile
Downcast and mute, by those bold words aroused
Breathed new confliction, and by hate assured 195
Trampled e'en now, beneath the hoofs of war,
Byzantium and the stately halls of Rome.
The brazen-tongued triumphal symphony
Smote the dark heaven; all night that ceaseless din
Bray'd thro' the Hunnish camp, with confident strain 200
Braving the foe. Nor of secure defence
Lack'd what rude means might furnish, chariots, wains,
And strength enormous of scythe-armed cars

* King Rhuas was uncle to Attila; Balamber commanded when they entered Europe.

Closing the warlike theatre, and around
With intermingling wheels and horrent flanks 205
Making firm fence, to all that Gothic horse
Impenetrable, tho' their necks be clothed
In thunder, and their course like rushing winds.
Within, dread catapults and engines strange;
Strong front of opposition, not untried, 210
Which, as a rock, dash'd back the o'erwhelming wave
Of those impetuous squadrons, that yestreen
Bore terror on their charge and fiery speed;
But, midst the serried rank of scythed cars,
Horseman and horse in bloody overthrow 215
Plunged headlong, and the tide of battle turn'd;
While in mid air, a sound articulate
Louder than human (like that fatal voice
Which once in Athens broke the awful pause
Between heaven's angry bolts, and made each hair 220
Stand bristling on the heads of those who heard,
Calling to Hades the incestuous king*
Branded by fate) with strange heart-withering dread
Appall'd each host; and some averr'd a face
Look'd through the gloomy curtain of the dusk, 225
Upon that bloody field, from heaven's high cope
So full of terror, that the stoutest hearts
Shrank with dismay, and the tumultuous din
With all war's thousands became still as death.
Thus the lorn habitants of that famed town 230
Fabled in Araby, which heard her doom
Spoken at midnight, when her sons were changed
All in the twinkling of an eye to stone.

* Œdipus, see Soph. Œd. Col.

Sullen drew back the assailant, while the twang
Of Hunnish bows behind that muniment 235
Shot arrowy sleet. Within, a gorgeous pile
(Spoils heap'd on spoils, all that of ravaged wealth
France yielded) shew'd how pagan hearts would meet
Fate's worse alternative. Exalted high
Upon that pyramid, with carpets strewn 240
As for a feast, sat all the blooming flower
Of Attila's rich harem; wives and slaves,
Children and concubines, from Tyrian silk
Breathing perfume. Around them incense raised
Its precious odours, and bright standards gleam'd, 245
Trophy of days victorious; in the midst
The imperial throne. Below, a trusty band,
Stern ministers of death, with ears intent
Awaited but the word, to wrap in flame
That holocaust of loveliness, fair shapes, 250
Which never insult of invading foe
Living shall spoil. Each, in his left a torch,
Stood girt for sacrifice, with watchful eye,
Guarding the pyre. All night the tapers glared
Funereal, and the wail of women rose. 255
Slow struggling thro' the mist, that reek'd to heaven,
Day dawn'd on Chalons' plain. Faintly it shew'd
Indistinct horror, and the ghastly form
Of havoc lingering o'er its bloody work.
O for the tongue that told, how once the fiend 260
Over immortal Athens from his wing
Scatter'd disease and death! and, worse than death,
The living curse of sunder'd charities,
Whereby the fount of feeling and love's pulse
Was staid within thro' dread, and, when most lack'd, 265

The hospitable mansion sternly closed
Against a parent's prayer, while corses foul
On the barr'd threshold's edge lay uninhumed,
Exhaling plague! O for the voice of him,
Who drew the curtain of apocalypse, 270
To man declaring things for man too high,
That I may speak the horrors, which broke slow
Upon the sight at dawn! The ample field,
Which, but short hours before, was redolent
With herbs and healthful odours, now uptorn 275
By thousand hoofs, batter'd beneath the strength
Of wheels and horse and man, a barren mass
Of dark confusion seem'd; a trampled waste
Without the blush of verdure, but with gore
Distain'd, and steep'd in the cold dews of death. 280
Thick strewn, and countless, as those winged tribes,
Which clamoring blacken all the grassy mead
In sickly autumn, when the wither'd leaves
Drift on the moaning gale, lay swords and pikes,
Bucklers, and broken cuirasses, and casques, 285
Shower'd by the pelting battle, when it rush'd
With such hoarse noise, as doth the foaming surge
Upon some rocky ledge, where Æolus
Bids foul winds blow. But not of arms alone
Rent fragments, and the broken orbs of shields 290
Emboss'd with gold, and gorgeous housings, lay
Cumbering that fearful waste. The mind shrinks back
From the thick-scatter'd carnage, the dread heaps
That late were living energy and youth,
Hope emulous, and lofty daring; strength, 295
Which, raised again from that corrupting sod,
Thro' Ardenne's desert unto utmost Rhine

Might have spread culture; thousands, whose blythe voice
Might yet have caroll'd to the breath of morn,
Or joy'd the banquet, or with gifted hand 300
Waked the ecstatic lyre, adorning still
With rich diversity of active powers
Cottage or palace, the marmorean hall's
Proud masonry, with Roman wealth o'erlaid,
Or of Sarmatian hut the pastoral hearth, 305
Abode of love, where fond remembrance now
Looks sadly over hills and native dales
For forms beloved in vain, which far away,
Spurn'd by the grazed ox, shall heap the sod
Of Chalons' glebe with undistinguish'd clay. 310
Alas! if erst on that unhallow'd eve
When Ramah quaked with dread, the deep lament
Of Rachel * moaning for her babes appall'd
Utmost Judæa, and the holy banks
Of Jordan unto Syria's frontier bounds, 315
What ear, save Thine to whom all plaints arise,
Might have abided the commingling wail
Of matrons widow'd, and of maids that day
Bereft of bridal hopes! like those lorn men
Hard by the rock of Rimmon,† when the Lord 320
Smote Benjamin in all his fenced towns,
Virgin, and wife, and infant with the sword

---

* Matth. ii. 18. Jerem. xxxi. 15.

† When the children of Benjamin were destroyed in Gibeah, 700 men escaped unto the rock of Rimmon, (Judges xx. 47.) and the men of Israel had sworn not to give them their daughters in marriage; but they seized on 400 maidens at Jabesh-gilead, and completed the number of their wives by taking the virgins that were dancing near the vineyards at the feast in Shiloh. c. xxi. v. 21.

Utterly destroying; and one oath restrain'd
Each willing fair in Israel; yet brides
For them still bloom'd in Gilead, and, what time 325
The vintage glow'd, in Shiloh danced with song
Ripe for connubial joys. But whence for these
Shall ravaged Europe light the nuptial torch,
Whose hopes have wither'd as the herbs, that bloom'd
Odorous yestermorn on Chalons' plain! 330
There foes on foes, friends lay with icy cheek
Pressing their maim'd companions. On that field
The eye might trace all war's vicissitudes
Impress'd in fatal characters; the rush
Headlong of flight, and thundering swift pursuit, 335
Rescue and rally, and the struggling front
Of hard contention. Strewn on every side
Lay dead and dying, like the scatter'd seed
Cast by the husbandman, with other thought
Of unstain'd harvest; chariots overthrown, 340
Shields cast behind, and wheels, and sever'd limbs,
Rider and steed, and all the merciless shower
Of arrows barb'd, strong shafts, and feather'd darts
Wing'd with dismay. As when of Alpine snows
The secret fount is open'd, and dread sprites, 345
That dwell in those chrystalline solitudes,
Have loosed the avalanche, whose deep-thundering moan,
Predicting ruin, on his couch death-doom'd
The peasant hears; waters on waters rush
Uptearing all impediment; woods, rocks, 350
Ice rifted from the deep cœrulean glens,
Herds striving with the stream, and bleating flocks,
The dwellers of the dale, with all of life
That made the cottage blithesome; but erelong

The floods o'erpass; the ravaged valley lies 355
Tranquil and mute in ruin. So confused
In awful stillness lay the battle's wreck.
Here heaps of slain, as by an eddy cast,
And hands, which, stiff, still clench'd the ruddy steel,
Shew'd rallied strength and life sold dearly. There 360
Equal and mingled havoc, where the tide
Doubtful had paused, whether to ebb or flow.
Some prone were cast, some headlong, some supine;
Others yet strove with death. The sallow cheek
Of the slain Avar press'd the mangled limbs 365
Of yellow-hair'd Sicambrian, whose blue eyes
Still swum in agony; Gelonic steed
Lay panting on the cicatrized form
Of his grim lord, whose painted brow convulsed
Seem'd a ferocious mockery. There, mix'd 370
The Getic archer with the savage Hun,
And Dacian lancers lay, and sturdy Goths
Pierced by Sarmatian pike. There, once his boast,
The Sueve's long-flowing hair with gore besprent,
And Alans stout, in Roman tunic clad. 375
Some of apparel stripp'd by coward bands,
That, vulture-like, upon the skirts of war
Ever hang merciless; their naked forms
In death yet beauteous, tho' the eburnean limbs
Blood had defiled. There some, whom thirst all night 380
Had parch'd, too feeble from that fellowship
To drag their fever'd heads, aroused at dawn
From fearful dreaming to new hope and life,
Die rifled by the hands, whose help they crave.
Others lie maim'd and torn, too strong to die, 385
Imploring death. O for some friendly aid

To staunch their burning wounds, and cool the lip
Refresh'd with water from an unstain'd spring!
But that foul troop of plunderers, unrestrain'd,
Ply their abhorred trade, of groan or prayer 390
Heedless, destroying whom war's wrath had spared.
Some, phrenzied, crawl unto the brook, which late
Pellucid roll'd, now choked with slain, and swell'd
By the heart's blood of thousands; gore they quaff
For water, to allay the fatal thirst 395
Which only death may quench. And this, great God!
This is the field of glory and of joy
To man, the noblest of created forms,
In thy pure image moulded! this the meed
For which exalted natures toil and strive, 400
Placed in such high pre-eminence, to be
Thine own similitude, in glory next
Thine incorporeal ministers! Long while
Upon that loathly scene gazed Attila,
Touch'd by no thought of sufferings. His eye 405
Thro' the dull twilight mark'd the distant rear
Of the retreating Goths. Amazed he views
Their camp deserted, and the dying glare
Of their spent watchfires. On the farthest left
The Roman station with huge palisades 410
Shew'd double fence, against assault prepared.
Him musing, valiant Alberon address'd.
Alberon,* first-born of France, but from his throne
Exiled by Rome. He in the Hunnish camp
Breathed fratricidal vengeance, stung by hate 415
Of him,† who, girt with foreign livery, wore

* King of Cameracum (Cambray), son and rightful heir of Clodion
† Merovæus.

Lutetia's crown: nor less another thought
Goaded him, direr than fraternal strife;
How, at the nuptial banquet, ere his lips
Had cull'd love's promise, on the easy prey 420
Aëtius sudden with his legions fell,*
And foemen reap'd his rights. Then flash'd the glaive
O'er goblets crown'd by mirth; and, midst her train
Of beauteous handmaids by like wrong despoil'd,
Force tore his virgin queen from the first blush 425
Of bridal joys. Amid the clash of swords
He saw her streaming locks, the bursting sob
Of her bared bosom, to the soldier's gaze
Unveil'd, and that chaste form, which was to him
All that earth held of bliss, dragg'd forth to mourn 430
Servile dishonour, and adorn with tears
Rome's triumph. Still he fought, as to whom death
Were victory; but the merciless tide of war
Came booming in between him and his hopes.
He sank upon the ashes of his camp, 435
Deserted, faint; as, from the lonely wreck,
Who midst the crash of waters sees in vain
The hand he lov'd uplifted, and anon
Hears but the sullen and remorseless wave
Roar o'er the gulph that swallow'd it. E'er since 440
His bosom glow'd implacable with hate
Of Rome and her great captain. To his mind
One thought was present; still before his eyes
Stood that dear vision, spotless, undefiled,

* Majorian, serving under Aëtius, carried off from the camp of Clodion the bride of some person of high rank at the celebration of the nuptials. See Sidon. Apoll. I have supposed her to have been the bride of Alberon.

Breathing delight; the sacrilege of force 445
Invading the pure temple of his joys
With more than hellish insult; still in war
That image fired him. Mid the hostile ranks
With hands upraised in vain, that injured form
Seem'd to implore him, and her last wild shriek 450
Came o'er his soul. Thus now, with ardent mind
Forejoying vengeance, he gave passion voice.
" Attila, they fly! The Gothic force e'en now
" In yon blue distance fades! Immortal Powers,
" At length ye hear my vows, vows daily pour'd 455
" Amidst the bread of bitterness! The Gods
" Give curst Aëtius to our vengeful arms,
" Or, if he fly too, eagle-wing'd pursuit
" Shall ring upon his footsteps; the gaunt dogs
" Of Hesus shall be flesh'd with victory, 460
" And thou, gore-sprinkled maid of Scythia,
" Dread Taranis,* shalt see thine altars fume
" With Roman blood. Lead on, to glory lead
" Thy thousands, mightiest and first of men!"
He ceased; but Attila withheld reply, 465
Stretching his sight athwart morn's misty shroud
To the hostile hills, so haply to descry
Ambush or fraud; when close before him pass'd,
Bounding with nimble step, a beauteous doe,
White, as the snowy wreaths on Mænalus 470
Untrodden by the hunter Such a form,
Perfect in symmetry, might well have woo'd

* The prevailing notion that Taranis was a male Deity is certainly erroneous The line Et Taranis Scythicæ non mitior ara Dianæ in Lucan implies that Taranis was the Tauric Diana; the construction otherwise given to the line is inconsistent with Latinity.

Chaste Dian from her incense-breathing shrine
To the lone quest of forests, or allured
Unshorn Adonis from the fragrant kiss 475
Of his love-lighted queen. It seem'd not born,
Like the rude dwellers of the ferny brake,
To crop the dewy lawn; rather to lie
In gentle idling by the mossy grot
Of some aërial nymph, there fed with cates 480
Ambrosial, or disport on Flora's lap
Light as the breath of Zephyr. Strange it seem'd
A thing so meek by nature, form'd to shun
Man's walk, and chief such walks, where strife had loosed
The dogs of carnage, over heaps of slain 485
Should bound unscared, brushing the bloody dew
With unstain'd hoofs. Awe-struck, the Hunnish lords
Deem'd it a wondrous omen; to the Franc
It seem'd the wraith of his long-ravish'd queen
Bodeful to Rome; a form of loveliness 490
Amid war's agony. With other mind
Stern Attila regarded it, as nigh
It stopp'd, and fearless on the Hunnish king
Turn'd its full orbs, as if for him alone
Its eyes had vision. An unconscious flush 495
Glow'd on his tawny skin. His sight seem'd fix'd,
Yet were his thoughts far off, beside the flood
Of Cuban, and that demon-guarded marsh,
Where dwelt his rude forefathers They, confined
By the dark belt of the Mæotian pool, 500
A dreary waste impervious, as they saw
Each sun successive in its waters merge,
Deem'd it earth's utmost girdle, nor divined
Other fair realms, and the huge continent

Far stretching to the blue Atlantic wave 505
Beyond the western ray. Till such a form,
Nimblest of forest deer, whether in truth
Child of the glen, or* incorporeal shape
Sent by malignant spirits, to draw forth
A plague on Europe, thro' untrodden swamps 510
Toled the swart leaders of the toilsome chase
To the open plain. Nursed in that dismal lair,
Amazed they stand upon the margin green
Of clear Borysthenes, who winds his flood
Amongst ten thousand herds; thence, like a blast 515
From ice-bound Taurus, or Riphæan dens,
By Eurus loosed, them from their barren haunts
Fierce Ares pour'd, wasting the fruitful prime
Of Europe city-crown'd, from Danau's bank
To Rhene's far water, and your sunny streams, 520
Liger and Matrona, that lave the Gaul.
Now, tranced in thought profound, their monarch view'd
That shape, of glory ominous, ere then
Oft to his fancy present, that first led
His fathers from their wilds, to overthrow 525
The Alipzures in battle, and heap high
The shrine of Victory† with captives slain,
First fruits of war. Unutterable things
Press'd on his mind resistless; Chalons' field,
With all its contiguity of death 530
In thousand hideous shapes, unto his eye
Seem'd but the course, o'er which his charger's hoof
Must speed unto the goal. His ardent soul

* Bishop Jornandes was of the latter opinion

† See Jornandes.

Pictured the distant wilderness, abode
Of his first ancestors, of woman fair 535
Engender'd by foul elves, that haunt unseen
Forest and fell, by human kind abhorr'd;
And, as he mark'd with vision fancy-rapt
Their wizard messenger, vague thoughts arose,
That, amid glens sequester'd, of his race 540
The original mother, with immortal bloom
By that abominable union clothed,
Might still o'er nature's ever-during laws
Hold mastery, and triumph over death.
Nor of such meeting had his nightly dreams 545
Never forewarn'd him. Thoughtfully he look'd,
Nor of his chiefs mark'd word or motion, till
An arrow from the bow of Hacon flew
Right to the mark. Sea-rover bold and free,
When booty lured him, in the chase, or fight, 550
His arm was never staid. The dart sprang back
Harmless and foil'd, as from a hollow shape
Of iron or shrill brass, which artful hands
Have moulded to the life. As it recoil'd,
Unearthly was the sound; the elfish tone 555
Rang sweetly tremulous, as breezy harp
Of Æolus, or those Memnonian chords,
That quiver'd to the dawning touch of day
Harmonious. From the rocks, where Maelstrom roars,
Came Hacon, never more that bow to draw 560
In forest, or in field. The ruthless king
Smote him; "So perish all, who cross our fates!"
Wrathful he cried. With strange irradiance lit
His eyes shot fierce command; their kindling gleam
Seem'd of no mortal fire, and his regard 565

Was fixt upon the boundless realms above,
As if the aspirations of his soul,
Inward and strong, were bursting thro' the clay
That shackled its bright essence; and the world
With every rich variety and pomp 570
Of nature or of art, mountains and dales,
And vallies teeming wealth, and billowy seas
Studded with sails, beneath his kingly glance
Lay prostrate. Badge of power, the baleful sword
Shone in his hand uplifted, as he spoke 575
Words fitting his proud thoughts. "Beings unknown,
"From whom we sprang, with no degenerate pride
"I greet your messenger! One boon alone
"Vouchsafe me! Power I ask not, on these brows
"By fate decreed to bloom; nor strength of limb, 580
"Which I inherit; nor long thread of life
"In me spell-guarded by high destinies;
"Nor long predicted empire. Only I crave
"In charm'd Engaddi to confront your forms,
"Where I was nursed* by spirits, and behold 585
"Things in the womb of time, and all that space
"Envelopes in its ample bosom, far
"Beyond the ken of man." At those bold words
The snow-white forester, that all the while
With heedless nostril snuff'd the gory sod, 590
Fix'd him with startled eye; then, bounding swift,
Fled northward, where unmeasured waste of woods,
Dark Arduenna, stretch'd beyond the bank
Of Meuse and Axona's deep-gurgling stream.

* Attila styled himself *nourish'd in Engaddi*, "a place of palms or vines in the wilderness," near Zoar. See the prophecy of the man-child, Revelations xii.

ATTILA.

BOOK SECOND.

QUICK fled the wizard deer; with powerful hand
The king of nations curb'd his snow-white steed,
Impetuous Grana; if fame tells aright,
Of other breed than spurn with foot untamed
Dnieper's luxuriant glebe; where'er he trod, 5
The blasted earth with sulphurous vapour reek'd;
Nor flower, nor herbage clothed the barren print
Of that fell hoof. Proudly the monarch cast
To Arderic his signet, and forbade
Egression from the camp; then spurr'd the flanks 10
Of that terrific charger. He upright
Rear'd furious, shaking from his lip the foam,
And started on his gallop; the torn sod
Flies shiver'd into air, and sparks and flame
Play round his heel. Beneath his stroke the plain, 15
Echoing each footstep, quakes; till, far and faint,
The thunder of his course in distance dies.
Leagues fled behind them; Attila still kept
The chase in view, where wide behind his camp
Stretch'd dreary Arduenna. By a rock 20
Stupendous, that o'erbrow'd the pathless brake
In that unmeasured solitude, the deer

Vanish'd, ingulph'd in shade. The baffled Hun
Uncertain paused; the while his fiery horse
Ungovernable paw'd the desert turf, 25
Neighing, and snuff'd the air, and chafed, as if
Voices man knew not, sights unseen and strange,
To him were manifest. Anon from far
The thunderous gallop of ten thousand hoofs
And other neighings answer'd, till the rush 30
Of countless legions, heard, but undescried,
Came sweeping by. The cheerly morning air
Turn'd loathsome, like a blast from charnel vaults,
And darkness grew around, as if the sun,
Shorn of resplendent shafts, had veil'd his brow 35
In rayless night. With foaming jaws, eyes fix'd,
Neck stiffen'd and out-stretch'd, like moulded brass
That yields not to the bit, the Hunnish steed,
Straining each sinew, over rock and scaur
Tears headlong, to outstrip that viewless herd, 40
Nor hears his rider's voice, nor heeds the rein,
As if incensed by rivalry of forms
That nature own'd not; now behind them, now
Amidst the deafening multitude involved,
Now striving with the first, while strong and loud 45
The labouring flanks of that unearthly crew
Panted behind. At length dead halt he made,
As who had won the goal. How far, how long,
And whither borne by that ungovern'd course,
The monarch knew not; all his senses reel'd 50
In dizziness amazed. Around him rose
Nature's magnificence; the wildest shapes
Of wood, and rock, and torrent waters; caves
Darker than night, and thick groves, mantling round

A tranquil amphitheatre, fenced off 55
From the world's cares by those huge battlements.
Beneath umbrageous trees, whose giant arms
Might have o'ershaded the original source
Of earth's primeval streams, the chrystal flood
Slept in that stately harbour, fringed with flowers 60
Innumerable, from which the wanton air
Drew mingled odours, richer than the breeze
From blest Arabia, or that fragrant pyre
On which the phœnix dies. Harmonious notes
Came floating on the water, with a fall 65
So ravishing, it seem'd the ecstatic close
Of some seraphic chorus; and anon
Their warblings kindled into amorous plaints,
Voluptuous strains of rapture-breathing hope
From strings invisible, and airy harps, 70
Which might have stirr'd with their blithe minstrelsy
A heart of adamant. Around, the earth
Smiled gaily, carpeted with bloom: nor lack'd
Amid that witchery of sound and sight,
Lovelier than all, fair shapes and feminine, 75
Fairer than womankind, unzoned, and ripe
With every faultless charm. The highest seat
Held one, amid that train surpassing bright;
Their queen, if diadem adorning locks
That need no gems to grace them, princely port, 80
And stature raised above her comrades, speak
Royal preeminence, o'er forms that seem
Each perfect. Eloquent of bliss, her eyes
Thro' their long lashes beam'd with liquid light,
And dark as ebony the ringlets fell 85
Upon her neck and brow. Her fragrant lips

Like coral shew'd, on which the humid breath
Linger'd, as loth to quit that perfumed seat
Of balmy life. O'er all her person glow'd
Imperishable charms and stately grace. 90
Near her sat one, past manhood's burning prime,
Who seem'd her father. Years had left some trace
Of cares upon his brow, not unadorn'd
With vigour and the venerable print
Of inborn worth. And other forms were nigh, 95
Mirthsome, and blooming with male strength of limb,
Fit mates for those rare damsels. She their queen,
Upon a couch of beryl, rich with gems,
Hung on that elder's neck, as if her eyes
Drank life from his; while thro' her beauteous court 100
Song and sweet interchange of joyous speech
Kindled around. Sudden the love-fraught-smile
Forsook her startled cheek, scared by the neigh
Of Attila's pale war-horse. Gracefully
She courteous half uprose, her ivory arm 105
Extending, to designate the high seat
For him reserved. Then thus, while glamorous charms
Ineffable play'd round her roseate lips,
Outbreathing joy. "Hail, glorious child of power,
"That bear'st the passport to this vale of bliss, 110
"That spell-born falchion! Mortal, thou behold'st
"Famed *Aliorune, unrivall'd upon earth
"For beauty, fragile once and vain, now deck'd

* The Huns were said by Bishop Jornandes, who lived in the century following the reign of Attila, to have sprung from certain women called Alirunæ or Aliorunæ, who having been expelled by Filimer king of the Goths on account of their sorceries, companied with evil spirits in the wilderness

" With incorruptible unfading youth;
" And these my deathless sisters, of thy race 115
" First source and origin, outcast by force
" From this our native Europe, bann'd by men
" For lore to them denied, in the obscure waste
" That girds Cimmerium's plain, thro' Runic charms,
" Gift of our Scanian ancestors, we found 120
" Immortal spousals, amid spirits dread
" That make earthquake. Winters have shower'd their snow
" Successive o'er the long-forgotten grave
" Of olden Filimer, whose ruthless hate
" Exiled us, from the dwellings of mankind 125
" Eliminated; other banners flout
" His Gothic halls; unchanged, unchangeable,
" We yet with beauty's freshness are enrobed;
" Power and delight are ours. Thee, king of kings,
" Expected long, thee, glory of our line, 130
" Thus thy first mother hails, crowning with bliss
" The ambrosial cup, untasted yet by man."
" Pour me not wine," he cries, " though it outvie
" Falernian grapes, or e'en that wondrous drink,
" Jove's nectar, sparkling with immortal strength! 135
" Wine, and what else earth bears, fairest and best,
" Adorn my court, by me untouch'd, unprized,
" Toys feminine and vain. Source of my race,
" And, as thy presence speaks, fit mother! I
" With other thoughts approach thee, than become 140
" Nerve-softening banquets. If, defying death
" Which lords o'er the creation, thou art join'd
" By close communion and eternal ties
" With bright intelligences, lift the veil
" That hangs o'er fate and time!" " Well hast thou said, 145

" My son," the fair divinity replies.
" There is no time for dalliance to the great,
" Who should bestride earth's empire. Spirits of might
" Array'd against us shake this nether world,
" And its old altars crumble, long bedew'd 150
" With pagan sacrifice. The Holy One
" Has seal'd his people, from our kingdom bought
" By his own blood. Angels, and Thrones, and Powers,
" Descended from the heavenly concave, walk
" This earth, our just inheritance. The Breath 155
" Pour'd from the Highest, with no mortal strength
" Upholds his flock. Revered full many an age
" By the Quirinal senate, on her hearth
" Cast headlong the maim'd form of Victory lies.
" Saturnian Jove, and all the deathless throng 160
" That peopled huge Olympus, from their fanes
" Upon the sevenfold mount have toppled down
" Sore humbled. Still thro' Rome the edict rings,
" That stripp'd their godhead, marshalling on high
" The fatal cross in hierarchal pomp. 165
" And thou, short-lived survivor, giant-limb'd
" Serapis, lord of Egypt, hast beheld
" Thy dome, which rivall'd the great Capitol,
" With its portentous image overthrown;
" While thy mute worshippers, appall'd, in vain 170
" Look'd for the avenger's lightning, and forethought
" Pestilent desolation from the dearth
" Of Nile's withholden bounty, who nathless
" Abundantly rolls on, dispensing joy.
" But power shall still be ours. The heathen war 175
" Shall deluge thy fair bosom, Italy!
" Rome, the world's mistress in the iron reign

" Of tutelary Mars, unnerved and weak
" Shall rue her alter'd worship, bow'd as low
" Beneath the Hunnish steel, as once upraised 180
" High on her eagle pinions stretch'd mid-heaven.
" Thou, bulwark of the nations, hope and strength
" Of heathendom, by all the powers conjured
" In darksome league against the Anointed, swear
" Unquenchable hatred to the long foretold 185
" In *Jebus, and His reign. So shall thy sway
" By aid immortal prosper, still secure
" Thro' all mischances; in triumphal pomp
" Thy wheels shall roll through the eternal town,
" Red with victorious dew. But, if thine heart 190
" Once waver, if the dread of Him, Supreme
" Amid his thunderous host, appall thy soul,
" Thou art dissever'd from all hope, and lost,
" Flung headlong from the pinnacle of sway
" To the abyss. So fell Rome's mightiest foe 195
" Alaric the Goth, enthrall'd, enslaved, baptized,
" By whom he conquer'd." " Perish all who quail
" Beneath that dread!" the dauntless king replied;
" Nor sue I for the aid of thee or thine
" To quell the Roman battle, well assured 200
" Of who against the Christ make head and war;
" But fearless of corrival, and quite pall'd
" With earthly pomp, my chafing spirit yearns
" To overleap the barriers of the flesh,
" Which blinds its sight. Unveil, if power be thine, 205
" The gorgeous face of nature, and bewray
" All things that be, disclosing to my view

* The ancient heathen name of Jerusalem.

" The boundless universe, space, matter, soul,
" In all their wondrous amplitude! If then,
" Mother divine, thy son unworthy shrink 210
" From that majestic vision, shent his pride
" And broken be his bow!" " Thy haughty speech
" More asks, than she or dares or can reveal,"
That elder answer'd; " nor behoves it, king,
" Scenes of such awful aspect meet thine eye 215
" Initiate, ere the irrevocable oath
" Have pass'd thy lips, and thou hast quaff'd that draught,
" Powerful to steel the nerves against all ill
" Present or future. Dare, and be supreme!"
This said, the cup he proffer'd, rich with gold; 220
And, at his grasp, the liquor hiss'd within,
High frothing o'er the brink. A fearful sigh,
From nature's secret depths, shook every leaf
At that dire bidding. Nought appall'd, the Hun
Upraised his ponderous falchion, gift of Hell, 225
And by that damned brand, meet instrument
For such dread purpose, swore the eternal curse
Against Heaven's holiest; then drain'd the cup,
With its thick dregs of bitterness. Earth heard,
And shudder'd from her inmost; darkness stole 230
Over her face, as tempest mountain-born
Throws slowly its deep shade o'er vale and lake
On which the red light glares, while far aloof
Each Alpine summit like a furnace glows
Through the storm's night. So thick came utter gloom 235
Involving the fair scene, while hellish fire
Stream'd round that elder's brow, and demon shapes
Meteorous thro' the awful darkness shone.
Like storm that gloom o'erpass'd, when heaven relumes

Mountain and varied vale, and each red peak 240
Fades in the light. Before him stood confess'd
He, erst hurl'd headlong from the etherial cope,
Python, as high in glory once, as now
Accurst and fallen. By his side, unveil'd
In base deformity, lay hideous Sin, 245
Erewhile so seeming fair, married to Hell,
Such her vile boast, and deathless as her lord.
Around, her sisters, as herself, impure,
With bloated visage, brutish in their mien,
In spirit worse. Each had her impious mate, 250
Elsewhere in temples or on hills profane
With incense worshipp'd by unhallow'd hands,
The loathsome flock of him, whom daring pride
Dragg'd headlong to perdition, changed in form
(So will'd the All-just) from glory. They confused 255
Revell'd in guilt, while thus the Archfiend, " O king,
" The draught, which thou hast quaff'd, no other deem
" Than desperation; not of earthly weal,
" For worldly glories shall be thine, thick-reap'd;
" But of His kingdom, cherub-borne who rides 260
" Through the immense, wielding eternal might,
" Despair and total abjuration. This
" Drain'd to the uttermost, no hope remains,
" Save in confliction with that Power, who deems
" Himself omnipotent, and this our reign 265
" By Him permitted for wise ends; yet finds,
" And haply still may rue, divided strength
" Held here by whom He boasts to have subdued,
" Outcast and chain'd. What chains, save those which
" wreathed
" With fragrance-breathing flowers voluptuous Joy 270

" Weaves for her votaries, thou see'st; and man,
" Our slave and Sin's, shall witness, though His Spirit
" Strive vainly, wrestling with the thrones of night.
" To who has drunk this cup, evil is good,
" And Sin in her own form is fair, nor needs 275
" That robe of glamour, spun by her first-born
" Hypocrisy, the subtlest elf in hell.
" But ne'er before this hour to man earth-born
" Hath Sin unveil'd her aspect, else adorn'd
" With charms, that take the spirit through the sense, 280
" Delusive blandishment. For thee, king, now
" Our comrade, equal in despair and guilt,
" The veil of nature is uplifted. Gaze
" Upon unbounded regions, and o'erleap
" Sight's limitary verge." He ceased, but still 285
Rang through the monarch's ears the fiendish tone.
A giddy qualm came o'er him; for, self-poised
As who should look from the precipitous point
Of Cotopaxi, or the eternal snows
Which Himalayan peaks lift nearer heaven, 290
He stood, or deem'd he stood, above the range
Of earth's horizon; and with marvel scann'd
The infinite creation. Distance seem'd
Annihilate, and each minutest shape
As view'd thro' optic lens. So angels see, 295
Whose vision is not blunted by brute clay.
Around the fount of light, their untired course
With speed, to which the culverin's shot is sloth,
He saw the planets wheel, a wondrous choir
Each with its starry spirit; and other globes 300
Eccentric sail, from whose mysterious forms
Millions of leagues across the kindling void

Stream'd wide the blazing miracle. Beyond
Shone other suns, of which an arrow's flight
In fifty thousand summers would drop short, 305
Begirt with worlds, of which the least might seem
As fair as this, or goodlier: more remote
Spheres huge and crowded, to the sage's ken
Seen as a nebulous haze, thin strewn afar
On the blue firmament; and systems, roll'd 310
In distance unimagined, shew'd distinct
As to the All-seeing eye, whose glance surveys
His wide dominion at one thought. Aloof
A dreary tract and darksome he espied,
Where the gigantic* archetype, obscure, 315
Pass'd like a shade before him; by whose form
First fashion'd in perfection, the Allwise
In a more humble mould created man
After the great original, lest his strength
Should scale heaven's star-paved ramparts, and in arms 320
Provoke his Maker. There huge semblances
Of worlds unborn, which the Creative word
Not yet had moulded into being, slept
With shapeless bulk, like huge behemoths; there
The baseless wrecks of times and things long spent, 325
Ere Cherubim or Seraphs were, to Him
Known only who is First and Last. There wastes
Of stagnant frost, where genial light ne'er reach'd
Evoking life; and vast vacuity,
Where nothing is, or shadowy forms that seem 330
Nor spirit, nor substance. Nearer in mid space

* See the Latin lines of Milton on the idea of Plato concerning the archetype.

He saw the city* of transparent gold
By jasper walls encompass'd, like a bride
With glorious gems adorn'd, and massive gates
Of orient pearl: where sorrow never comes, 335
Nor scorching heat of noontide, but serene
The changeless glory of the Holiest beams.
All nature shone reveal'd, with every power
Portentous or beneficent; the† sprites
Unseen, that hover o'er the dewy birth 340
Of rose or lily, tinging the fresh bud
With fragrance-breathing blushes, and the shapes
Which ride heaven's forked bolt, and howl in storms;
And, mightier far, those angels, which direct
Each in its orbit the self-balanced spheres, 345
Weaving their wondrous dance. All these and more
(Shapes multiform) he saw, terrible and fair;
But strange amazement held him, while his view,
Passing those lesser lights and regions clear
Of heaven's seraphic satrapies, approach'd 350
The heaven of heavens, unequal to contain
Its Maker, but adorn'd to be the throne
And inmost dwelling of immortal bliss,
Where angels hail His presence, and with hymns
That steep in ecstacy each ravish'd sense, 355
Bend round the shrine of might. Beauteous and pure
He saw them spread their particolor'd wings,
And from the glory of the Holiest draw
Wisdom and life; but further could not pierce

* The heavenly Jerusalem. See Revelations xxi. 10. &c.

† It was the opinion of the early fathers, that the air is peopled with spirits. See Eusebius Orat. de laud. Constant. Augustinus Epist. 49. Hieronimus Not. on St. Paul to the Ephesians.

The blaze of light; for spirits have not power, 360
And least of all such spirits, fallen and foul,
To unveil the world's great Author; nor hath man
Beheld his God, nor could behold and live.
Him, lost in gazing, thus the Arch-fiend bespoke.
" Cease, King, to muse on distant spheres, and seats 365
" Which never may be thine! Beneath thee stretch'd
" Earth lies, thy prize and birthright." As he said,
Clouds, dense as Erebus, enclosed that scene,
But, robed in verdure, still beneath him stretch'd
The earth in full luxuriance. " Close below 370
" Lies charm'd *Engaddi," (thus the tempter spoke)
" Where Siddim's garden bloom'd. There fairy breasts
" Thee, from thy cradle ravish'd, fed with milk
" Ambrosial, and thro' all thy limbs infused
" Vigour invulnerable, gifts of powers 375
" That hover'd o'er thy birth. The flaming brand
" Drove man's first parents from the tree of life
" Ejected, to subdue the unthankful glebe,
" But I and mine, the princes of this world,
" Admitted nestle near the flowery site 380
" Of Eden snatch'd from earth, and the swart East
" Obeys my bidding. Our blithe revels, held
" Near man's old cradle, have defied the host
" Angelic, and perchance, while time endures,
" Shall brave it still. All eastward, as thou see'st, 385
" Of yon cold range to Sericana's strand
" Is mine, untouch'd by that new creed, which, sprung
" From slavish Palestine, has marr'd the Powers
" That raised great Rome to glory; now reversed

* Attila styled himself " Nursed in Engaddi."

" To bow beneath the faith of Him, who died 390
" With malefactors on the transverse tree
" By stubborn Juda rear'd. To seal His death
" I enter'd his betrayer bodily,
" And thus incarnate conquer'd. View the mount
" Opprobrious, where He bled! That day I stood 395
" Full opposite Jehovah's shrine, behind
" Swift Kidron, on the right of that famed hill,*
" Where, deem'd of men the wisest, David's son
" Built fanes to Chemos and the idol grim
" Of Moloch,† nigh the grove of Sidon's queen, 400
" Night-beaming Ashtoreth. Unseen I gazed
" Upon Jerusalem, and Him who left
" The glory of his Father, doom'd to walk
" In sorrow to the grave, which cast Him forth
" Loosed from the bonds of death. That fatal morn 405
" Little of godlike majesty He wore,
" Bow'd low beneath his cross, a man of woes,
" Insulted by the rabble at His heels
" Baying like blood-hounds, and the merciless shout
" From those who clamour'd at the judgment-seat 410
" To crucify their Lord; scourged, crown'd with thorns,
" And on His gory back a purple robe
" In mockery thrown! I saw, and fill'd the hearts
" Of His revilers with my own fierce joy;
" And amply might that triumph overpay 415
" My fall from heaven's bright dwellings, to the abyss
" Where on the throne of darkness I abide
" With Night and Chaos leagued. When Death prevail'd,

* On the right hand of the Mount of Corruption, which Solomon, &c. 2 Kings, xxiii. 13.

† The highest point of the Mount of Olives.

" And it was finish'd, e'en the sun shrunk back
" Into primæval gloom; the firm earth quaked, 420
" And prophets starting from their tombs arose,
" So mighty was the hour. Mark there the site
" Of Jebus, by Messiah's worshippers
" Now Salem call'd. Around Jehovah's shrine
" Its marble domes stretch'd north of Zion's hill 425
" With gold and porphyry adorn'd; but He,
" Who therein dwelt in glory undescried,
" Forsook the seat of mercy, and abroad
" Scatter'd his people; from the shrine exiled,
" His angels fled; then heathendom wax'd strong, 430
" And that proud fabric, wrapt in hostile flames,
" Upblazed unto the throne of majesty.
" Now, mortal, turn, and nigh that bitter pool
" (Where, buried, Admah and Zeboiim lie
" With their abolish'd * kindred, water'd once 435
" In Siddim's flowery site with grateful streams,
" E'en as an earthly paradise, prepared
" For joy and secret orgies, but too near
" Their †sister, equal in offence, yet chosen
" To be his seat, who ‡from the Lord in Heaven 440
" Rain'd fire and sulphurous death) the prisons view
" By superstition rear'd, to make man's creed
" A double curse. Where a § secluded race
" (Remnant of that ‖ saved city, from whose lust
" Moab and Ammon sprung) dwelt unrenew'd 445
" By woman's fruitful love, and rites perform'd
" Abhorr'd of the Almighty, with new faith

* Sodom and Gomorrah. † Jerusalem, see Ezekiel xvi. 48 & 51.
‡ The vengeance of the Father executed by the Son. Genesis xix. 24.
§ The Essenes. ‖ Zoar, see Genesis xxiv. 30, &c.

" Thou see'st like abstinence; monastic seats
" Each with its laura* girt, a garden once
" Of evergreen delight, but now of cells 450
" An austere girdle. From yon tower-deck'd hill
" By Tentyra palm-crown'd and that vast wreck
" Of once gigantic Thebes, they stud the plain
" Up to Nile's cataracts. There view the walls
" First rear'd by famous † Anthony; not him, 455
" Who, for a faithless and polluted toy,
" Lost power and life. That proud one sanctified
" In the lone desert amid tombs abode,
" While, round him, shapes incorporal throng'd; some sate
" With frightful visage propt on either knee 460
" Grinning perdition; some, like toads obscene,
" Crept loathly on his sight; others less foul
" With features feminine; most power have such,
" Alluring soul and body to like end.
" An hundred years, and longer, he endured 465
" Amid temptations, which have oft made saints
" Howl in their cells. Nigher Pachomius dwelt,

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* Lauras were evergreen gardens adjoining to sacred buildings. Laura is a Greek word of the highest antiquity, occurring in the Odyssey, and understood to mean the public street. The thoroughfares in the neighbourhood of pagan temples being planted with the sacred daphne or bay, I apprehend that the Latin name laurus for that tree, was derived from the situation it occupied. Such gardens adjoining the temples of idols, which the deluded heathens worshipped by devotional acts of unchastity, were of course the scenes of great licentiousness, for which the laura of Antioch was particularly celebrated. Women of abandoned character were called in Greek stolchesi-laurai, street- or laura-walkers.

† See the engraving from the celebrated picture of the temptations of St. Anthony. He lived above 100 years, if his biographers are correct.

" Whose zeal marr'd heaven's best gift, with sterile weeds
" Involving woman's loveliness. Next came
" Syriac Hilarion, who lay half an age 470
" Immured nigh Gaza's swamp; Basil, whom wilds
" Of savage Pontus held, where twice each sun
" His clarion thro' the inmost forest rung
" A deep-breathed call to prayer: and he* of Tours
" Ambitious, who in rigid garb austere 475
" Sway'd the rude tribes of Gaul. O fools, to think
" That life, and all that makes man's life a gift
" And not his curse, were by his Maker given
" To wither unenjoy'd, mid torments plann'd
" By his own mad invention! Cast thine eyes 480
" Eastward from Antioch, where high in air,
" Yon column towers. Upon its giddy point,
" E'en at this instant, in the pangs of death
" Lies Simeon,† named from that strange pinnacle,
" Where thirty years, like a sepulchral form, 485
" He hath endured the blast and summer heat
" Exalted above earth; nor even thus
" Untempted. I, in garb angelic veil'd,
" Assay'd his strength, against all suffering proof,
" But not its praise. I stood before him clothed 490
" With heaven's transcendent brightness; on a car
" Of fire ethereal, in the silent gloom
" Of still cerulean night: and, Mount, (I cried)
" With me thro' the expanse, and thou shalt know
" The spirit of Elijah, doubly pour'd 495

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* St. Martin of Tours.

† Simeon the Stylite died the same year the battle of Chalons was fought. Concerning the monkish legend of his death in consequence of stepping into the devil's chariot, see Gibbon's Hist. vol. 6. 8vo.

" On thine illumined soul! Chosen of the Highest,
" Guide thou the car of Israel, and the steeds
" Which bore him on the whirlwind!—Vain of heart
" Into that car of glamour he upraised
" His foot to climb: whereat, with power endued 500
" Through his presumptuous pride, I smote his thigh
" With such a nauseous wound, as charms or prayer
" Could never heal. He lay in life half-dead,
" Corrupting in the sun; but this his hour
" Must loose those mortal throes. To such have men 505
" Adjudged the palm of holiness. Insane,
" Benighted minds, that deem sweet pleasure sin,
" And self-infliction virtue! Vigils, fasts,
" Fanatic stripes, pave their dark road to heaven;
" Yon secret dwellings, like the ardent brass 510
" Of *Phalaris, send forth imprison'd moans
" Breathed from their inmost vaults, which well might glut
" Ears feller e'en than his. Yet there, e'en there,
" Towering Ambition nestles. Wrapt in cowl,
" Bare-legg'd, and shorn of locks, his humbled front 515
" He covers with hypocrisy, but pants
" To gird the mitre on his brow, emblazed
" In hierarchal pomp, and trample kings
" With that now naked foot. Behind him Vice
" Shall steal into those cells, and soon invade 520
" E'en the pontifical purple. Thou descriest
" Yon gorgeous temple, the Christ's tomb and shrine.
" An age, and half an age, those walls may yet
" Give glory to Jehovah. Then shall come
" Another scourge, and the o'erwhelming arms 525

* Tyrant of Agrigentum, who roasted his victims in a brazen bull.

" Of that triumphant worshipper* of fire,
" Whom, champing golden bits, to conquest bear
" Shebdiz or Barid,† while his banners flaunt
" From Antiochia to the fertile plain
" Water'd by Nile; till him Mohammed's ‡ voice, 530
" Predicting strange reverses, shall arrest,
" And that strong arm,§ which cast a giant's bulk
" Plumb into Sarus, from the offensive couch ‖
" Aroused, shall dissipate the golden ¶ spears,
" Which threaten'd e'en Byzantium. Then thy power,
" Mahound, in heaven foredreaded, shall usurp
" The chosen land, and thy vice-gerents raise
" Upon the ruin of Jehovah's fane
" Domes worthy my abode; while he,** whose might
" Victorious from red Nineveh bore back 540
" The cross to Solyma, shall make relapse
" To his incestuous chamber, thence evoked
" By Caaba's prophet but to work my will."
This said, the Arch-fiend paused; while, on his brow
Majestically dark, malignant joy 545
Gleam'd terrible; then glanced his jealous eye

* Chosroes, King of Persia.

† Shebdiz and Barid were the names of his favourite horses.

‡ Mahomet's pretensions to prophetic inspiration were principally founded on his prediction of the reverses of Chosroes.

§ The emperor Heraclius, famous for his strength, having thrown a gigantic champion, who defended a bridge across the Sarus, into the river.

‖ Of his niece Maria.

¶ The title of the army arrayed by Chosroes against Constantinople.

** Heraclius, after defeating Chosroes at Nineveh, where he is said to have recaptured the original cross that had been carried away from Jerusalem by the Persians, returned to his incestuous connection with Maria.

To that far island, stretch'd beyond the Gaul,
Old Merlin's famous haunt, where Saxon dukes
Were striving with weak Vortigern. He knew
That heaven-blest land, first glorious thro' thy pomp, 550
Pendragon's fabled son!* in after times
Equal to Rome should stand upon the fields
Where freedom crowns the brave, and on the planks
Of tempest-beaten vessels; but by him
Most hated, for her love of social rights 555
And faith celestial, which her canvass wings,
Fluttering thro' every sky, shall scatter wide
To spicy Indus, to where Ganges rolls
His seven-fold stream, and the dim hills that rose
In the secluded chambers of the west, 560
Where, doom'd to shine on states unnamed, unborn,
Bright Hyperion lit primæval wilds
Where then behemoth ruled. O Albion, queen
Of the cerulean billows! since that hour
How often has the evil spirit scowl'd 565
Upon thy counsels, with the felon wish
To scare thee from the noble eminence,
Which thou shouldst win among the sons of earth!
Albion, my country! thro' what fearful scenes
Of civil carnage and tyrannic force, 570
Thro' what dark passages of guilt and blood,
Fanatic fires, or base corruption bred
In thine heart's core, hast thou emerged to be
A beacon to the righteous, a bright hope
To holy freedom, wheresoe'er the sun 575
Shines on the oppress! Thro' what hard trials yet

* King Arthur

Lies thine exalted course! whether assail'd
By reckless and irreverent thirst of change
Defacing thine old image, or weigh'd down
By the heart-numbing taint, gender'd by pride 580
And fastuous love of ease. March on secure
To thy great destiny, and ever keep
That one unchanging star before thy view,
(Whose steady beam shall be thy certain guide
To the Hesperian port, where thou shalt pluck 585
The golden branch, for thee and thine reserved,
To sprinkle with the dew of happiness
The many, by the word of holy truth
Made wise, and shelter'd from the wrongs of power)
The glory of thy God. To him unmoved 590
The king of nations proudly made reply.
" Of honours not mine own, prophetic fiend,
" I little reck thy visions. If those realms,
" That cradled once the Christ, to me denied,
" Await Mohammed's coming,—be great Rome 595
" The guerdon of my toils! Thou wonderous source
" Of empire and of fame, who with the world
" Twelve centuries hast striven unsubdued,
" Still marching on the outspread wings of Time
" To victory and power! I mark but thee 600
" In all this wide creation, and thy walls,
" Which seem entire to scorn the assault of years,
" My rival and my hope! Ye marble halls,
" Ye seven bright mountains with your towery crest,
" Temples and stately palaces, which gleam 605
" Beneath that azure ever-glowing sky,
" And slopes with purple-cluster'd vintage crown'd,
" Unblench'd in full-zoned beauty, ye invite

" The steel-clad ravisher! On Chalons' field,
" Proud Rome, I yet must win thee!" " Chalons fight
" Is done;" (with bitter smile the tempter spoke
Sarcastic, for fiends mock whom best they speed)
" Its glory, whoeseoe'er, e'en now floats down
" The unconquerable tide, which man or God
" Hath ne'er roll'd backward. Thou thy march pursue 615
" Through bleak Helvetia (hail'd the scourge of God)
" By Danau to that rude Pannonian town,
" Which, if thy soul stand firm, shall soon eclipse
" Rome's splendour. Mark the skirts of that dark host,*
" Beyond †Artiaca its homeward course 620
" Winding towards Tolosa, ne'er again
" To issue leagued with Rome! The imperial might
" Shall melt before thee, like the wintry mist
" In dewy Arduenna, when the sun
" Bursts thro' Oarion's ‡ bands. But mark, proud Hun,
" Thy compact. Thou art sworn to those, who know
" Nor mercy, nor remorse; thro' them upheld,
" By them forsaken, if thy spirit shrink,
" Thou fall'st; deep yawns the baseless pool beneath,
" Where nor thy glories, nor that spell-born sword, 630
" Will ought avail. Thou would'st see all and know;
" Lo, I am he, whose essence unapproach'd
" Mid Chaos shrouded, in the cavern dwelt
" Of lone Eternity, Mahuzzim § call'd
" Or Demogorgon; for my secret name, 635

* The Gothic force of Torismond.

† Arcis sur Aube, on the way from Chalons to Troyes.

‡ Canst thou loose the bands of Orion? *Job.*

§ See Daniel xi. 38.

" Worshipp'd in black Gehenna, is* blasphemy,
" The abomination making desolate,
" Which, whisper'd, would resolve earth, heaven, and hell,
" Into primordial atoms, and disperse
" The universal wreck thro' barren space, 640
" Unreach'd and boundless. I am he, whose rites,
" Once my elect, the Northern† king, sent forth
" From Antioch victor, in Jehovah's shrine
" Placed high above the Highest, a stronger power
" Unknown to his forefathers.‡ Duly there 645
" My shrine was heap'd by those apostate Jews,
" Who stole the titles of enchanters old
" Jason § and Menelaus, famed in Greece,
" Whose ship the serpent steer'd, in after times
" Devour'd in Egypt, when the Hebrew's wand 650
" Prevail'd o'er old‖ Canopus. To that prince,
" As now to thee, my greatness stood reveal'd,
" Darkness, not light. To him, exalted high,
" I gave the glory; and his strength, which slew
" The fourscore¶ thousand in God's Salem, soon 655
" Should have outstripp'd Rome's empire; but his heart
" Quail'd, basely cowering with religious awe;
" Whereat I left him, and his putrid limbs**
" Stunk, living, to the sun." So falsely spoke
The arch-deceiver; for Jehovah smote 660

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* Revel. ii. 1. xix. 12. † Antiochus Epiphanes, see Daniel xi.
‡ Daniel xi. § 2 Maccabees, ii. & iv.

‖ Canopus or Kaneph the serpent steered the ship of Menelaus, and is the star at the helm in the constellation of the ship Argo. Tiphys, steersman of the Argo, is from the Greek ophis, a snake, with the article prefixed.

¶ 2 Maccabees v. 14. ** 2 Maccabees ii. 9.

Him in his proud career, whose daring rage
Polluted e'en the holiest, placing there
Antioch's accurst palladium; and too late
He rued, repentant when Heaven's bolt was sped,
The diabolical league, while hateful worms 665
Crept thro' the purple and defiled his crown.
"Thou wouldst see all and know;" (the fiend resumed)
"Disclosed one instant view the sulphurous surge
"Which lashes that dread shore, whence souls, that err
"Thro' the broad way to that eternal goal, 670
"Find no return!" This said, with hellish might
He rent the pall of darkness, and beneath
Tremendous gaped the unfathomable gulph.
A momentary vision, and a crash
Wherewith heaven's portals rung, reveal'd to man 675
What voice may not unfold, nor mind conceive.
Short space, ere darkness follow'd, such as hung
Brooding o'er ancient chaos, ere the sound
"Let there be light" from Nature's shapeless womb
Drew that pure essence, swifter than the word 680
Traversing the immeasurable void,
And wafting joy to worlds beyond the vast
Empyreal concave. Silent mused the Hun,
As reckless of the gloom, not unawares
What power beside him stood; when far aloof 685
Sounded that wizard horn, at midnight oft
Known in Hercynian wilds, (the peasant's dread)
A strange and thrilling strain. "Thou hear'st the chase
"Of once thy proud forefather," darkling spoke
The sprite unseen, "Nembrod* renown'd of yore, 690
"A mighty hunter once and tyrant king.

* Attila styled himself grandson or descendant of Nembrod or Nimrod

" At stillest hour each night he winds his horn,
" Still trooping over moss and forest drear
" After the chase; till him his blood-hounds rend,
" Nightly raised up, to feast the insatiate maw 695
" Of that fell pack." He stopp'd, for nigher now
Rang the wild huntsman's horn, a fearful call,
Whereat each savage in his tangled lair
Upstarted, from the wilds of Curdistan
Or Ashur-Nineveh to Kiölen's* ridge; 700
And with Cerberean throats bay'd horribly
A thousand elfin dogs. Those sounds, intent,
The Hunnish courser knows; with ears erect,
Nostrils distended wide, and eyes like coals
Of glowing fire, he snuffs the welcome blast; 705
And, once more, nothing doubtful, though thick night
With raven wing encircles him, renews
The ungovernable race. With whoop, and cry,
And yells of hellish discord, brake and cliff
The ravenous howl reverberate; and oft 710
A lash, more dread than the relentless scourge
Of those snake-hair'd avengers, from whose hate
The parricide demented flies in vain,
Clang'd, echoing thro' the shades. Still onward sprung,
Oft as that thong resounded, the pale horse 715
Of Attila, precipitately borne
To join the horrid chase, which far before
Outstripp'd his speed; till, half in distance lost,
Shrieks of the victim torn by ruthless fangs
Came on the fearful breeze; then all was hush'd. 720
Right glad was Attila, when those sounds ceased;

* In Norway.

And, issuing from the gloom, he saw the sun
Smile on the dewy landscape. Onward straight
He pricks across the plain, to that huge camp,
Where thousands wait his will, to live or die. 725

ATTILA.

BOOK THIRD.

As when, by darkness shrouded, or awhile
Detain'd in mist, from cold Aurora's couch
Springs Hyperion like a giant forth
Refresh'd with sleep; his glorious track on high
Rejoicing he pursues, while earth, air, sea, 5
Awaken'd hymn his praise with voices sent
From each illumined solitude. The Hun,
Resplendent so, amidst his army stood;
So welcome to that bold array, which mute
Awaited him, their bond of strength and power. 10
Terrific was his semblance, in no mould
Of beautiful proportion cast; his limbs
Nothing exalted, but with sinews braced
Of Chalybean temper, agile, lithe,
And swifter than the roe; his ample chest 15
Was overbrow'd by a gigantic head,
With eyes keen, deeply sunk, and small, that gleam'd
Strangely in wrath, as tho' * some spirit unclean

* People having godhead within them were anciently held to have a peculiar glare of the eyes, as Æsculapius, Paus. l. 2. c. 26. Bacchus, Nonn. l. 9. v. 104. Oghuz, founder of the Tartarean empire, Abul Gazi Khan Hist. Tatar., and in later times wizards, and people sold to the devil, or in commerce with him, have had the same phænomenon ascribed to them. Phil. vit. Apoll. l. 4. c. 10.

Within that corporal tenement install'd,
Look'd from its windows, but with temper'd fire 20
Beam'd mildly on the unresisting. Thin
His beard and hoary; his flat nostrils crown'd
A cicatrized swart visage; but withal
That questionable shape such glory wore,
That mortals quail'd beneath him. On his breast 25
Teraphim fierce, the Charontean * head
Of Antioch, in burnish'd metal shone.
Elated, he beholds the Christian league
Wreck'd in Theodoric fallen, and the words
Of hell's fanatic † sisterhood achieved, 30
Who prophesied defeat, but in that loss
A gain more worth than victory; one head
Devoted unto death, which should outweigh
The blood of slaughter'd thousands. The wide plain
Lay open, yielded by the parting Goth; 35
Rome's hill-camp'd force, too feeble to renew
The desperate collision, silent watch'd
Suspected ‡ Sangiban; such dark mistrust
Had crept between their counsels: and what front
Shall Merovéus muster, to repel 40

* The Charontean head existed still at Antioch in the ninth century, when Johannes Antiochensis described his native city. In the second or third century it was the God of the heretic Marcion. See Prudent. Hamart. 502, who, speaking of the rock of Christ, says, "nec te subsidi stationes movebit ipse Charon mundi numen Marcionis." See also v. 129, *et seq.* where he identifies Nembrod the hunter with the Charontean head, calling him the God of Marcion. That head was a Gorgon, or snake-hair'd head.

† The prophetesses who always accompanied the Hunnish army

‡ King of the Alans

The Scourge of heaven! so call'd, what time, his powers
From Orleans marching, him the hermit cross'd
Stung with prophetic fire, and hail'd him thrice
By that dread name, sent forth in vengeful wrath
To lash adulterate Europe, and wipe out 45
A generation vicious and condemn'd.
E'en as o'er some low province, long defiled
By epidemia or the spotted plague,
Sheer Aquilon comes rushing, to dispel
With gelid wing the unwholesome taint, and purge 50
The stagnant air. Nor he that call disdain'd,
Which squared with vast pretensions, though the God
He own'd, was darkness, not Jehovah; like
That king accurst *in Antioch, o'er all
Himself who magnified, or bow'd to none 55
Save the dire head in Erebus. That name
Of malediction Attila emblazed
Amidst his glories; from old †Nembrod sprung,
And nursed by spirits on the fairy lap
Of bright Engaddi, (lovelier than the bowers 60

* Antiochus Epiphanes, see Dan. xi.

† Nicolas Olaus, a writer of the 13th century, says that the title of Attila was Nepos Magni Nembrod, in Engaddi nutritus, Dei Gratiâ Hunnorum, Medorum, Gothorum, Danorum rex, metus orbis, and that he afterwards added flagellum Dei thereto, propter eremitæ verba. Calvisius says, Ipse Attila scripsit se regem Hunnorum, Medorum, Gothorum, Danorum, metum orbis, Deique flagellum. *Calvis Chronol.* This is collateral evidence drawn from a different source, for he would not have omitted the remarkable part of the title, descendant of Nimrod and nursed in Engaddi, if he had seen it. Petrus de Reva says that Attila (Monarch. Hung. p. 827, Ap. Bel. Scr. R. H.) was called alter Nemrod vel similis Nemrod. The nations of the Huns and Magyars were said to be descended from two sons of Nimrod. Thrwocz. Chron. Hung. c. 2. p. 44, &c.

Where tuneful Circe and Calypso ruled,
Or * Amalthea rear'd the rosy God
Amid secluded sweets) sole king of Huns,
Medes, Goths, and Danes; the terror of this world,
And scourge of God. So ran the haughty style 65
Of Mundiuc's son. Upon his helmed head
The kingly bird of retribution sat
With diadem crown'd;† that ensign wrought in gold
Blazed on his standards, and with burnish'd plumes
Defied the eagle of majestic Rome. 70

Firmer in pride, in purpose, and in hope,
Upheld by dire Gehenna, now he breathes
Extermination to the sister thrones
Of Christ's great empire; by their fall secure
A kingdom, mightier than the crowns of earth, 75
To build on that apostate creed, which yields
Glory to the Evil one invoked from Hell,
Ares, or Ariman, or bloody Mars,
Pan, Satan, or the blasphemous name untold
Of dreaded Demogorgon, or what else 80
The nations, prostrate at his shrine, have call'd
Him won by sorcery and appeased by sin,
Accuser, adversary, and of this world
Libidinous prince, with all his goatish crew,
Hair'd Ægipans, that revel round their chief 85

* Jupiter Ammon made Amalthea queen of a large valley filled with vines and other fruit trees, where there was perpetual spring, universal health, sweet breezes, running waters, birds of exquisite song and plumage, and rocks of every colour. Every perfume abounded there, never did a flower fade or a leaf fall. When Bacchus was born, he sent him to be nursed in this valley, the mount in the midst of which was called Amalthea's Horn. Diod. Sic. l. 3. c. 67, 68.

† The vulture was the bird of Nemesis. Nonnus, 48. 382.

With sport obscene. Nearer the heart of Rome
He bids advance his banner with the dawn,
Strong in his foemen's disarray; first held
A festive celebration to his God,
Scythian Acinaces, whose massive weight, 90
Portentous symbol, in his scabbard hung,
Unwrought, untemper'd steel; from * Babel's wreck
Borne erst to Babylon by priests impure,
Emblem of †Enyalius; long since
Again reveal'd in Scythia, and preserved 95
Nigh Tauric Dian's ‡image, where the fane
Of dread Enyo and Comana's towers
O'erlook the Sarus. Through the ranks forthwith
The consecrated trump with summons shrill
Re-echoed. At that signal round the pyre, 100
Where piteous mourn'd yestreen, foreboding death,
The flower of Eastern beauty, elate and blythe
Gather'd the pagan throng. Upon his left,
Beloved of Attila, in regal pomp
Stood Arderic, counsellor discreet and brave, 105
And over-faithful §to the unrighteous cause.
Gloomy the banner, dark was the array
Of his Gepidians, with their nation's badge,
The raven mantle deck'd. Oft has the shout
Of those black legions, like the yell of fiends, 110

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* See Josephus.

† The Greek name used by Josephus for the war-god Ares or Mars. Enyo was the war-goddess Bellona.

‡ Dion Cassius says that the sword with which Iphigenia sacrificed to the Tauric Diana was preserved and shewn in a temple at Comana; indeed two temples pretended severally to possess it. See Strabo also.

§ Nimia fidelitas. *Jornandes.*

Scatter'd dismay amid the host of Rome.
By these were many a race of Suevic blood,
Proud of their knotted curls and unclipt hair,
Who worship the all-fruitful Earth; with them
The patient * Æstyans, who near the main 115
Balsamic amber from its secret fount
Exuded reap; and with huge clubs array'd
Secure in battle on their foreheads rear
Cybele's guardian seal, the bristling boar:
And fierce Semnonians, that with human blood 120
Pollute their public feasts, dragging in pomp
With heifers their veil'd Goddess from the grove
Misnamed of heathens chaste, a senseless stone
To share their gross delights; then wash the car,
The Goddess, in her lake, which may not purge 125
Their guilt, but swallows her devoted slaves
Slain in that foul ablution. Call'd to war
From their idolatrous shades with bristling steel
The Naharvalians gleam'd; of kindred race
With them, more dread, the Arian tribe was seen; 130
Sable their shields, their skins to blackness stain'd,
They seem'd like sons of Erebus and Night
Joining in mortal strife; and most they loved
Nocturnal enterprize, where Doubt and Fear
Stalk undistinguish'd, and the crash of arms 135
Unseen re-echoes to the slumbering heaven.
Three brother kings in scarlet on the right
Muster'd their Ostrogoths; brave Videmir,
Most free from guile in all that pagan host,
And Valamer the strong, from whom † shall spring 140

* See Tacitus de Mor. Germ. † See Phot. bibl.

Royal Theodoric, fore-doom'd to hold
Rome's sceptre. Near them with parental pride
Theodemir his young Argotta view'd,
Whose budding charms, sad Alberon, shall bless
Thy couch hereafter, and wipe out the thought 145
Of thy beloved, whom fierce Aëtius seized
Amidst her bridal, while the virgin blush
Yet linger'd on her cheek; but, true to joys
Thus early ravish'd, he the Gothic maid
Gloomy regarded not. His weaker arm 150
Upheld the shield, which long-hair'd Clodion bore,
Whereon had Salic Pharamond been raised
Unto a king's estate. Upon its orb
Three toads * in gold, three argent moons were graven,
Three lily-headed spears of azure steel. 155
His iron casque was circled with the heads
Of spears long used and rough, but won by him
And broken from their shafts; above, his head
Environing, the golden aureole seem'd
A crown of æther. His equerry held 160
Aloof his war-horse, on whose forehead shone
The bull's head wrought in gold, and on its front
Glared the full eye of Mithras. On his robe,
In purest ore pourtray'd, three hundred bees

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* Among the principal articles discovered at the exhumation of Childeric, at Tournay, were the Mithriac Apis, a golden bull's head with the sun radiated in the centre of his forehead, supposed to have been a covering for his horse's face. Three hundred golden bees, some with eyes and mouths, others blind and mute, supposed to have been a fringe to some part of his accoutrements; a seal with his name graven on it, a scarabæus, and a toad, (certainly, by the engraving of it, not a frog as it has been called) &c.

Mysterious hung; Essenian* wisdom, fetch'd
From far Engaddi; on his signet shew'd
A scarab's graven image, as he grasp'd
His sceptre, ending with a mimic hand,
Two fingers stretch'd to seize, two closed to hold.
Thus dight, and mournful, nigh his future queen
Stood Alberon, and little then forethought,
That from their issue must hereafter spring
That great one,† cinctured with imperial might,
Whose glorious paladins should raze from earth
The bulwarks of the Hun. Beside them stood
Andages, boastful to have spoil'd of life
Western ‡ Theodoric, by his kindred lance
Amidst the flood of victory cut short.
His yellow tresses, his pure skin, and cheeks
Fresh with the bloom of youth, outvied his garb
In brightness; the red tissue, and the vest
Of snowy silk, the trappings rich with gems,
And belts of glossy gold. The Bactrian king
Not unregarded in that warlike throng
Display'd his regal pomp. Him father call'd
Mycoltha, whom the Hun, of nuptial joys
Ever insatiate, with libidinous glance
View'd, doubtful of his purpose, half achieved
In later revels; but Jehovah's arm

* The name of the Essenes, the ancient recluses of Engaddi, signi in Greek a swarm of bees.

† Charlemain was the rightful heir of Clodion, being descended Alberon.

‡ Theodoric was said to have been killed by Andagis an Ostrogo the army of Attila. His subsequent adventures are fictitious. dress of a young Goth of rank is described by Sidonius Apollinaris well as that of the Goths in general.

Cut short his boast. The damsel's tenderest years 190
Had sported in thy vast unpillar'd halls,
Bamiyan,* sculptured in the living rock
By patriarchal strength, when mortal life,
Yet unabridged, might gloriously complete
What the bold mind conceived. Oft had she view'd 195
The smile which, radiating at sunrise, lit
Thy features, Buddha! whose colossal form,
High towering from the Bactrian glèn, stands yet
Near thy gigantic consort, and bestrides
The porch of thine enormous fane; and oft 200
Gazing above had seen, where flamed to heaven
Abrupt Cophantus,† with his crest of fire
By magian rites adored, and, trickling fast
From the great ridge of Caf,‡ its waters flow'd
To Patala, and all that sacred land 205
Where the scorch'd Indian feigns the gates of Hell
Far southward. Clad in raiment bright and gay
Behind their chiefs were ranged the Eastern Goths,
Flower of the battle. Particolour'd plaids,
Close fitted to their brawny forms, left bare 210
The arms and vigorous hams; their surcoats rough

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* See Asiatic Researches, vol. 6. Balch Bami or Bamiyan was the famous Bactra of Pliny, Strabo, and Diodorus Siculus; there is certainly no volcanic mountain in the existing Balch Bokhara, situated in an irriguous valley. It is said that the colossal statue of Buddha appears to smile when the first beam of the morning sun shines upon it.

† Flagrat in Bactris Cophanti noctibus vertex. *Plin. N. H. l.* 2. *c.* 110. Bactra is the city, not the country Bactriana.

‡ The Indus springs from the part of the Caucasian ridge called Paropamisus, in which is the wonderful excavation of Bamiyan. Ib. l. 6. c. 20. Patala and the delta of the Indus was the Avernus of the Hindoo poets.

Of furry spoils, tight belted round the flank,
Hung from the shoulder, whence the cloak of green
With purple margin floated to the breeze.
The bristly horse-skin round their naked feet 215
Was firmly bound; their bare arms held on high
The missile hatchet, or the hooked spear
Which oft had reap'd death's harvest; round the boss
Of tawny metal from their full-orb'd shields
Stream'd the white beam reflected. Prized for speed 220
Bearded Herulians rear'd their gleamy helms,
Arm'd with straight swords, and ponderous arrows slung
Across their naked backs; the girdle rude
And sandals their sole garb; stern militants,
Inured to hear unmoved the secret moan 225
Of widows, burnt on the funereal pyre
Amidst the wail of infants; like the dames
Of Palimbothra in far Orient.
Not with vermilion ceil'd or purple clothed,
Sat unadorn'd, and simple in his state, 230
The glorious Hun, upon his regal throne
Raised, as a God, above his subject kings.
Beside him, partner of his loathly couch,
Smiled Eskam in luxuriant prime of youth,
His daughter and his bride; sprung from the womb 235
Of Hindarfell's* enchantress, who had brought
Virginal beauty and forbidden lore
To desecrate a brother's nuptial bed,
Hilda, too famous in romance and song,
Born for his bane. Far in Burgundian halls 240
Indignant, mute, breathing revenge, she mourns

* See the Scandinavian sagas.

The double incest, from his bed outcast
To be a vassal's mate. She never smiled
Upon false Gunther, her Burgundian lord,
Wedded by fraud, and of the death-like trance 245
By treason thrown upon her beauteous frame
Unconscious, till aroused too late, to know
The wrongs inflicted, from his grasp she sprung,
The raven tresses o'er her snowy breast
Pressing in anguish, while the bright red flush 250
Gave tenfold beauty to that wondrous form,
A glory and a curse to who have reap'd
Her fatal charms. Nigh shameless Eskam sat
His thousand queens. There, once his dearest joy,
Light-hearted Regan, amorous and vain; 255
There Creca, mother of his chosen race,
Staid in matronal dignity; near whom
His best-loved Irnach stood, by seers e'en then
Foretold to be his throne's successor, strong
To bend the Scythian bow, or wield the lance, 260
In unfledged infancy. His earlier hope,
Ellac, first-born of Creca, by the pile
Had ranged his Acatzires with kingly state
Near Attila's own Huns; their garb the same,
Linen o'erlaid with ermine, and soft spoils 265
Of meaner tribes, that rob the golden hoard
Of husbandmen, the frugal housewife's dread,
Closely compacted furs. Long tale and hard
It were, man's wit surpassing, to record
The pagan* banners multiform and strange. 270

* Distinguebantur Cimbri tauro, Sclavi dracone, Gepidæ naviculâ, Alani, Burgundi, ac Suevi catto in militaribus signis. Olaus Magnus, lib. 2. c. 25.

The Suevic cat, with unrelenting gripe
Ready to spring, the Cimbrian rampant bull,
The dragon, moulded in Sclavonian brass,
And the Gepidian ship, a famous sign
In battle, e'er since the sacred keel, first hewn 275
On Dodonean Tmarus, and impell'd
By heroes* from the pent Mæotian swamp,
Stemm'd the new strait into that midland pool,
The stagnant sea of Saturn,† whose dead waves
Stretch'd wide and tideless to the Arctic strand; 280
Till thro' that passage, amid sibilant reeds
Borne shouldering down the flood, a wider course
The thundering volume rent, and, roll'd amain
Beyond the Herculean columns, with sheer weight
Submerged ‡ Atlantis, in one night and day 285
Abolish'd from the nations. Not less famed
Upon an azure field the lion crown'd
Exalts its head above three milk-white mares,
The Gothic § ensign. All collected raise
Their threatening symbols round the martial pyre. 290
As when the labouring west is charged with clouds
Sulphureous, ready from their womb to loose
Discordant winds, and bolts of forked fire,
That still delay their wrath, while Nature steals
For loveliness a respite ere its wreck, 295
And yet the fierce artillery of heaven
Is silent; so portentous, and so mute,
The awful gathering of heathen war

* The Argonauts. † See Orpheus argon.
‡ See Plato, Timæus, and Critias.
§ See Olaus Magnus.

Hangs round the Hun. Before its ranks advanced,
He from his scabbard draws the idol grim, 300
Divine Acinaces. That steel upraised
Myriads adore, to Britons known erewhile,
What time the phantom monarch they revered,
Son of Pendragon hight, whose wizard life
Was wedded to Excalibar, that thrice 305
Waved its strange summons o'er the flood, and he
Evanish'd; but still viewless * oft at night,
Like that terrific hunter, who first wore
The charmed sword in Nineveh, with horns
Rousing each savage from his lair, he sweeps 310
The darksome covert, and shakes Albion's cots
With midnight awe; and still, midst Ætna's wilds
Precipitous, where blasted Typhon writhes
Stretch'd under huge Pelorus, secret rise
His fairy halls, embower'd in changeless spring; 315
Where, scaped from Modred's strife, he yearly mourns
The recrudescent wound. Nor long, before
The venerated falchion, stain'd while-ere
With bloody orgies in Comana's fane,
Shall arm the spirit of that sainted † fiend, 320
Still England's guardian name, and oft invoked
Amid the din of war, whose magic blade,
Chalyb, from Cappadocia unto Nile
Vex'd God's elect. That sword, whate'er its name,
Chalybdic ‡, Chalyb, or Excalibar, 325
On Chersonesus, to the hero's § shade,

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* King Arthur. See the traditions concerning him in Gervas Tilbur. de regn. Brit.

† St. George.

‡ So called by Lycophron.

§ Achilles. See Eurip. Hec.

Who rose in golden armour from his tomb
Vindictive, slew the lovely * one; † itself
Divine, and long constellated in heaven
Beside that mighty hunter,‡ call'd in Thrace 330
Candaon and Mamertus, God of strife.
Bared for like rites, as bloody, and as foul,
Though sixteen ages, unrelenting years
Of dark idolatry, have pour'd their rust
On the gore-boulter'd symbol, o'er the pile 335
Erect and fixt it glares. No altar stands
Blood-sanctified; no impious shrine conceals
The abomination, open and unveil'd;
No hoary priests with wreath or fillet crown'd
Attend the victims. Like those fierce § ones, dark, 340
Dread, unapproachable, who danced around
Three-headed Hecat and the iron form

---

* Polyxene.

† See the splendid eloquence of Prudentius, who was depreciated by Gibbon, because he was a vigorous and unanswerable defender of Christianity.

Contempto Principe vitæ
Perniciem veneratur homo; colit ipse cruentum
Carnificem, gladiique aciem jugulandus adorat. *Prud. Hamart.*

The sword, by which Polyxene was sacrificed, was called Chalybdic by Lycophron, that of St. George was called Chalyb, of Arthur Excalibar. Their identity is evident. It was the sword in the constellation Orion, the Greek name for Nembrod. Lycophron calls it the sword of Candaon, and identifies Candaon with Orion, by calling him three fathered, with relation to his fabulous birth. Some MSS. of Lycophron have tritaphrou phasganôi Kandaonos, alluding to the bothros tristoichos. Orph. Argon. Either Lycophron, or the scribe who inserted tritaphrou, must have been conversant with the cruciform fosse of the Therapeean sacrifices. See below, book 7. v. 881.

‡ Orion. § See Orpheus Argonautica.

Of old Pandora, when the wondrous * bard,
Who scaped unhurt from Hades, lull'd to sleep
The serpent golden-scaled, and Dian's whelps 345
Before the fratricidal † sorceress fawn'd;
So horrid, near the heap funereal, stood
Women, ‡ not women, rather dæmon shapes,
Children of § Alirune, the bride of Hell.
Such ever trooping with the Hunnish war 350
Did the curst work of sacrifice, inspired
With murderous phrensy. Loathsome and unsex'd,
In snowy vest, cinctured with brass, they stand
Barefooted by the pyre; shamefully skill'd
To froth their brazen cauldron with the blood 355
Of each devoted captive, by the knife
Slain like a beast; and not less skill'd to cast
The right-hand lopt, like a forbidden thing,
To moulder where it falls: then from the trunk
Laid bare, and palpitating entrails, draw 360
Strange omens fanciful and wild, to Huns
Predicting conquest. At the awful clang
Of music, known in solemn feasts of death,
They crowd, like hovering vultures, when the trump
Of kindling battle brays, foreboding blood. 365
Selected from the herd, a perfect band,
One from each hundred, forth the captives move,

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* Orpheus. † Medea.

‡ For the details of such Scythian sacrifices, as here represented, see Herodotus, 4. 62. and also Strabo, 7. p. 425. who describes the prophetesses by whom the Cimbrians were accompanied in warfare, and their mode of sacrificing the captives.

§ See Book 1. and 2. and Jornandes de reb. Get.

Fit sacrifice to Mars, a *murderer
From the beginning. As in glory first,
Foremost in rank, the brave Ostorius comes;
Than whom a nobler form, with grace mature
Herculean strength combining, never Rome
Sent forth to war. Captive ere Chalon's fight,
He mourn'd not liberty, nor glory lost,
Nor life thus forfeit; but a keener pang
Assail'd him, while his eye survey'd his bride,
In full-zoned loveliness array'd, serene
Lucilia, beaming through her golden locks
Meek resignation and undying love,
Propt by the hope that saves. Not that bright pair
Nearest man's archetype and least debased,
Ere sin corrupting had abridged his span
Of life and stature, fresh midst Eden's joy
In undecaying beauty, might excel
Their blameless symmetry. Behind them chain'd
Came what of Latin youth, or Gothic, sank
Chiefest and noblest mid the serried cars,
When ebb'd the flood of victory; never more
To tread the tented field, ambition's walk,
Where glory flings o'er homicidal force
Her golden mantle, and builds high in air
A deathless name; in such an hour how vain!
Well pleased the king surveys those gallant forms,
Worthy his great oblation; but his eye
Dwells wondering on Lucilia; marks her brow
Angelic, her meek pudency, upheld
By glowing faith to suffer, worse than death,

* Mars was tried in the Areopagus for the murder of Halirrothius

Abhorr'd exposure in the idolatrous throng,
Their omen, and the mangled pledge of hate
To the Most High. One glance first turn'd on her, 400
His treasure of this world, Ostorius spoke,
Strengthen'd by holy fortitude and trust
In Him, who suffers not one hair to fall,
But for wise ends and bountiful. " O King,
" Well needs that I with joy approach this pile, 405
" And glorify the Father, who has sent
" Thee, girt with terror and Abaddon's crew,
" To scourge his people. I nor ask, nor wish,
" Remission from this bloody pomp of death,
" Permitted, not to honour that grim sword 410
" In vain aspersed by thine idolatries,
" But for our sinfulness, by Him who gives
" Power to the Evil one, and, thro' His will,
" How foul soever, sanctifies the deed.
" Would, royal Hun, if man may dare to wish 415
" Ought his Creator wills not, thou and thine
" Were like as I am, gladder in these bonds
" To work salvation to my deathless soul,
" Than gird the glorious majesty and might,
" Which thou but wearest for a season. Time 420
" Will come, when that keen steel, the bruised reed
" On which thou leanest now, shall pierce thee; curst
" By who created all things for their good,
" Though Powers perverse, who magnify thy pride
" Against thy Maker, at their bitter cost 425
" Have marr'd the scheme of His beatitude.
" Me and my blest companions death, thus sent,
" Shall purge of earthly sins, and lift from hence
" To amaranthine bowers, inwreathed with joy,

" Which shall be there for ever. Upon me
" Thy will, whate'er, be done. One only boon
" Ostorius asks his conqueror. This hand,
" Betroth'd in spotless purity, was mine,
" And is, if ought belong to mortal man
" In death's last article; and, grant it, Heaven,
" By some mysterious tie may still be mine,
" Where angels neither woo, nor wed! I ask
" No boon of life for this my beauteous one,
" Meet offering to her God, who may resume,
" Whene'er he wills, his own; but yield her sex
" Immunity from these opprobrious rites;
" Let nothing that polluteth near her come,
" And O! respect her slain!" He ceased; a blush
Bright as vermilion, o'er Lucilia's cheek,
Stain'd the clear ivory with a lovelier hue,
Than fresh Aurora from her dewy car
Sheds on the opening rose-bud; her mild eyes
With downcast lashes veil'd their modest beam,
And met not his; but softly did her hand
Return his pressure, while unspoken thoughts
Came full of memory o'er her spirit. "Chief,"
Replied the king, and ardent look'd the while
Pollution on that fair one, "thy bold speech
" Deserves a boon, and rightly hast thou craved.
" Released, she stands our ornament and joy,
" Worthy a monarch's bed: rich tissues, tents
" Breathing Sabæan sweets, and equal rights
" With these my chosen consorts, shall be hers;
" Pre-eminence in station, as in form
" She is excelling bright." A kindling flush
Shot sudden o'er her brow, and vanish'd straight;

While, raising on the king her stedfast eye,
(As strengthen'd against fear) her beauteous face
Serene and pale confronted him. She stood
Like some ethereal visitant, so still 465
And unperturb'd. Her spirit, which erewhile
Clung to her husband only, now aspired
Unto their heavenly Father, and the throne
Where peace with glory dwells. That perfect peace,
Which dove-like from his innermost abode 470
Descends on God's own people, when the prayer
Of patient suffering is by angels raised
Up to the heaven of heavens, confirm'd her soul
With consolation free from doubt or care,
And tranquil thus she spoke. " I marvel not, 475
" Great Attila, for great thou art in power,
" And deeds of earthly daring, best undone;
" I marvel not, that thou should'st tender wealth
" And sublunary treasures bought by shame
" Unto a Christian woman. Thou hast drunk 780
" At other fountains, whose pernicious stream
" Curdles thy better thoughts; the source of life,
" Whence all, who will, drink freely, for thy thirst
" Has never well'd. But learn, chief proudly throned
" Upon a thousand tributary thrones, 485
" That unto us a Saviour, long foretold
" By strains prophetic, while unwilling proof
" Flow'd from the voice of sybils and of seers,
" Has oped the narrow door, through which who come
" To Him for comfort, shall arrive that bourne, 490
" Where all thy transient honours, the frail toys
" Thy power could offer, would be counted loss;
" And He alone can close Hell's awful gates,

" And bind and loose for ever. From thy boon
" Of mercy I appeal. Willing and glad 495
" I yield me to the sacrificial sword;
" And this weak frame the Lord, who, in the day
" Known only to Jehovah, from the dust
" Shall raise it to eternal life, adorn'd
" With lineaments more like his glorious self, 500
" Now order as he will." Immediate wrath
Flamed from the monarch's eye; instant he gave
The fatal sign, whereat a dismal strain
The deadly music blew, mysterious notes
Attuned melodiously; and, at their close, 505
Arpad, the bard of Scythia, raised his song.
" Sword of the giant,* who up-piled to heaven
" His tower stupendous, hail! Bereft of sight,
" Facing the glorious sun, his eagle eyes
" Again drank light and power, where first he roused 510
" The chase in Nineveh, before the Highest
" A mighty hunter. Near Arcturus now
" His deathless †image, with the starry belt
" Ethereal, flames; thy semblance, sword divine,

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* Nimrod, called by the Greeks Orion. The eyes of Orion having been put out, he is said to have recovered his sight by looking at the sun in the East; which appears to mean that he recovered kingly authority by removing eastward to Nineveh. See Prudentius Hamart. v. 120, &c. and 520, where he identifies the evil principle or God of the heretic Marcion, with the head of Charon worshipped at Antioch, the hunter Nembrod, and the Sword-god.

Hic ille est venator atrox, qui cæde frequenti
Incautas animas non cessat plectere Nembroth.

† The constellation of Orion, who is identical with Nimrod. The river Eridanus, which flowed through the Elysian fields, was fabled to spring from the heel of Orion.

" Gleams by his side in heaven. Sole source of power, 515
" In iron majesty to man reveal'd!
" Oft has thy blade to votive slaughter given
" Maids fairer than Polyxena, or she
" Who fillet-bound distain'd thy Tauric shrine,
" Gore-sprinkled Taranis, with rites, herself 520
" Escaped in Aulis. On thee Scythia's shame,
" Apostate Scylas, pour'd the stream of death,
" What time his domes with Parian sphinxes girt
" Blazed thunder-smitten, while he wreathed his crown
" With Bacchanalian ivy, and perverse 525
" Join'd in the maddening thiasus, like Greeks
" Effeminate; for which before thy pile
" His head * was in Borysthenes struck off,
" Just retribution for who died, erewhile
" Opposing those vile orgies, piecemeal rent 530
" By his fierce mother on Cithæron's brow.
" Three-father'd † mystery! eternal sword,

* Scylas, king of the Scythians, was beheaded in Borysthenes by his subjects for engaging in the Bacchanalian rites, which they abhorred, and his marble palace, built after the Greek fashion, was destroyed by lightning, according to Herodotus. Pentheus was cut to pieces by his mother Agave for obstructing the orgies of Bacchus.

† Orion was called Candaon by the Bœotians, and the same was Ares or Mars, as appears from two passages in Lycophron, in which he calls the Thracian God of war Candaon or Candæon and Mamertos, v. 890. and 1370. He calls, v. 328. the sword which slew Polyxene the three-father'd sword of Candaon, Orion having been fabled to be the son of Jupiter, Neptune, and Apollo jointly; and he transfers the tripaternity to the sword itself, which was considered to be divine and identified with its possessor, as it was in the case of king Arthur, who could not exist a moment without it. Achilles, and after him Neoptolemus, pretended to have inherited the original sword of Orion, and the pretension of Attila was similar. See Tzetzes on Lycophron, and also Priscus.

" Candaon! brighter than the brand which wheel'd
" Eastward of Eden, when our parents fell;
" On earth again apparent, and flung forth 535
" From the empyreal height, auspicious hear!
" Let now the fulness of predestined years
" With Europe's subjugation end the strife
" First broach'd in old Irawn, when Babel fell
" And Troy's Pergamean towers! Accept the blood 540
" Of these our victims, and uphold our host!"
Scarce ceased the mystic strain, when soft and low
Arose the hymn of Christians, by the voice
Of mild Lucilia led. Pathetic swell'd
That dirge of martyrs, like the latest song 545
On smooth Cäystrus or the Asian pool
Warbled by swans expiring. Peace, hope, joy,
Attuned its melody, and exulting faith.
It call'd on Him, whose arm is ever nigh,
A present help in trouble; and, as the strain 550
Ascended higher and higher, the pagans stood
In silent ravishment; for voices pure,
Celestial warblings, breathed in upper air,
Seem'd sweetly to prolong each dying note,
As if their *angels, who in joy behold 555
The Father's face, were wafting it to heaven.
Upon their lips the hymn yet trembled, when
The consecrated trumpet once again
Blew the known signal; and with ruthless speed
The cinctured harpies on Ostorius fell. 560
Him unresisting in his chains they dragg'd
To their abominable cauldron, stain'd

* In heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven. Matth. xviii. 10.

With gore of ages. Motionless and pale
His silent agony Lucilia saw,
And that loved hand, so oft in glory's field 565
The dread of heathens, which her own so late
With tenderest pressure clasp'd, now cast in air
To be a sign prophetic, and the prey
Of Belgic ravens. She beheld, and ere
The fierce ones to their second quarry stoop'd, 570
Her heart had ceased to flutter, and her soul
Was render'd spotless to its God. Amazed
The ministers of murder saw her drop,
Whiter than meadow-lily, or a wreath
On Thracian Hæmus of untrodden snow, 575
Beside the abhorred pile. Untouch'd they left
Her beauteous limbs, as pagan Romans shunn'd
The sad bidental smit by fire of heaven.
A savage shout those hideous women raised,
And, foil'd of their best victim, seized with rage 580
Their meaner prey. Precipitous on three sides
The structure rose, built up with leafy spoils
From Arduenna's waste; the glorious oak
Superbly spreading, like the shades of Jove
Adored in green Epirus; fragrant lime 585
With clustering blossom, whence the winged tribes
Famed in Hymettus drink ambrosial dew;
Aerial ash, and sycamore's broad arms,
And rowan with its crest of ruddy gold,
Maple, and pensile birch. The other front 590
Rose gradual, easy of access; above
Rear'd on the summit gleam'd with blade erect
The iron God. Their work of slaughter done,
Four Amazonian furies, drunk with blood,

Upheave the cup of sacrifice, and make 595
Ample libation from the frothing brass
To the dark king of terrors. Him, aspersed
With crimson dew, emblem of right divine,
They bear again with reverential awe
To royal Attila; then, fierce and loud, 600
Take up the strain of prophecy. Not she
In rocky Phocis, while the laurel grove
Self-shaken trembled with the present God,
Pour'd deeper note of inspiration, fill'd
With powerful breath of Python; when the blast 605
Of * him, who bore his Erechthean bride
To frozen Thracia, or the wondrous halls
Whence Asian Odin sprang, out-pour'd with might
On Casthanæa, at her ominous call
O'erthrew the Persian, by his billows dash'd 610
On foaming Sciathus and Pelion's side.
Thee, Rome, upon thy seven Hesperian hills,
Array'd in †scarlet, and with gems adorn'd,
Thee they defy, in thy majestic ease
Soon to be widow'd, when the kings of earth 615
Shall see thy burning, and the triple curse
Of famine, death, and mourning on thee fall.
They boast a greater one than thee arisen;
A shout of victory! whereby aroused
The Jews are gathering ‡ to Crete, prepared 620

* Boreas, who carried off Orithyia, daughter of Erechtheus, on which account the Athenians were warned by the oracle to invoke his assistance, and the Persian fleet was consequently destroyed by the north wind. Odin is stated in the Edda to have been the son of Bor or Boreas.

† See Revelations xvii. 4. and xviii. 8.

‡ See Hist. treat. § 24. and note 10.

For Armageddon's field, whene'er the Hun
His banner shall uplift on Ida's crest,
Expected Antichrist, and plant his might
In that idolatrous cradle, where the old * king
From Nineveh's fierce hunter sprung, possess'd 625
Great Jove's original empire, the oak woods
Of Crete, green navel of the world, between
The triple continents. There whilom rang
The Corybantine brass in Rhea's grove,
And arm'd Curetes danced with lance and shield 630
In shades of changeless verdure, fit retreat
For Saturn's son. Thee, Attila, they sung,
The man-child † long foretold, with iron rod
To rule the nations; from that mother born,

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* Cres the son of Orion reigned in Crete, which was called after him. *Hesselius in Ennium*, p. 324. Cres was the eldest son of Nimrod. Got. Vit. Pantheon, part 3. p. 88. Jupiter was born in Crete. When Saturn would have devoured him, his mother Rhea, having given Saturn a stone in swadding-clothes to swallow, concealed Jupiter in the island where he was educated by the Curetes, who beat the cymbals or Corybantine brass incessantly to prevent his infantine cries from betraying the place of his concealment.

† See Revelations xii. 1, &c. The prophecy is supposed to relate to Constantine. It cannot be doubted that in declaring himself nursed in Engaddi, Attila applied it to himself. The overthrow of the dragon would have been more clearly verified in his view by the conquest of Rome, than it was by Constantine's extinguishing the paganism of the empire. The woman has been explained to mean the Church labouring under hardships 300 years, till delivered from them by Constantine, whom the other princes of the empire had sought to destroy. "The prophecy was thought to be so plainly fulfilled by Constantine's advancement to the throne of the empire, that his statue was set over his palace gate, trampling on a wounded dragon: and Constantine himself, in his epistle to Eusebius, calls his conquest of Licinius the falling of the dragon."—*Pyle.*

Who, with the sun's eternal glory clothed,
Fled thro' the wilderness on eagle wings
To a place prepared of God, where thou secure
Didst plume thine infant pinions, to o'erthrow
Rome's dragon. Fabling so, they snatch'd the wreath
Prophetic, twined by Christians round the brow
Of Constantine, to deck their monarch grim,
Nursed in the palmy solitude, and sent
With other arms against the earthly strength
Of her Mavortian throne. With loud acclaim
The pagans, ravish'd by prophetic strains,
Salute their king. The eucharist of hell
Thus finish'd, lest the zeal of faithful priests
Inhume the relics, when his host at dawn
Shall march on Trecæ, he bids instant flame
Devour the pile and victims; not so wont
In safe Sicambria's hold. Gloomy and slow
Smoke wrapp'd the structure, rear'd to be the tomb
Of heathen wealth and beauty, now the pyre
Of martyr'd Christians: nor less dense above
Deep clouds obscured the welkin, while a sound
Like storm increased. Anon a flash of steel
Illumed the blackening concave, and above
A thunderous chariot roll'd, at all points arm'd
With bristling scythes, and many a dæmon shape
Of murderous instruments instinct with life;
Its adamantine wheels were writhing snakes,
Its axle burning steel, borne headlong on
By Terror and Dismay, twin steeds of Mars,
Gore dashing from their curbs in wreaths of foam.
Darkness impenetrable wrapp'd the form
Which goaded their mad course, but dimly shone

Aloft a Head terrific, on whose brow
Was graved the name ineffable; that name*
Is blasphemy. The pagans with mute awe
Adored the abomination, which soon pass'd 670
Amid the veil of smoke and flame ingulph'd.
Each to his quarters, when those rites were done,
Withdrew the painim chiefs; at dawn prepared
Their banners to advance. Soft-breathing night,
That yields, by heaven's beneficence, alike 675
Calm solace to the just and the unjust,
Steep'd the wide camp in slumber. One alone,
Mycoltha, loveliest of pagan maids,
Waked in that host. Still to her fancy's ear
The hymn of Christians, and angelic sounds, 680
Rose on the night; and, with a smile serene,
Lucilia, in immortal beauty robed,
Seem'd to invite her unto realms of hope,
Unknown, unthought before. Whether the charm
Of suffering virtue o'er her soul had thrown 685
The bland illusion, or her angel's voice
Whisper'd those strains seraphic, to allure
The willing soul from darkness to its God;
Then first the day-spring of religion beam'd
Upon her tremulous thoughts: all else around 690
Lay steep'd in utter gloom and heedless sleep.
The second sun scarce dawn'd upon the waste
Of bloody Catalaunum, when a call
From thousand instruments commingling roused
The universal host; and howling wolves 695
Gave fierce response from the death-laden plain,

* I saw a beast rise out of the sea, &c. and upon his heads the name of blasphemy. Revelations xiii. 1.

As throng'd the clamorous legions of the air
From Belgia's emptied forest, to dispute
Their loathsome banquet. Forth the spacious camp
Pour'd Attila's huge army, countless powers 700
Asian and European, from the verge
Of Sericana to Germanic Rhine.
The sound of that vast movement rose to heaven
Like the upbreaking of a world: with speed
The strength of heathendom was girt for war, 705
And onward moved bright columns, lengthening files
Of squadrons neighing to the orient sun,
And phalanxes with firm compacted front,
And many an engine, many a thousand wains
Heap'd with the spoils of Gaul. The proud array 710
Sweeps unresisted o'er the level field,
Till, full before the van, unarm'd appear
The walls and consecrated dome of Troyes.
Led by the mitred Lupus, a meek band
Of women and of burghers strew the way 715
With flowers pacific; yet the prelate mild
Bows not before his conqueror, but thus
Fronting the mighty one; "Who art thou, Lord,
"That with no human strength bestridest the world?"
"He, who should come," the impious Hun replied, 720
"Predicted by thy prophets, to lop off
"The seven famed heads of Rome, and rive her horns;
"From green Engaddi midst the burning waste,
"The scourge of heaven." "Then come," the priest rejoin'd,
"Scourge of my God, and be on us achieved 725
"The ever glorious purpose of his will!
"His servants kiss the rod." With this he laid

His hand upon the bridle rich with gold,
And stepp'd bareheaded by the charger's side
E'en to the gates of Troyes. The king pass'd on 730
In silent pomp before his gorgeous host,
Till prostrate at his feet a widow * flung
Herself and her fair daughters, wailing loud
For mercy and for aid. " O thou, who comest
" An angel from the deep with power to slay, 735
" Smite not the weak! protect these virgins!" " Rise,"
Benignant spoke the monarch; " By my sword
" I swear to be their saviour. Who e'er came
" To Attila for shelter, and found none?
" Or who hath braved his terrors, and not fallen?" 740
This said, with hand extended, he bade rise
The youngest of that timid train, whose shape
In the prime bud of beauty, might have shamed
The brightest of his court, yet scarce excell'd
Her sisters blushing with maturer bloom. 745
A transient hue half lit his sallow cheek,
And strange fire glisten'd from his eyes, as wont
In some great struggle, when the spirit within
Gleam'd thro' the issues of its mortal frame;
For not, from bleak Imaus to Ardennes, 750
So rich a freight of beauty had adorn'd
His multinuptial couch, of recent charms
Insatiate, and replenish'd oft by power.
" Walk, free as fair, thro' all this host," he cried,
And o'er her ivory neck a chain of gold 755
He threw; " rest pure amid the wolves of war
" Beneath the vulture's wing." Safe by his word

* Her name is not recorded.

They pass those ranks of rapine, undefiled;
And slowly marshall'd thro' the streets of Troyes
The pagan army files. With evil eye 760
Stern Giulas marked their beauty, by his king
Redeem'd from violation; and that hour
Of clemency requited soon with blood
Of sainted Ursula, * and all her train,
(A thousand holy virgins done to death 765
At Agrippina, where good Cyriac fell)
And that chaste fair one, † o'er her brother's corse
Butcher'd in Rheims, who, dying, of his sight
Bereaved her lustful murderer; what time
From ravaged Gallia's plain the Hun roll'd back 770
His force unto Pannonia. The main host,
Skirting the slope of Vogesus, moves on
To those Acronian waters, that behold
Sublime Helvetia, and with homeward course
Sweeps through the Rhætian wilds; when, strange to view,
A raven from the forest steered its course
Direct to Attila, and, hovering, perch'd
Secure upon his shoulder; then wing'd high
Its arduous flight to heaven. The monarch hail'd
That omen; well he knew what jetty plumes ‡ 780
O'ersail the world, revisiting each day
The throne of Odin in Valhalla's dome

* The tale of the slaughter of Ursula and 1000 virgins at Cologne by the Huns of Attila is founded on a mistake. (See Hist. treat. § 56.) but the tradition may be used in poetry.

† Eutropia sister of the Bishop of Rheims.

‡ The two ravens of Odin. See Helga v. 2665, and the notes thereon. Concerning the Delphic crows see Plutarch. Prudentius states that it was the crow of Apollo that defended Valerius Corvinus

To tell the deeds of glory. Well he knew
What messengers, sent east and west by Jove,
Met high in air above the central shrine 785
Of Delphi's laurel shade; what coal-black wings
Flapp'd o'er the Roman's helmet, when his foe
Rued sorely the strong beak and talons red
With Gallic blood; nor call'd he last to mind
What saviours, upon glossy pinions borne, 790
From Parætonium, * thro' the perilous waste
Led Ammon's offspring to his hidden shrine,
When round him desolate the southern blast
Shower'd the heart-withering sandstorm. Proud of soul,
Thro' Alpine Rhætia and Norician dales 795
He pour'd his thousands, like the winged plague
That darken'd all the fruitful plain, which Nile
Yearly inundates, and with sullen rage
Thro' fields all red with slaughter, smoking towns,
And vales made desert, his triumphal way 800
He wound unto Sicambria; fatal walls,
In vain polluted with a brother's blood!

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* See Strabo. Parætonium is now Berton or Alberton. Urbs Marmaricæ olim episcopalis et præcipua. *Bandraud Lex. Geog.* Ammon's offspring, Alexander the Great.

ATTILA.

BOOK FOURTH.

On Ætna's vaporous summit darkling stood
The Adversary. Wide his sight he flung
Upon the peopled earth, beneath him stretch'd
In multitudinous confliction. Dreams
Of glory, forfeit by rebellious pride, 5
And hopes perverse, admitted oft, to be
As oft annull'd by the event, absorb'd
His contemplation in thoughts vast, yet vain.
He look'd o'er spacious Europe to the rocks
Herculean, nigh the yellow sands that trend 10
To Cæsarea, and the Libyan shore
From Ptolemais unto Goshen old;
And farther, where Euphrates' holy flood
Streams from Armenian hills, the blighted scene
Of his first palm; if palm that be, which gave 15
Sorrow and death to man, but to himself
Who sow'd * the wind, and shall the whirlwind reap,
Confusion infinite, then doom'd to writhe
Beneath the bruizing heel of woman's seed.
Yet now with joy, such as beseems the accurst, 20

* Hosea viii. 7

He gazed on God's creation. The fifth age
Was sailing on the ceaseless wings of Time,
Since that great expiation, which had pluck'd
The sting from death; but Sin and Discord still,
Foul harpies feasting on celestial balm, 25
Polluted e'en Christ's temple; Simon's * lust
To buy and sell the flock; false doctrine strew'd
By various Folly, unfurling, as she march'd,
Heretic banners. Fiercer hate,† than e'er
From Erymanthus or rough Calydon 30
Sent forth the shaggy desolator, arm'd
The sheep against the sheep, in that one fold
Which peaceful should have gather'd all and safe
From the destroyer. On Rome's sevenfold head
The mystic ‡ labarum stood high advanced 35
Above her martial eyrie, yet the crash
Nigher and nigher still of pagan arms
Resounded, clanging round her giant limbs
A deadly knell. Nor less the Vandal's strength
Look'd fearless o'er the waters, and forejoy'd 40
Triumphal violation; the mixt wealth,
Christian or heathen, of her stately halls,
And spoils from § Salem ravish'd, to adorn
The palace of Rome's plunderer. On her coast
Scowl'd Punic war from Hippo's ‖ royal towers, 45

* Simon Magus; see Acts viii. 18.

† Ammianus Marcellinus says that no inveteracy of wild beasts against each other could equal that of the different sects of nominal Christians in his time.

‡ The Christian ensign of Constantine used instead of the Eagle.

§ All about to be carried to Africa from Rome by Genseric in 455.

‖ Hippo regius, whence Boniface invited the Vandals from Spain into Africa.

Where, hail'd by treason from the blood-stain'd marge
Of * Anas to Abyla, Spain had pour'd
Her long-hair'd warriors on the Moorish strand,
Which once again, at treason's † second call,
Shall vomit back on Guadalquiver's plain 50
The crescent and the scimitar. Elate
He saw, where Genseric resistless cheer'd
His bloodhounds ‡ on God's people, Arian fangs
Flesh'd in fanatic zeal. He saw the pure
Torn from the pleasant paths of peace, to lie 55
Mingled in death with Manes' loathsome § crew
In Carthage, whose fierce ‖ patriarch shall mourn
Sad retribution, on the blazing pyre
A Christian sacrifice. There maids devout,
Matrons and priests, to glut no pagan rage, 60
Swung pendant, to the shameless gaze exposed;
And Libyan deserts echoed with the groans
Of mitred victims, to the burning waste
By mitred brethren driven. "March on, where fate
"Goads ye demented," spoke the exulting fiend, 65
"Flock worthy your good Shepherd! who ordain'd
"That brother against brother should arise,
"Son against parent, and in sooth not peace
"Hath left to his disciples, but a sword.
"Soon comes my second triumph, which, foreshoom'd, 70
"Not e'en the Allwise, with all his flaming troops
"Angelic can forefend; glorious as that

* The Guadiana, where Genseric overthrew the Suevi just before he entered Africa. † Count Julian's against Roderic the Goth.
‡ Genseric was an Arian. § The Manicheans.
‖ The Arian patriarch of Carthage was burnt alive by the Catholics.

" By blood of Him achieved, whom in the flesh
" I to perdition in the flesh betray'd.
" O once eternal deem'd, and by the Christ 75
" O'ershadow'd now, in adamantine arms
" See thine exterminator, led by fate
" From the Hun's bloody lair! Bow, Christian Rome,
" Bow even to barbarians!" Thus the Archfiend,
Battening on hopes of that, which might not be, 80
And blinded by much wisdom, worn with pride,
And not by truth illumined. Well he knew
Rome's utter overthrow decreed on high,
And that great sceptre, which enthrall'd the West,
Toppling e'en then to its determined fall; 85
He heard the Scythian angel from the court
Of pagan Attila evoking forth
The conqueror * predestined; but God's will
Lay hidden deep beyond the reach of pride.
Thus unregarded, tho' a Seraph's ken 90
Search'd all the host, glided thy youthful hours,
Odóacer, appointed to o'erthrow
Cæsarean Rome! nor paused he to descry
Oft crackling from thy † limbs, strong Valamer,
Sparks of unearthly radiance, which bespoke 95
Supreme dominion to thy Gothic heir
Theodoric, ere five summers to be ‡ born
Amid the shout of victory. Vain hopes

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* Odoacer.

† See Photius Bibl. The same phænomenon is said to have distinguished the horse of Tiberius and the ass of Severus.

‡ Theodoric was born, like Alexander the Great, on the day of a great victory.

Enthrall'd his vision; for, if fiends were wise
Unto salvation, even he had stood, 100
Taught by foreknowledge to escape his fall;
But whom God wills to lose, he first obscures,
(Mortal or spirit) and the inward light
Becomes a lying prophet. Far beyond
The Septimontane capital, the Archfiend 105
Look'd to the plains, where gorgeous Danau laved
The Hunnish ramparts; but his jealous eye
Glanced on a hermitage, where Savus clear,
Fast hurrying to Æmona's short-lived towers,
Gushes from Carnian Alps. A grot was hewn 110
In the rock's living core, where long retired
To holy musing, underneath the shade
Of unpruned branches, far from the haunts of men
Old Cyprian dwelt; but not to those unknown
Who thirsted for that holy well, of which 115
He had drunk long and deeply, now erect
In green old age, tho' eighty summers sat
On his hoar brow, as when in vigour new
He travell'd many a rood, from utmost Gaul
To Alexandria and the pleasant meads 120
Which Tigris laves, midst each benighted tribe
Declaring Christ. Nursed in idolatrous laws,
His parents, as their sires, not doubting, served
Domestic gods, from the crude marble hewn
By mortal hands and senseless. With life's milk 125
He learn'd to kiss the smoke-polluted stone,
And murmur praise. His way of glowing youth
Was drunk with tales of glory and the fame
Of Rome's primeval days, when her rude sons
Worshipp'd the shrine of Victory with blood, 130

And Stator Jove from the Tarpeian rock
Fulmined against the Senones. He heard
Her ardent * legate before Cæsar's throne
Plead for his sacred country, and invoke
Her Genius, like a soul, informing still 135
The limbs of her vast empire; and he thought
The spirit of Rome's fortunes even then
Was hovering o'er them, and inspired his tongue
To strive for their religion, the old rites
Hallow'd by custom and endear'd by years 140
Of conquest and dominion. His thoughts teem'd
With ancient augurs, and the spotless train
Of Vestal maids, who nursed the undying flame
That lit Rome's nascent greatness, and he cursed
The Holy One of Israel with his saints, 145
Who marr'd the fates of Rome. Chance led his eye
To that poetic † page, where truth display'd
Its mirror, to dispel the phantoms vain
Of soul-deluding eloquence, and sung
The crown of martyrdom, what time the rod, 150
The axe, and fire, of stern Galerius ruled
God's people, and scourged ‡ by unrelenting hands
The child in anguish lisp'd the name of Christ,
Scorning the proffer'd beverage, to cool
Death's fever; while his mother, smiling joy, 155
Kiss'd his blood-sprinkled limbs, and cheer'd his soul
Half trembling at the gates of glory. Then
The spirit of Cyprian was stirr'd; he felt

* Symmachus pleaded pro sâcra patriâ, A.D. 384.

† The poetry of Prudentius; see his answer to the pleading of Symmachus.

‡ St. Romanus, see Prudentius.

His inmost thoughts renew'd, to spurn the Gods
Who long had awed him, the adulterous crew 160
Of lewd imaginations deified,
Incestuous Jove, and his illicit love
In bestial shapes, with all the deeds impure
Of those adored as holy. Thus he turn'd
Unto that sacred writ, with which compared 165
All earthly wisdom is but foolishness.
A pagan so he drank the saving milk
From * Saragossa's bard; and big with zeal
Stretch'd eastward to the pleasant vales, that lie
Nigh Siloa's brook, and Jordan's flowery marge; 170
And journeying by shadowy Hebron's side
Or leafy Carmel, near the Asphaltic plain
Fair garden once of Siddim, he arrived
Rhinocerura and the humming sedge
Of that Sirbonian swamp, whose treacherous pool 175
Flanks Egypt. Fresh from scenes of holy awe,
And full of his Redeemer, on he press'd
Beyond Pelusium and Tamis green
To Alexandria, where stood high enshrined
Serapis, lord of the infernal host. 180
There, facing Pharos and Canopus old
Named of the serpent, (while the doubtful crowd
Cower'd nigh the fane sublime, and popular dread
Suspended Cæsar's edict,† lest the God,
By profanation maim'd, should breathe strange plagues
On fertile Egypt) near the mitred pride
Of stern Theophilus, the beardless youth

* Prudentius, born there, died in 408.
† The edict of Theodosius, to destroy idols.

Stood foremost. Snatching from the prelate's guard
A ponderous battle-axe, alone he scaled
The dread colossus, while each tongue was mute, 190
Profane or faithful, smit with sacred fear;
Lest heaven, earth, sea, into one shapeless mass,
At the first daring stroke, together rush
Confounded: so seers threaten'd, and who least
Believed, grew pale with doubt. Nathless unawed 195
To the unveil'd visage of the God he clombe,
Waving his weapon high. Swart Egypt gazed
By breathless expectation rivetted.
He smote the golden cheek; a long loud clang
Rung o'er the silent heads of that still throng, 200
Who listen'd, as its echoes borne away
Died slowly, for the thunder-clap of heaven.
Serene it shone and tranquil, as when first,
Call'd by its Maker's word, the green earth sprang
From primal chaos. Then the Christian shout 205
Rose fierce and haughty on the startled air;
Then pikes and axes gleam'd and massive crows,
And frequent grew the crash, while crumbling down
Temple and idol fell, and gorgeous walls
Of solid masonry. Wo worth the hour, 210
That overwhelm'd the letter'd wealth of Time
And science in that ruin!* all the day,
Remorseless havoc sack'd the pagan fanes.
Before the throne of Theodosius † cast
By zealous Cyprian, lay the triple heads 215
Of Egypt's dragon-monster. He to Gaul,

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* The library destroyed.

† Theodosius was in Rome, in 389.

Where Martin* preach'd, and the Bituriges
Around the bold ascetic bow'd and pray'd,
Trod westward. Oft, beneath his lusty stroke
Arm'd by the imperial edict, lopt and maim'd 220
Upon their bloody floor the rustic Gods
Lay prostrate; oft the venerated trunk,
Sacred to Pan or Sylvan,† bow'd to ground
Its votive chaplets and time-honour'd brow;
Around which never more the simple throng 225
Shall dance at eve, unto forbidden Powers
Outpouring rural prayer. Thus threescore years
Strove Cyprianus, reverenced for zeal
Still fervent as in youth. On him the Archfiend
Gazed long and wistful, teeming with deceit, 230
Till, alter'd at his will, each feature grew
To Cyprian's similitude, and his brow
With hoary honours crown'd, benignly calm,
Liken'd the holy anchorite. A robe
Girt round him by Hypocrisy, conceal'd 235
The angelic pinions, form'd for heavenly flight.
Thus fashion'd, from the mountain's snowy peak
Facing Pelorus, on the deep expanse
He threw his airy shape: the vast blue way
Received him, gliding on his pathless track 240
High above either sea; past Tænarus,
Past Delphi, where, long mute, his laurel grove
Still trembled at his coming; past the rocks

* See Sulpicius Severus's account of this daring, ambitious, self-denying man

† The Roman peasants in the time of Pliny dedicated to some God every tree of surpassing size and beauty Trees were formerly the temples of the Deities *See Pliny Nat. Hist. l.* 12. *c.* 1.

Of Lemnos, where from the ethereal vault
Fell Mulciber; past that Thracian Chersonese, 245
Which saw Leander to his unchaste love
Led by no hallow'd fire; until he reach'd
Byzantium, dropping in a vaporous shroud
Hard by the holy walls, where nothing loth
Pulcheria* for calm prayer and vigils changed 250
Regal magnificence; beneath whose sway,
Mourning her early loves and hope cut short,
In those secluded chambers pined unseen
Honoria† fair and young. The stolen bliss
Of that voluptuous passion, like a dream, 255
Had fleeted; but desires, awaken'd once,
Still reign'd within her; she had learnt the voice
Which the flesh speaks, and all her tremulous thoughts
Were ready for the tempter. He, revered
Beneath that garb of sanctity, pass'd on 260
E'en to the secret oratory, where,
Pale and dejected, frail Honoria sat
With languid eyes, that on the clear blue flood
Of Bosporus, and bloomy Orient hills,
Gazed wistful; while a pearl of lustrous dew 265
Beneath their fringes dark unheeded fell,
And her unquiet bosom's rise and fall
Seem'd struggling, underneath the silken band,
For beauty's freedom. Of his end secure
A form so lovely, with a heart so vain, 270
The dangerous angel view'd; for little needs
The tempter's art, when full of lustful prime

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* Sister of Theodosius.
† Sister of the Emperor Valentinian.

The pulse of youth is throbbing, to his call
Responsive. By her side, soft entering,
Stood the dark fiend in sacred guise transform'd. 275
Unwelcome on the damsel thus he stole;
But never breathes the flattery of sin
More baleful, than when whisper'd from the lips
Of seeming holiness. With fatal guile
Seductive thus the Evil one began. 280
" Sleep'st thou, Honoria, in this tranquil cell
" Oblivious? Do the joys of earthly bliss
" And nature's glory on thy senses pall
" Untasted, or half-known; or deem'st thou such
" With lavish hand by their Creator framed 285
" For ends of evil? Fairest of his works,
" Fashion'd in beauty, an help meet for man
" Not form'd to dwell in loneliness, (so spake
" His mighty Author) art thou cloy'd with life?
" Or is it sweet thus vacant to recline 290
" Listening celestial hymns, which hourly rise
" Here mid secluded vigils, and excel
" Earth's music, warbled near the throne of kings?"
Thus he with subtle purpose, for he knew
The fever nestling in her heart, and will'd 295
To fan its baneful heat. The damsel's cheek
Blush'd deeper than the carmine tint that glows
Upon the front of evening, as the sun
Sinks glorious to his couch of living gold.
Amazement staid her speech; from the deep store 300
Of unborn hopes and wishes young as morn,
Thoughts burning, by the tempter's voice call'd forth,
Mantled her ivory brow. Far other sounds
From cold Pulcheria and her virgin mates

Had chill'd her joyless ear; while vain desires, 305
Frequent and high, at the heart's prison door
Beat fearfully. The holy-seeming fiend
Had touch'd their source, and forth the ardent tide
Burst sinful. As at Jove's command the * form
Fashion'd by Mulciber in beauty's mould 310
To be by Graces zoned, and crown'd with flowers
Wreathed by Persuasion's hand, her casket dire
Soft-smiling open'd, where sweet Hope alone
Sat like a cherub, while the plagues of heaven
Flew diverse, over man dispensing wo; 315
So started her unhallow'd thoughts to life.
Half fearful, more than half content, she dropt
Her eyes, as if abash'd, while thro' the veil
Of their long lashes stream'd the light of love,
And guileful thus, (O impotent to cheat 320
The Arch-deceiver!) "Deem not, holy man,
"That, by the vast beatitude of life
"Unmoved, and thankless for the boon of Heaven,
"I turn from earthly joy, or that the world
"With all its glorious gifts of good and fair 325
"Palls on my bosom; but, unskill'd to stem
"The shoreless waste of its untravell'd tide,
"A maiden's dread may fitly choose retreat
"In the still gloom of holiness. What wills
"My father with his handmaid?" "Seasons fit 330
"For prayer and vigils, fit there are for deeds,"
The fallen spirit replied. "Long hours have I
"Knelt in seclusion on the damp cold stones,
"Wrestling in prayer: but roused, when need required,

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* Pandora.

" I journey'd thro' the wide and troublous world 335
" To do my mission, and proclaim the Christ.
" And, lo! a mightier than He shall now
" Sit in the perilous * seat! The hour is big
" With portents of eventful time. Arise,
" First of thy sex, upon whose brow must shine 340
" The diadem of glory! Thou art call'd
" To be the highest, as thou art most fair."
The tempter ceased; and full the snow-white orbs
Of that proud damsel's bosom throbb'd and heaved
With passions manifold; impatient fires, 345
That, smouldering in retirement, now burst forth;
Vain-glory, flatter'd by insidious praise;
Indomitable thirst of pomp and power.
" Speak on, thy daughter heareth," with low voice
Tremulous she murmur'd. Sure of purpose he 350
His guile pursued. " The age of promise dawns
" Upon the nations: from the cloud-capt brow
" Of Cretan Ida have the gathering † Jews
" Heard voices strange and holy, such as once
" Thunder'd from Sinai, when the law was first 355
" To man reveal'd by Moses. He, foretold
" To come hereafter in the mighty spirit
" Of that famed legislator, shakes the fanes
" Of the great harlot, septimontane Rome.
" Honoria, thou art call'd from holy walls 360
" To be that great one's bride, and sit enshrined
" In godlike pomp on the Tarpeian. Send
" Fast pledges of thy love to him who wields

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* Concerning the siege perileux, see Hist. treat. §. 73. † See § 24.

" The flail,* wherewith the nations must be purged,
" Imperial Attila; and bid him claim 365
" Half of Rome's having for thy dower. That done,
" Wait silent the almighty march of time."
This said, his form wax'd glorious; youth divine
Came like a sunbeam o'er his brow, from which
Dark hyacinthine tresses waving shook 370
Ambrosial incense, odours breathing love.
As whilom, from the bath of Gadara,
The † wizard in Decapolis call'd up
The blooming Anteros, and sudden he
Rose dripping hot, and shook his raven locks 375
Luxuriant, and by Eros golden-hair'd
Equal in beauty stood. So look'd the fiend,
While the new lustre, which inform'd his eyes,
Spoke things unutterable. With fragrant lips
Voluptuous, he upon her willing mouth 380
Planted a glowing kiss, from which inhaled

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* Attila's title flagellum Dei perhaps meant the flail, rather than the scourge, of God. See Matth. iii. 12. " Whose fan is in his hand, and he will thoroughly purge his floor," &c.

† Jamblichus, born at Chalcis in Cœlosyria, being at the warm baths of Gadara, and a conversation having arisen between him and others who were bathing, he bid them ask the country people how two of the smaller, but more pleasant, founts were named from of old; they said the one was called Eros, and the other Anteros. He forthwith, handling the water and uttering a few words, called up from the bottom of the first, a boy, who was white, of moderate size, with golden hair, shining back and breast, and looked like one who had been just bathing. He then led the way to the other fount with an air of meditation, and doing the same there, he called up another boy with glossy black hair. They both clung to him and embraced him, as if he had been their natural father —*Eunapius Vita Jambl.*

Shot sinful ardours to her inmost soul;
Then, vanishing in one bright stream of light,
Soar'd as a meteor over Pindus; thence
Passing Dyrrachium, o'er the Hadrian flood 385
Sail'd like a nebulous wrack, which seen afar
Bodes tempest. Lighting from his airy course
He floated in a blazing dream of pride
Before thine eyes, Aëtius, and recall'd
Mysterious prophecies of glory, breathed 390
Over thy cradle, which foretold that thou
Shouldst be some great one, by the signs e'en then
Portended to the nations. The fell Prince
With bland deception whisper'd to thine heart
Inaction, faithless to thy country's hope, 395
And traitorous counsels (to delude thy lord)
Of flight to Gaul, while thou into the seat
Of Rome's imperial sway shouldst stride secure,
Coiling the purple round thee, and upheld
By dark fraternity of pagan arms. 400
Nor long the arch-betrayer there delay'd,
Confiding, that his scatter'd seed would spring,
In that congenial soil, to ready growth;
But left him to the evil powers, which ay
Glided around his couch, Ambition, Pride, 405
And double-tongued Hypocrisy, and Sin
Wreathing her brows with beauty counterfeit.
Nor long, ere, speeding his angelic course,
Before Rome's venerated pontiff stood
The fiend, with spiritual glory bright. 410
The marble domes of the great city lay
Below them steep'd in silence, and the eye
Of thoughtful Leo dwelt on those huge fanes,

Where the Christ's symbol, late exalted, shone;
And care sat heavy on his mitred brow. 415
Then thus the Evil one; "Thou deemest right,
"Sage prelate! o'er the immortal town e'en now
"Unseen, unheard, with dark and noisome wing
"The desolation hangs. Hopeless alike
"The eagle and the labarum must bow 420
"Before the scourge of fate. New glories dawn,
"And other altars, other fanes, must rise
"Terrific to the Fearful one. Bow down
"And worship, mortal pre-ordain'd by Time
"To wield the Dark one's hierarchal sway!" 425
"There is one God, one Saviour, and one Spirit;"
(Replied the pontiff) "to Him Leo's knee
"Bends daily, whether o'er the domes beneath
"Heaven's angel showers its wrath, or whispers joy.
"There is no fearful one to who, upraised 430
"Above earth's fleeting pomp, beholds the throne
"Where mercy radiates, and whose God is love."
To him the power malign. "If Israel's God
"Be merciful, why bend the feeble knee,
"Why stretch the suppliant arms to who is love? 435
"Say, thou eschew'st his law, is good less good,
"Mercy less mercy? can * the goodly tree

* For the tenets of the Marcionites expressed in this speech, see Tertullian adv. Marc. l. i. c. 2. Marcion built his doctrine that there were two Gods, the Creator whom we worship, and his own evil God, on the words of St. Luke, "A good tree bringeth not forth corrupt fruit," (vi. 43.) inferring that evil could not proceed from the good Being; in answer to which see the express declaration of Isaiah, xlv. 7. "I form the light, and create darkness; I make peace, and create evil. I the Lord do these things."

" Bear evil fruit? Are the unchanging thoughts
" Of infinite perfection turn'd to ill,
" Because man sports in his licentious hour 440
" Of brief existence? Man, fit worm to change
" The spirit immutable of Him benign
" Unto its opposite! Good showers from Him
" Alike upon the just and the unjust,
" His necessary boon. Weak mortal, bow 445
" Unto the king of terrors, who hath power,
" Nor lacks the will, to work thee deadly harm;
" Whose blessings are free gifts, and won from hate
" By service and submission. Warbled hymns
" May lull the merciful throne, but deeds must soothe 450
" The fearful one; dark sacramental rites,
" Which angels dare not look on, fitly deem'd
" To them abomination. Seal in blood
" The compact, which shall make thee wise and great!
" Then, when the Hun thro' these devoted walls 455
" Shall wade knee-deep in blood, exalted thou
" Shalt stand in glory next the chosen. Long years,
" Unchanging youth, and vigour to enjoy
" Sensual delights, fresh unexhausted bliss,
" My power shall yield thee; and, not least, the mind's 460
" Triumphal joy, pride gratified and full;
" While sacerdotal glories over all
" Shall throw the robe of sanctity. The day
" Pre-ordinate in heaven, ere infant Time
" From the primeval womb of darkness sprang, 465
" Comes striding like a giant; and these domes,
" Immortal deem'd by men, must like a scroll
" Be wasted and consume; while Antichrist
" Upon the sevenfold hills shall sit reveal'd."

" O trusty guide and sure," (good Leo cried) 470
" To man benighted! who in heaven's day-beam,
" Amid transcendent brightness, couldst not save
" Thyself and thy compeers; but didst exchange
" Supreme beatitude for endless wo!
" When in the prophet's mouth thou didst become 475
" A lying spirit, and lead Israel's * king
" To fall at Ramoth-gilead, didst thou hear
" The rumour, which should turn the † Syrian back,
" And see the chariots of unearthly fire
" Reveal'd unto his servant by the seer 480
" On Dothan's mountain, and the sons of Baal
" Cut short in their idolatries, beside
" His bloody fane? When o'er the saint ‡ in Uz,
" Thy spite invoked the heaven-permitted plagues,
" Didst thou foreknow, that all thy malice, spent 485
" Upon his patient brow, would but exalt
" God's praise, and on his pious forehead pour
" A brighter flood of blessedness? When thou
" Didst tempt thy Lord to bow and worship thee,
" Didst thou anticipate thine own rebuke, 490
" And to His glory ministering see
" Angels descend? When from the firmament
" A star, once glorious, headlong thou didst fall,
" Had wisdom to thy subtle thoughts foretold
" Thy baffled power, unable to confront 495
" The name of Christ? did knowledge to thine eyes
" Foreshew the darksome gulph, where thou hast lain
" Exiled from heaven? or hadst thou read amiss
" God's oracles, to thine eternal loss?

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* 1 Kings xx. 21. † Benhadad. ‡ Job.

" Who now, as clear from error, as from guilt, 500
" Divinest the counsels of the Holiest!
" Weak howsoe'er man's wisdom to unveil
" The will almighty, by His word reveal'd
" This Leo knows. There are three Powers, yet One,
" That bear record in heaven, omnipotent, 505
" The Father, the Redeemer, and the Spirit,
" Girt with angelic ministers. Save Him,
" There is no God; darkness and light are His;
" He hath made good * and evil; by His will
" Three names, Accuser, Adversary, Prince, 510
" Are written upon one † accursed brow,
" Three names of blasphemy. So walk thou still
" Pre-eminent, amid the host of sin,
" Thrones and dominions, evermore debarr'd
" From the Lamb's presence; free to tread this world 515
" Of trials and temptation, where their wiles
" Permitted for a season, shall invade
" Man's walk, not unresisted by the Breath
" Proceeding from the Highest, able to save
" When from the heart invoked with prayer and praise. 520

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* Isaiah xlv. 5—7.

† The faulty translation of the New Testament has given very erroneous notions of that mysterious being. He is one individual, and the word diabolos or devil is never used in the plural. Whenever the plural, devils, occurs in the English, it is not diabolos in the original, but daimonia, demons; and demons should in every instance be substituted for devils. What was the exact nature of the demons, who were said to believe and tremble, and to possess themselves of distempered bodies, we are not informed, but they were not that evil individual, who is sometimes called Satan or the adversary, sometimes the devil or accuser, and sometimes the prince of this world or of the power of darkness.

" Rome, and her worldly pomp, may pass away
" As other empires, and the church be led
" Captive to a strange land, like those, whose harps
" Beside the Babylonian waters hung
" Silentious; but that edifice, which Christ 525
" Built on a rock, for ever shall endure
" One and unchangeable. The gates of Hell
" Shall not prevail against it. Great is the worth
" In mercy's eye of good, however scant;
" When fire rain'd down from heaven, had ten just men
" Found shelter in the cities of the plain,
" They might have stood, and Jordan wound his way
" Into the bosom of his native earth
" As pure and wholesome, as his limpid fount
" In Lebanon; while two or three remain 535
" Still faithful in the church, even * the knees
" Which have not bow'd to Baal, the Lord shall be
" Amongst them, and the fire-tongued Paraclete
" Shall dwell within its everlasting walls.
" To Him I turn me; by that holy aid 540
" I do adjure thee, evil spirit, fly!"
He said, and on his brow majestic beam'd
The sunshine of his soul. To him in scorn
The baffled fiend; for, thus adjured with might,
Deceitful beauty left him, and he stood, 545
Though fierce and unabash'd, of glory shorn,
Leprous, deform'd. " Raise orisons," he cried,
" To Him who sleepeth, and must needs be roused
" To look on His creation! At noon day
" Light tapers, to outshine His glorious sun! 550

* 1 Kings xix. 18.

" March on, sleek prelates, till your bloated pride
" Grasp at the world's dominion, and for gold
" Sell, what unpurchased to my slaves I yield,
" Indulgence bland, and license to achieve
" All the sweet works of sin. The time is nigh, 555
" When neither praise upon these hills, nor prayer,
" Shall, uncorrupted, rise to Judah's God.
" Hypocrisy, with all the host of Hell,
" Shrouded beneath the hierarchal robe
" Shall nestle, and the goatish foot tread down 560
" Meek Chastity to earth. Vain priest, survey
" Thy native Europe! where the pagan fanes
" Lie desolate, e'en now new idols rise.
" Meet creed! meet calendar of men * baptized!
" Saint Hercules defend thee, man of God! 565
" Say paternosters at the Christian shrine
" Of Mars the murderer sanctified! or him
" Hight Cappadocian † George, whose red right hand
" Guides, mid the crash of arms, the dragon car
" Of thundering Triptolemus; nor least 570
" To him ‡ of Erin, whose mysterious name
" Prepares the way of Antichrist! The blood,
" The very bones of martyrs are grown Gods,
" Thronging the star-paved domes, usurping heaven.

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* The pernicious practice of the early ages in compounding with the unconverted heathens by sanctifying their tutelary and provincial Gods, and dedicating their temples to martyrs with similar names, as for instance, the temple of the God Belis or Felis to St. Felix, sometimes called St. Felus, at Aquileia, and of Flora to St. Floranus at Brescia, whereby the pagan superstitions were engrafted on Christianity, was a primary cause of the corruption of the church of Rome.

† St. George. ‡ St. Patrick.

" Bend, pious suppliant, bend the faithful knee 575
" To hell's best symbol, my own rosy cross,
" Type of that antique fosse, where damned shades
" Sipp'd nightly, frothing to its brim, the dew
" Of human sacrifice! In cloister'd halls
" Beneath pride's panoply secure, strange priests 580
" Forbidding * wedlock, but in private hours
" Wedded to all incontinence, shall gorge
" The sacrament of sin, by Manes given
" To all that darkling worship Erebus
" Under the Christ's similitude. For each 585
" A beardless page shall bear his red-cross shield,
" A sign from Calvary; but their inward vest
" Broider'd shall hide the chisel, adze, and saw,
" Compass and square, and all the various tools
" That rear'd the offensive mount on Sennaar's plain. 590
" Pass on, where fate shall lead, my well-beloved,
" Than whom more pious worshippers ne'er served
" Nature in † Lampsacus! The Gaul shall foil
" Your luxury and pomp; yet shall ye wait
" Veil'd by deception, and in secret dens 595
" Hold close fraternity; till I and mine
" With miracles to battle shall collect,
" In ‡ Armageddon, all the kings of earth."
While in the just man's ear the angelic voice
Yet rang, the Prince had vanish'd; and, as once 600
Upon the bestial herd, which driven amain
Plunged headlong mid the Galilean § waves,

* Marriage was forbidden by Marcion. See Tertullian adv. Marc. l. 1. Marcion was a native of Pontus, and son of a Christian bishop.

† Famous for its impure idolatries, and worship of Priapus.

‡ Rev. xvi. 14 and 16. § Luke viii. 33.

Fell unresisted on the dark conclave
Of Arian bishops. They demented swore
Allegiance to the Hun, so to exalt 605
The name of their heresiarch, and leagued
With heathendom o'erthrow the goodly fold
One and inseparable; not * call'd of man,
Cephas, or Paul, or that sage eloquent,
Whose speech drew Corinth's wondering sons astray, 610
Fervent in zeal Apollos. Fools! that took
The precious words of everlasting life
From mortal man, and named themselves of him,
Whoe'er presumptuous wore the impious badge
Of knowledge, worse than folly, and more vain, 615
Arius, or Manes, or who raised † the head
Of Babel's mighty hunter in the fold,
Marcion the accurst! Alas! that still
Schismatic zeal with various names the flock
Leads diverse! He, who cannot lie, hath said, 620
A kingdom shall not stand, against itself
Divided; and thy banners multiform
Shew of what kingdom, and what spirit thou art,
Conflicting Heresy! the child of pride,
The worm that saps the healthy tree, and gives 625
Occasion to the foe! Let all to Him,
Who hath destroy'd the wisdom of the wise,
And brought to nothing the disputer, bow,

* See 1 Cor. i. and iii., where disunion in the church of Christ and adherence to the tenets of particular teachers are strenuously reproved.

† Prudentius states that the Charontean head of Nimrod was the evil God of Marcion. See above, v. 430, &c., and the notes thereon.

Sworn to no mortal * leader! and let all,
Child of the virgin womb, be named of Thee, 630
Christ, our salvation! Plain are thy behests
To those who with a sound and humble mind
Obey them, nor deluded by such guides,
As with presumptuous half-sighted pride
Walk in a maze, and wrest the word of truth 635
To their destruction, nor by passion led
To lean upon a dead and hollow faith
That doth not fructify; for man is call'd
To know himself unworthy, and by sin
Encompass'd, from whose toils no issue is, 640
Save thro' that holy aid, which is a light
To guide thro' perils all who seek aright
The narrow way of life; to lift due praise
To the Almighty, thro' that hallow'd name
By which alone salvation is to man, 645
His Saviour and his judge; to pray for help,
In every trouble, and refreshment sure
By that all-healing Spirit, which descends
From the high throne of power, on all who seek
Comfort from their Creator, and approach 650
The seat of mercy thro' no other name

* As the Marcionites, Arians, Manicheans, &c. adhered to the persons from whom they derived their respective denominations. The object of these lines is to assert the excellence of the doctrine of our establishment, (which adheres to the opinions of no earthly teacher, and repudiates every thing as necessary to salvation, which cannot be proved from Scripture) the unfitness of disagreement amongst its members, of animosity against it on the part of sectarians, and exaggeration of the differences between the several denominations of the Protestant church.

Than that He hath ordain'd. This to believe,
And this to do, and, having done, to stand
Obedient, justified thro' righteous faith
By Him, whose blood for this benighted world 655
Hath made atonement, is the bread of life,
Whereon, who feed, shall never taste of death;
And wo to those, or rather, as most need,
Be mercy on their heads, whose worldly pride
(Deluding their own hearts, and clothed with zeal, 660
A specious mantle), mid the sons of Christ
Upraise dividing banners, beacons new,
To separate, amaze, perplex, mankind!
Be mercy upon those, whoever dive
Too deeply into dark mysterious paths 665
That do not profit, and with fearful voice
Scare the repentant sinner from his God!
And Thou, Almighty Father, to whose throne
We have access thro' Christ, unite thy sons,
And hasten, Lord, thy kingdom! Teach all those 670
Who glorify thy name, sincere of heart,
By whatsoe'er denomination call'd,
That Thou didst never in thy church exalt
Man against man! O teach them to embrace
Union of heart and worship! Give thy sons 675
Humility, of all the beauteous gems,
That stud the coronet of Christian faith,
The brightest and the best! with which is link'd
That which outweighs all gifts of human wit,
Or subtle apprehension of things veil'd 680
In mystery, and hard to be conceived;
That which excels all knowledge, and all power
That ever by the Spirit was vouchsafed

To thine elect, meek charity, which joins
Heart unto heart, links faith with faith, and brings 685
The lowly, justified by Him who died,
Under the shadow of Thy mighty wing!

ATTILA.

BOOK FIFTH.

QUEEN of the subject plain, where Danau's wave
Rolls southward, swollen with Carpathian floods,
Sicambria, sloping from her airy brow,
Lords o'er Pannonia. Red with Bleda's death,
And emulous of Rome, her walls had drunk 5
A dire piation of fraternal * gore,
Hell's sacrament. With pagan banners bright,
And, bristling with defence, their mighty skirts
Stretch'd even to the waters, which roll'd by
Majestic, wafting to the stately halls 10
Of far Byzantium the big threat of war.
There, vex'd by Chalons' strife, the dreaded Hun
Whetted his fangs, and, in his lair retired,
Couch'd as a lion. Thence on either throne
Defiance proud and brief his heralds threw; 15
"Cæsar, make smooth the way! my lord and thine
"Comes in his power!" He in Sicambria's hold
Girt with Teutonic and Sclavonian kings
Kept holyday secure. No marble domes
There gorgeous frown'd; no high triumphal piles 20
With sculptured stone, cornice, or fretted arch,
Told, how resistless on Hesperian realms

* The brother of Attila killed by him.

The Hunnish deluge, from Aurora's bounds,
Came sweeping. Of gigantic timber, roll'd
Adown Tibiscus, from the leafy skirts 25
Of Crapak, and Pannonia's utmost glens,
Compact the vast metropolis arose,
Simple, and huge. Within, the rifled wealth
Of Europe vied with Asiatic spoils.
There Tyrian purple glow'd, and lustrous robes 30
From orient Sericana; there outpour'd
Sparkled the vintage of Tokayan hills
In cups of massive gold; Burgundian grapes
Breathed odoriferous joy. There beauty's ray
Half-smiling shone thro' tears; the virgin flower 35
From many a desolated realm, to deck
A Scythian haram, torn; Albanian locks
Of wavy gold; and radiant eyes, that shamed
The blue serene of Persia's summer skies;
Arms whiter than their native Scandian snows, 40
And the dark-kindling glance of amorous Spain,
And cheeks soft-blushing, which outvied the rose
Of southern Gaul: lips redolent of love
Murmur'd delight, and song and music blazed
Beneath each echoing roof; while the sweet fume 45
From thousand boards, loaded with precious skill,
Solicited the sense. Not he,* who, erst
Alike in battle or the banquet's pomp
Surpassing Pontic Mithridate, bereaved
Each vocal thicket of night's lonely bird, 50
Feasted more daintily. Attired in silk,
Caparison'd with gold and jewels rare,

* Lucullus.

Sapphire or ruby, in his sumptuous stall
Each Scythian charger neigh'd forejoying war,
And lash'd his shining flank. Amid the blaze 55
Of such luxurious splendour unadorn'd,
The Hun abode amongst his subject kings
Rejecting ease. A wooden platter bore
His simple meal, the flesh of grazed beast;
But mightiest tower'd his palace, flank'd all round 60
With arduous columns, each a stately pine
From distant forests hewn; their glossy trunks
Shew'd beauteous, and rich capitals adorn'd
Their airy summits, carved with forms grotesque.
The walls were polish'd timber, quaintly wrought 65
With deep * insculpture, and relieved by shapes
In bold projection by a master's hand
Moulded for ornament. Nor humblest rose,
Nor least in glory, the majestic halls,
Where royal Creca midst her female train 70
Lay on a couch voluptuous; they the while
Upon a gorgeous carpet ranged around
Broider'd the silken vest, or tissues rare
Of Gallic loom. Hard by the regal towers
The baths of Onegese alone display'd 75
A marble front, in Sirmian quarries hewn
Far southward. The full glory of the moon †
Illumed the opening year, by Huns revered
Long since in central Asia, where all night
The heaven-born Tanjoo † watch'd its silver orb. 80
Beneath that radiance in Sicambria's halls

* See Hist. treatise, § 35.
† See Des Guignes tom. 1. pt. 2. p. 16 & 17.

A solemn feast was spread. The awful Hun
Severely silent on a throne of wood
Sat on the dais exalted. By his side
Stood Irnach, leaning on a Scythian bow, 85
The hope of prophecy. With kindlier look
Unbending his stern brow, the pensive king
Regarded his young limbs and unshorn cheek.
Four royal tributaries shared his meal,
Valamer the Goth, and his two crown'd compeers, 90
All from the blood of ancient Amal sprung,
Robed in their scarlet pomp; and Arderic,
Gepidian king, whose crest of jetty plumes
And coal-black mantle were the dread of Rome,
Faithful and well-beloved, but doom'd to wrest 95
The sceptre from his issue. Fitly ranged
Below the imperial dais, in double row
Abundant tables smoked, and gave the eye
A lengthen'd view of silver and of gold,
Spoil of the western cities, on the board 100
Resplendent. Station'd at the portal wide
Two seneschals, whose ministerial garb
Norwegian bears and white zibellines gave,
Bore golden bowls; and each successive guest,
Entering, from these upon the threshold quaff'd 105
Pannonian wine, and prelibation made
Hailing the king of kings; then took the seat
By rank assign'd, four at each smoking board,
And sumptuous was the fare. Most honour'd they,
Who on the right caroused. The pompous seats 110
With linen of fine tissue were o'erlaid,
And costliest carpets gave delicious ease,
Refulgent with a thousand hues. To each

(The precious chalice to his lips just raised)
Uprising Attila pledged health and joy; 115
Abstemious he, though wassail shook the hall.
Anon to silence hush'd each gleeful sound
Died on the lips, as rose the vocal strain
Before the couch of Attila. Two bards
Successive vied; in accents wild and sweet 120
First Scandian Eric sang. Thy strength he praised,
Immortal Attila! thy godlike power,
By many a mystic title darkly veil'd,
Odin,* or Sigurd! and thy coat of steel
With dread teraphim graved, the giant head 125
From Mimer lopt, which gave responses dark;
The wondrous treasures of the serpent slain,
And that terrific horse, nigh Bufil's † tarn
Gender'd by Sleipner, (on whose mighty flanks,
Ethereal, the great sire of Gods and men 130
Rides thundering, and Gladsheim shakes beneath)
Pale Grana, thro' bright flames and crackling fire
Urged by thy prowess, but to other hands
Untamed and breathing death. Great king of Danes,
He told thy ways of mightiness, in thee 135
The strength, the pride, the wonders of the north,

* See Hist. treatis., § (2) and 70.

† Sigurd, (identical in Scandinavian legends with Attila) having gone into the forest to choose a wild horse, was conducted by an old man with a long beard to a lake called Bufil-tiorn, where they drove the herd of horses into the deep water. One alone could swim to the opposite bank, and him they selected. He was grey, young, of great size and strength. The old man told him it was the son of Sleipner, and then vanished. "Sigurd named it Grana, and it proved the best of horses, having been selected by Odin himself." Volsunga saga c. 22.

Concentrated; then struck a louder string,
And sung Valhalla, round the throne of light
Where the brave rise to glory, where they join
The eternal fight, and clash their radiant arms 140
Of never-fading adamant, or joy
The odoriferous drink on thrones of gold.
The bard's eye kindled, and his voice, prolong'd
In full harmonious ecstacy, swell'd high
Unto the vaulted roof. Young Irnach twang'd 145
His Scythian bow, and each chief rising smote
The iron buckler with his gleamy brand,
A wild accord. Preluding then began
Arpad the Scythian, famed for tuneful art.
Of olden times he told, of distant realms 150
Beyond Mæotis, and the far abode
Of those great Tanjoos on the lofty ridge,
Whence Amur rushes to the utmost sea
Against Saghalien, who on solemn days
Descended from their mountains, to adore 155
The sun at morn, the full-orb'd moon by night,
In the vast plain of Tartary, supreme
From Irtisch to the wave Aurora's beam
First brightens. War and sorcery he sang,
The clang of battle on the Chinese bounds, 160
And those bold Avars overthrown, whose * khan
With his intrepid chivalry fell flat
Before the Hun's enchantment, tempest dark,
Amazing storm, and arrowy shower of sleet,

* The Geougen or Avars, whose khan was overthrown by the Huns, believed that the Huns could stir up supernatural tempests by enchantment. This was supposed to be effected by the power of a stone called Gezi. See Sherefeddin Ali, Hist. Tim. 1. 12.

Raised by that stone miraculous, which draws 165
Darkness and terror from the womb of heaven.
Of Buddha's might he told: him oft the swain
Hears nightly, on the bleak Riphean ridge
Goading his brazen car, (to earthly wheels
A path impracticable) while his steeds 170
Neigh thunder, and toss lightning from their manes;
Or, southward bending, he surmounts thy head,
Imaus, crown'd with everlasting snow,
From Siam and the golden Chersonese
Snuffing the blood of captives, from the woods 175
Dark and untouch'd of Laos and Gamboge,
Assam, and Ava, and lights with lurid fires
A thousand altars in Taprobane.
Then changed his strain to sing the palmy groves
Of sweet Engaddi, Siddim's fairy vale, 180
Where glitters on the bough that wondrous * fruit,
Which, touch'd, in airy dust evanishes,
Form'd for refreshment of the sprites that dwell
In that strange wilderness. There nursed in joy
He told how infant Attila reclined 185
On his unearthly cradle. They unseen
Shower'd fragrance, flowers of amaranthine hue,

* Known by the name of Sodom apples, to which Milton alludes Par Lost, x. 561. Josephus mentions them as dissolving into ashes and smoke at the first touch. Anselm (Descr. ter. sanc. p. 1308, ed. Canisii) says, they grow on the ascent of the hill of Engaddi from Segor Fulcherus Carnotensis saw the fruit at Segor.—*Gest. Dei per Franc.* Mr. Joliffe described them (Lett. fr. Palest. l. 130) of a bright yellow, about the size of apricots, growing in clusters on a shrub five or six feet high, about half a mile from the plain of Jericho. They have lately been ascertained not to be really fruit, but oak-apples occasioned by an insect on a species of dwarf oak

Upon his sleeping limbs, immerged with rites
Mysterious in that sea, whose sullen flood
Hides Admah and her * sisters; hence to man 190
Invulnerable. Long and loud he sang
Empire predestined to the wondrous child;
And, big with fate, already seemed to shake
Rome's ramparts, and Byzantium's golden halls,
Sounding the trump of fate. Next tuned his verse 195
Marullus,† on Calabrian mountains sprung
From blood of old ‡ Messapus, near the shades

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* Gomorrha, Sodom, and Zeboiim.

† Marullus the Calabrian, said to have been the most distinguished poet of his age, sung or recited a poem to Attila which excited his indignation, not however at his court in Pannonia, but during the Italian campaign. It can scarcely be doubted that he was the same person whose poem called Paraleipomena, being a continuation of the Iliad, has descended to us as written by Quintus the Calabrian, the only distinguished poet of this period, to which his work is proved by peculiarities of style to be referable. He asserts that he fed Diana's flock at Smyrna, with evident allusion to a line in Hesiod, who says that he fed the lambs of the Muses; and the Calabrian, in stating that he did so at Smyrna, meant to insinuate that the soul of Homer, the reputed bard of Smyrna, had passed into his body, and the name Quintus was perhaps also assumed with a reference to Quintus Ennius, the more ancient Calabrian poet born at Rubiæ, and descended from king Messapus, who pretended also to have dreamt that the soul of Homer had passed into his body by a fifth incarnation. Moreri, and the French Encyclopædists (following him) call the poet, who sung before Attila, Marullus Tacitus, without citing any authority for the latter name, which does not appear in any of the three editions of the historian Callimachus, or in any other work to which I have had access, though it is difficult to believe that Moreri invented it. If it can be authenticated, the name of the author of the Paraleipomena would seem to have been Quintus Marullus Tacitus.

‡ Ennius antiquâ Messapi ab origine regis.

——————— Rudiæ genuere vetustæ.—*Sil. Ital.* xii. 393.

Of Rudiæ to the muses dear, but (far
From dark * Galesus and the † trickling caves
Frequented by rude Pan, the cool resort 200
Once of the coy Oreades) beside
Mæonian Meles his unbearded youth
Fed Dian's ‡ flock in Smyrna, smit with love
Of Jove's immortal maids: and thence emerged
To tell of deeds heroic, left unsung 205
By the blind bard of Greece; thy blood-stain'd limbs,
Mavortian § queen, o'er which Cythera breathed
Fresh charms in death, by fierce Achilles stripp'd,
Who saw too late around her unhelm'd brow
The wavy ringlets fall. Marullus sung 210
The ship of ancient days, ‖ which breasted first
Cimmerian billows, by the serpent ¶ steer'd,
Iolcan pine,** and from its holy keel

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* Quà niger humectat flaventia culta Galesus — *Virg. G.* 4. 126.

† ——————— Messapiaque arva reliquit.
In quibus antra videt, quæ multâ nubila sylvâ
Et levibus guttis manantia semicaper Pan
Nunc tenet, at quodam tenuerunt tempore Nymphæ.
Ovid. Met. xiv. 11

‡ Quintus Calaber, Lib. xii. 300.

§ Penthesilea. See the account of her death in Quintus Calaber.

‖ The ship Argo. The Argonautics of Orpheus are also referable to the age of Attila, and have very much the appearance of having been written to amuse the court of a Northern heathen, from the passage which is attributed to the ship thro' the Baltic by a circuitous course to the Mediterranean.

¶ The serpent Canophis or Canopus steered the ship Argo, and is the star at its helm in the constellation. Tiphys the pilot, mentioned by Apollonius Rhodius, seems to be a corruption of the Greek Ophis a serpent with the article prefixed.

** See Orph. Argon. 1145. It was built of Iolcan pine, but the keel was of oak from Dodona, and had the gift of speech and prophecy Δρυὸς Δωδωνίδος ἐμφρονα φηγοῦ. *Ap. Rhod.* 1. 527

Emitted mystic sounds, prophetic strains.
He sang its passage thro' the unplough'd seas 215
To outer darkness, where Riphæan snows
And * Phlegra, towering with its giant head,
Preclude the sun; beyond the golden sands,
Which Arimaspians lave; beyond the realm
Of beauteous Amazons, succinct for war; 220
And those far-famed Macrobians, who live
Twelve thousand years, each wondrous month prolong'd
A hundred summers, free from strife or cares,
And, stretch'd upon the fragrant meadow, taste
Ambrosia dropt from heaven; serene they shine 225
With equal beauty and unalter'd bloom,
And, when death comes at last, in gentle sleep
They sink unheeding. Past those realms of bliss
Miraculous, thro' deep Cimmerian night
Shaping its course, where green Ierne breaks 230
The Atlantic billows, to the columns huge
Of Hercules, and fair Hesperia; past
Æolian Cymæ, where the Sybil's leaves
Were strewn, divine futurities. "E'en now
"The last great period of Cymæan song 235
"Comes in its glory. Lo! a present God!
"A present God!" the flattering Roman cried;
"Triumphant offspring of Olympic Jove,
"Greater than Bacchus, hail! Shout Œvœ thrice!
"Awake the thiasus, and round his brow 240
"Bind ivy, bind the Dionysian vine!"
Him straight the Hun cut short. "Blasphemer,† cease!

* See Orph. Arg. for this and the following traditions.

† Most of the writers who have related this anecdote, have stated it as if Attila repudiated divine honours; in the account of Palladio alone,

" Bear him to death! Thy song pollutes our ears
" With praise of orgies loathed, and the foul Gods
" Of Greece and Rome. The Fearful one, ne'er seen, 245
" Who, making darkness his pavilion, dwells
" With Chaos * and Eternity, is God;
" Attila his scourge on earth." Sternly he spoke
Rejecting adulation, nor endured
Similitude with Bacchus ivy-crown'd, 250
By Scythians most abhorr'd, and ever spurn'd
False honours, mocking his exalted state;
Though proud to name himself the scourge of Him,
Whose spirit, arbiter of mortals, dwelt
In his terrific sword. Praise, such as slaves 255
Warbled to Rome's soft Cæsars, on his ear
Fell hateful, but submission lull'd his wrath.
A kindlier sign he made, that fatal doom
Suspending, and two motley forms advanced,
Natures debased, making unseemly mirth 260
With license, such as greatness yields to fools,
When cloy'd with joyless pomp. Of Moorish blood
Swart Zeucon, hideous, short, with misshaped limbs,
Waked the hoarse laugh, oft mingling shallow jests
With horrible contortions. Nor less vain 265
A Scythian of strong limbs, with dexterous sleight,
Rude noise, and fearful adjurations, feign'd

it appears that the offence was that he celebrated Attila as a descendant of the Gods, meaning undoubtedly the Gods of Greece and Rome. Herodotus tells us that the Scythians put to death their king Scyles for joining in the rites of Bacchus, which they held in abomination. It is remarkable that Palladio calls the poet Attilano Marullo, which seems to imply that he had borne the surname of Attilanus, for the idiom of the language would not allow the use of Attilano so prefixed as an adjective.

* See Boccacio Genealog. d Det.

Power more than human, tho' degraded low
Beneath his fellow men. Unmoved the king
Hears the hall ring with mixt applause and scorn. 270
The feast was ended; glaring light no more
Vied with the silver moonlight; when toil-worn
A muffled eunuch, from Byzantium's court,
Admission craved. A ring of precious ray
To Attila, and next a scroll he gave 275
Traced by a feminine and skilful hand;
Thus ran its secret style. "In prime of youth
"Honoria, daughter of Constantius, greets
"The royal Hun! A brother's wrong withholds
"Her birthright, half Rome's empire; and immured, 280
"A barren victim, in Pulcheria's cell,
"Unheard, unpitied, unrevenged, she sighs.
"Her hand she tenders, king of men, to thee,
"With all that appertaineth. Claim thy bride,
"And take her to thy throne of majesty." 285
This read, short space he mused. Honoria's charms
Were rare and widely famed, fit to adorn
His oft replenish'd harem. The proud claim
To half Rome's power, the dowry of his bride,
Squared with his high demands, and firm resolve 290
To seize the whole. Courteous assent he gave
By princely gifts confirm'd. Then with the dawn
Dispatch'd his challenge for the beauteous hand
Of that sequester'd damsel, and her rights
Without subtraction of one paltry rood, 295
Half of the wide domain Rome's ample sway
Held subject; with the earliest blush of spring
Determinate his purpose, to invade
Italia's pleasant vales, the fruitful banks

Of Tiberis, and snatch the mural crown 300
Twelve hundred summers worn. Meanwhile strange fame
Ran thro' Byzantium, murmur'd first, and low,
Amongst her holy dames; then bruited wide,
Till, rife upon the tongues of bearded men
Thro' all her marble walks, Honoria's guilt 305
Spread fiery indignation and amaze.
Pulcheria, who had raised a * husband's strength
To share the throne imperial, but denied
Marital access to her virgin bed,
With angry taunting and reproachful scorn 310
Bespoke the damsel thus. "O Satan's child,
" Nurtured in sin, and form'd thus fair perchance
" To be thy country's bane! Have lengthen'd years
" Of penance only harden'd thee in ill?
" The leprous taint of thy first guilty love 315
" Clings to thee, working in these holy bowers
" Unheard pollution, sin against the Highest;
" Sin unconsummated, but gender'd deep
" In thy corrupted heart, which would betray
" Thy body, temple of God's holy Spirit, 320
" To Moloch and his chosen upon earth,
" Grim Attila. O shame to womankind!
" Sin hath been done ere now, and beauty sunk
" Under soft blandishments, by fatal charms
" Beguiled to its perdition; but this man 325
" Terrific is in mind and mien deform'd,
" Hell's dread vicegerent." Blushing loveliness,
With tremulous speech the guilty fair replied.
" If it be evil, nor unmoved, nor cold,

* Marcian.

" To gaze on God's creation; those green hills, 330
" Where the mild breeze of freedom ever blows,
" To me denied; and that majestic sea
" Sparkling beneath, which one while, chafed with winds,
" Swells as it would o'er-top them; one while, spread
" Like a pure mirror of serenest blue, 335
" Gives back their aspect in smooth peacefulness,
" Image of varied life, which Heaven ordain'd
" To be the lot of mortals; if it be ill
" To deem His gifts of beautiful or sweet
" Created for the use; Honoria's heart 340
" Hath err'd, responsive to the voice, that speaks
" From all His works. Did He, who form'd the eye,
" Forbid it to look forth on the fair shapes
" Which He has fashion'd, to delight the soul
" Thro' that bright inlet? He, who made the heart, 345
" Deny its pulse to throb? He, who has breathed
" The fresh prolific spring, of power to wake
" All nature, with a seraph's ministry,
" From the dull couch of winter! He, who bade
" The lavrock carol his o'erflowing bliss 350
" Up to the gates of heaven! give youthful bloom,
" Not unadorn'd with such brief attributes
" As charm the sense, to be immured unseen,
" Joyless and unenjoy'd, in living death?
" A witness breathes in every genial wind! 355
" The day, the morn, the dewy fall of night,
" Has each its several voice, that utters speech
" Gone forth unto the uttermost parts of earth
" To do His bounteous bidding! to declare,
" That what He freely showers upon his works 360
" Should, to His glory, be as freely used!

" Not grandeur, tho' the blood of Cæsar beat
" In these full veins, not frail desires have turn'd
" My heart to heathendom, but tedious hours,
" Nocturnal orisons, and vigils cold, 365
" To which the worst varieties of life
" Were as a devious garden, set with thorns,
" But breathing joy." " Short joy," the imperial dame
Rejoin'd, " and odious. From Ravenna's court
" Exiled by Valentinian, thou didst bring 370
" The tainted rumour of illicit love
" A prisoner to Byzantium. Here, received
" By me into this cloister, thou hast led
" A placid life retired, not without prayer
" To who can make the scarlet of thy guilt 375
" Whiter than snow. But thou, to evil sold,
" In this pure solitude hast made the word
" A stumbling-block for sin. The senate's voice
" Hath judged thee, and thy sentence Marcian dooms
" Unchangeable. The barque with strutting sails 380
" Rides on the water, which must waft thee back
" In riper youth dishonour'd to the shores,
" Whence vile dishonour sent thine earlier bloom
" Ejected. There in some close dungeon's vault,
" Where this vain world, thine idol, never more 385
" Stirring rank thoughts shall dawn upon thee, wake
" From this thy carnal dream, and muse in tears
" Upon eternity, and that dread trump
" Which must arouse thee, from death's narrow house,
" Unto thy latest and unchanging doom. 390

There is a tide, which, taken at the flood,
Leads man to fortune; there are moments too,
On which no glorious swell of worldly pomp,

No earthly promise waits, but mightier far
Eternity. A word, an eye-blink oft 395
Has turn'd the most benighted of mankind
To orient hopes, and, like a sudden flash
In the night-storm, bewray'd the narrow path
To his immortal weal. Severe she ceased,
But to the chiding of her bitter speech 400
Reply was none; the damsel stood rebuked,
Like man's original mother, when she first
Knew she was naked, and the voice of God
In paradise upon her startled ear
Fell terrible, of that forbidden fruit 405
Demanding, which sore tempted she had pluck'd.
So lovely, so abash'd, Honoria heard
The judgment; and soon, rudely circled round
By armed force, upon the Grecian prow
Hopeless she sat, a captive; or, if hope 410
Dawn'd on her heart, it was a distant beam
From those blest regions, where her lustful youth
Had never bent the soul's deluded eye.
Pensive she view'd the deep, whose clear blue waves
Heaved beauteous, softly as from Chalcedon came 415
The balmy breeze; adown Propontis smooth,
By Sestos and Abydos, glided slow
The lightsome barque with every canvass spread;
Seen from Caphareus far beneath the sun,
Like a bright sea-mew, on the azure way 420
Threading the Cyclades. Nor long before,
Coasting Cythera to the queen of loves
Late sacred, they descried the rocky caves
Of Tænarus, where poets feign the gates
Of gloomy Dis; thence bounding o'er the deep 425

Ionian to thy shores right opposite,
Brundusium, close beneath the leafy brow
Of high Garganus steer, and sailing fast
Approach Ravenna, near whose stately towers,
Eridanus, thine ample torrent chafes 430
The fretful Hadrian. Who, O who, hath view'd,
Untouch'd with rapture, those sun-lighted seas,
Fancy's primeval cradle! where each rock,
Each hoary headland breasting back their foam,
Each mountain's glorious summit, with the voice 435
Of other times, speaks music to the heart;
Waking once more the notes, attuned of old
At Elis to the touch of golden lyres,
And oft at rocky Pytho, when the bard
Of Greece upon the laurel'd victor breathed 440
Immortal inspirations! Who hath look'd
On those bright islands in the Ægean deep,
Famed Athens, or thy huge *Cyclopean gate,
Mycenæ! nor from each time-honour'd shore
Felt breezes redolent of glory blow! 445
Mournful and mute upon the prow reclined
Honoria, gazing with unalter'd brow
Upon the glassy billows, as they lay
By golden sun-light or serener beams
Of silvery night illumed; but all en r need 450
Her thoughts were in Ravenna's gorgeous halls,
Where she had trod on purple, in the spring
Of her just budding charms, listening to sighs
By infant love unto her willing heart

* Κυκλωπων λαινοισι τιρυνθοθιον Μυκηνης.

The gate of Cyclops an blocks of stone without mortar is said to be still standing at Mycenæ.

Soft whisper'd. Joys, once reap'd in guilt, now came 455
With bitterness o'er her spirit, and the dread
Of endless penance, solitary and dark,
Treason's just retribution. Soon she treads
Once more her native Italy, forlorn,
A fetter'd captive, while Placidia's son * 460
Stands far aloof, and fulmines from the throne
Eternal condemnation. Black as night
The dungeon in Ravenna's dismal keep,
Where thus, secluded from the genial beam
And lost in hopeless cogitation, sat 465
The fairest form of Italy, whose smile
In early youth exuberant with joy
Lit her voluptuous palaces, and gave
Distinction with proud thoughts to whomsoe'er
Its favours beam'd upon. Two sentinels 470
In iron armour cased, dim torches held
Before the portal. On her lily cheek
The sullen lustre glared. A fatal draught,
Hemlock or atropa, beside her placed
Excluded hope; one hand was on the bowl 475
Irresolute: the other propp'd her brow,
From which neglected the bright ringlets stream'd
On her white bosom, which heaved strong and slow.
Beside her stood in hierarchal robes
Ravenna's priest; two damsels tired in white 480
Seem'd bridemaids, listening for the nuptial vow
In that sepulchral chamber. One time-blanch'd,
With sunken orbs, that told the visual ray
Extinguish'd, nigh the beauteous victim stood,

* Her brother, the emperor Valentinian.

And with decrepid hand a bridal ring 485
Held tremulous. A coffin opposite
Stood open, deck'd with snow-white silk within,
Upon whose upper face the eye might read
" Honoria, daughter of Constantius," wrought
In characters of gold. A gloomy fosse 490
Yawn'd thro' the floor, where stood two shapes succinct
For their funereal labours, and prepared
To render dust to dust. No sound disturb'd
The awful pause, while with uncertain eye
Honoria, sad and motionless, survey'd 495
The terrible alternative. Thus will'd
Hard Valentinian, to a sister's guilt
Relentless; instant death, and in that vault
Oblivious inhumation; or the choice
Of hymeneal bonds with one abhorr'd, 500
Too feeble o'er the imperial throne to cast
Umbrage and fear, or from that fair one claim
Connubial rights; and, after those mock vows,
Perpetual durance in Ravenna's cell,
A living burial. Despairing thrice 505
The deadly bowl she lifted, and thrice stopp'd
Appall'd, and quite unequal to confront
The dim and unforeseen futurity.
Slowly at length with no consenting will,
And eyes averse, she stretch'd her beauteous hand 510
To that detested bridegroom, and received
The nuptial blessing, to her anguish'd heart
Worse than a malediction. Then burst forth
Grief impotent. Grasping the forbidden bowl
Frantic she strove for what she late refused, 515
That baneful drink; and, baffled, cast her limbs

Into the loathsome grave, imploring death.
  What art thou, O relentless visitant,
Who, with an earlier or later call,
Dost summon every spirit that abides 520
In this our fleshly tabernacle! Death!
The end of worldly sorrowing and joy,
That breakest short the fantasies of youth,
The proud man's glory, and the lingering chain
Of hopeless destitution! the dark gate 525
And entrance into that untrodden realm,
Where we must all hereafter pass! Art thou
An evil, or a boon? that some shrink back
With shuddering horror from the dreaded marge
Of thine unmeasured empire, others plunge 530
Unbidden, goaded by the sense of the ill,
Or weariness of being, into the abyss!
And should we call those blest, who journey on
Upon this motley theatre, thro' life
Successful, unto the allotted term 535
Of threescore years and ten, even so strong,
That they exceed it? or those, who are brought down
Before their prime, and, like the winged tribes
Ephemeral, children of the vernal beam,
Just flutter round the sweets of life and die? 540
An awful term thou art, and still must be,
To all who journey to that bourne, from whence
Return is none, and from whose distant shore
No rumour has come back of good or ill,
Save to the faithful; and e'en they but view 545
Obscurely things unknown and unconceived,
And judge not even, by what sense the bliss,
Which they imagine, shall hereafter be

Enjoy'd or apprehended. And shall man
Unbidden rush on that mysterious change, 550
Which, whether he believe, or mock the creed
Of those who trust, awaits him, and must bring
Or good or evil, or annihilate
The sense of being, and involve him quite
In darkness, upon which no dawn shall break! 555
Fearful and dreaded must thy bidding be
To such as have no light within, vouchsafed
From the Most High, no reason for their hope;
But go from this firm world, into the void
Where no material body may reside, 560
By fleshly cares polluted, and unmeet
For spiritual joy; and ne'er have known,
Or, knowing, have behind them cast the love
Of their Redeemer, who thine awful bonds,
Grim Potentate, has broken, and made smooth 565
The death-bed of the just thro' faith in Him.
How oft, at midnight, have I fix'd my gaze
Upon the blue unclouded firmament,
With thousand spheres illumined, each perchance
The powerful centre of revolving worlds! 570
Until, by strange excitement stirr'd, the mind
Has long'd for dissolution, so it might bring
Knowledge, for which the spirit is athirst,
Open the darkling stores of hidden time,
And shew the marvel of eternal things, 575
Which, in the bosom of immensity,
Wheel round the God of nature. Vain desire!
Illusive aspirations! daring hope!
Worm that I am who told me I should know
More than is needful, or hereafter dive 580

Into the counsel of the God of worlds?
Or ever, in the cycle unconceived
Of wonderous eternity, arrive
Beyond the narrow sphere, by Him assign'd
To be my dwelling wheresoe'er? Enough 585
To work in trembling my salvation here,
Waiting thy summons, stern mysterious Power,
Who to thy silent realm hast call'd away
All those, whom nature twined around my heart
In my fond infancy, and left me here 590
Denuded of their love! Where are ye gone,
And shall we wake from the long sleep of death,
To know each other, conscious of the ties
That link'd our souls together, and draw down
The secret dew-drop on my cheek, whene'er 595
I turn unto the past? or will the change
That comes to all, renew the alter'd spirit
To other thoughts, making the strife or love
Of short mortality a shadow past,
Equal illusion? Father, whose strong mind 600
Was my support, whose kindness as the spring
Which never tarries! Mother, of all forms
That smiled upon my budding thoughts, most dear!
Brothers! and thou, mine only sister! gone
To the still grave, making the memory 605
Of all my earliest time, a thing wiped out,
Save from the glowing spot, which lives as fresh
In my heart's core, as when we last in joy
Were gather'd round the blithe paternal board!
Where are ye? must your kindred spirits sleep 610
For many a thousand years, till by the trump
Roused to new being? Will old affections then

Burn inwardly, or all our loves gone by
Seem but a speck upon the roll of time,
Unworthy our regard? This is too hard 615
For mortals to unravel, nor has He
Vouchsafed a clue to man, who bade us trust
To Him our weakness, and we shall wake up
After His likeness, and be satisfied.

ATTILA.

BOOK SIXTH.

Sweet bird, that like an unseen spirit sing'st,
When the rude winds are hush'd, the beaming glades
Enrobed with tenderest verdure, and soft airs
Breathe fragrance, stolen from the violet rathe!
Sweet angel of the year, that, ever hid 5
In loneliest umbrage, pour'st thy thrilling strain
By kindred warblings answer'd, till around
With inborn melody the covert burns
In all its deep recesses! is thy song
The voice of the young spring, that wakes to life 10
This animated world of bright and fair!
Earth has no music like thy witching stores
Of liquid modulation. In those tones
Charm'd nature hath her lulling, not reclined
In torpid sleep, but unto pleasure soothed. 15
At thy delighting call each ice-clad stream
Throws off its wintery slough, and glides along
With sparkling lustre, as the snake rejects
The scaly dress, wherein it lay benumb'd,
And bright in renovated beauty wins 20
Its slippery winding way; with genial beam
The sky relumes its radiance; the smooth lake
Glows like a mirror, in which Nature views

Her various garb, adorn'd with dewy herbs,
And the fresh flowers, which gem the early year 25
With springing loveliness, and promise give
Of gorgeous and full-zoned maturity;
While, roused by thee from his late frozen couch,
Love breathes anew, and his blythe mystery
Fills every pulse with joy. Far other sounds 30
Waked vernal echoes on thy trampled banks,
Pannonia! the rude clang of armed steeds,
Bill-hook, and battle-axe, and twanging bow,
Gave loud alarum; while strange banners, high
Exalted, o'er a hundred * nations waved; 35
And, issuing thro' Sicambria's gates to war,
The Hunnish deluge stream'd. Weep, Italy,
And tremble in thine holds! With iron swoop,
Fierce vindicator, gorged with Christian blood,
Honoria's champion comes; God's scourge, more fierce 40
By thy denial. As when, winter-bound,
The slope of some vast mountain, parch'd and frore,
Hath slept long months in silence, save where howl'd
The snow-storm round its peaks, or the rent ice
Rang terrible thro' all its echoing glens; 45
By vernal zephyrs loosed the turbid streams
Pour down its flank, and with one wasting flood
O'erwhelm the vales beneath: so, pent long while
By winter in his eyrie, now rush'd forth
The desolating vulture crown'd with gold, 50
Attila's dread standard. Danau's wave is pass'd,
And gelid Savus, big with Carnian snows,

* One hundred and eight nations marched with Attila, and he met one thousand men from each to conquer the North. *Hemmay Gerard.*

And Dravus swift. Illyria quakes with dread,
And many a station, many a goodly town
Wasted by ruthless conflagration smokes, 55
Segnia's strong towers, and Jadera, that late
Stood glorious by the bright Dalmatian wave,
And Pola near the beach. Æmona lies
An ashy heap, never to rear again
Her head among the cities of the West; 60
Gorician wilds behold the vulture gleam
In every rugged pass; where, vain defence,
Stood bristling o'er each mountain's deep defile
The Roman steel. In vain the venal strength
Of Alaric and sturdy Antal throng 65
The narrow glens, Goth against Gothic sword
And Hunnish bow. Disgorged, the barbarous war
Comes, as a torrent, on the pleasant vale.
Already, streaming down the Julian Alps
In lengthen'd files, the huge array of war 70
Looks o'er Tergeste, and thy fated walls,
Bright Aquileia! From the level plain
Amazed the peasant views the skirts of war
Spread round the vast horizon. Hamlets blaze
In pagan flames involved, and unopposed 75
Onward the tide of violation rolls.

Slow curling from the ravaged champaign rose
The dim cinereous cloud; and, gathering thick
Around each mountain summit, lurid fumes
Hung darkling. Shrouded in that canopy 80
With joy the Evil one his work survey'd,
And that unhousel'd army, which their chief
Array'd against the Highest. No common cause
Hung in the scales; but mortal arms once more

Must prove the dire arbitrement assay'd 85
Of old in Phlegra, when the giants fell
Warring against the Mighty One, whose darts
Burnt sulphurous, with fiery vengeance wing'd,
From Solfatara to where Typhos writhes
Beneath Inarime and huge Ætna's weight. 90
Arms must declare, as in that later day
At Armageddon, on the sevenfold hills
Which power shall sit supreme, adored by men
In hierarchal glory, and from thence
Send forth his faith to the four winds of heaven, 95
Messiah, or the Adversary. Assured
In conscious strength, upon divided Rome
The pagan pours his congregated might;
From Albis, which the blue-eyed Saxon drinks,
Mosa, or Rhene; from Scandia's frozen belt; 100
From distant Asia, where the Tartar swain
Reaps liquid sulphur mid the clear green waves
Of Baikal's * holy pool, or tends his flock
Along the skirts of vast Imaus spread;
From snow-topt Caucasus, and that inland sea, 105
Where fierce the native trains his coal-black † whelps

* A great lake in Siberia, environed by high mountains, which is called by the neighbouring people the holy lake. In that part which lies near the river Bargusin it throws up an inflammable sulphureous liquid called *Maltha*, which the natives of the adjoining country burn in their lamps. There are several sulphureous springs near the lake.

† Valerius Flaccus states that the Caspians trained a numerous pack of dogs to spring up at the sound of the trumpet, and to fight by the side of their masters. The breasts and necks of the dogs were covered with iron armour, and their colour was black, unless, in mentioning the colour he alludes merely to the iron covering. See Argon. vi. 107

To fellowship in war, a steel-clad pack
Baying like Hecat's * kennel; from the coast
Of Colchos and † Iberia, once the seat
Of those Iazyges, whose impious sword 110
Blush'd with paternal gore, when frozen age
Unnerved their sires for battle; from the wilds
Where tigers hear the foaming Oxus roar,
From Baku ‡ drear, the Guebres' fiery land,
From famed Euphrates, and the flowery groves 115
Where Philomele, forgetful of her wrongs,
Woos the sweet summer rose with amorous strains.
Flank'd by the hoarse Timavus and thy towers,
Tergeste, with extended line Rome's strength
Stood waiting for the shock. O for the § arm 120
That late at Fæsulæ o'erthrew the Gete,
Stern Radagais, with all his boastful might,
Gothic or Vandal, whose bones uninhumed
Whiten the Tuscan hills, while in the North
His cenotaph and altars vainly reek 125
With expiatory blood! O for the skill

* The dogs which accompanied Hecate. Superas Hecates comitatus ad auras. *Val. Flac.* vi. 112. Skulakes propoloi. *Orph. Arg.* 983. Stygiasque canes in luce supernâ. *Lucan.*

† Iberia was part of the country lying between the Black Sea and the Caspian. The Iázyges were a people who formerly dwelt there, and were in the habit of killing their fathers when they became unfit from age to draw the bow or hurl the javelin. See Val. Flac. vi. 120. Tacitus (ann. xii. 29. and 30.) says they were a Sarmatian people, impatient of confinement, and that they were located by Claudius in Pannonia or Hungary.

‡ A town in Persia on the gulph of Ghilan in the Caspian sea, a principal seat of the fire-worshippers.

§ Stilicho. See Hist. treat. §. 10.

Of Chalons' * subtle conqueror, to ward
Fresh insult, utter overthrow and rout!
Impetuous, springing from his mountain lair,
The pagan comes. Not broken, not subdued, 130
But quite from earth † abolish'd, and dissolved
As summer vapours by the glorious sun,
That host, Rome's bulwark, sinks, at the first shock
Annihilate. Short time for doughty deeds,
Where all is terror, wild dismay, and flight. 135
Victorious, with dire front and lengthen'd flanks,
Breathing vindictive rage, the heathen war
Around beleaguer'd Aquileia stands.
Strong of defence, the beauteous city, robed
With wall and turret, by Natissa's flood 140
Look'd o'er the Adriatic, like the queen
Of those bright waters, and withstood with might
The merciless invaders. They the while
Spread havoc even to Benacus, pour'd
Along the cultured vales. Terror precedes; 145
And treason, nestling in the righteous fold,
Yields up the flock. Apostate Helmund, robed
In sacerdotal garb, betray'd thy strength,
Tarvisium, and his God's polluted house,
Unto the pagan; false Diatheric threw 150
Wide open to the Hun Verona's gate,
And, unresisting, to the dreaded scourge
Bow'd Mantua, while the din of heathen war
Alarm'd Italia's virgins on thy banks,
Eridanus, monarch of Hesperian floods. 155

* Aetius.

† Callimachus says of Attila on this occasion, "non vult modo sed prope delevit."

The landscape glisten'd wide and far with arms,
Like that Cadmean * crop, which from the glebe
In complete panoply sprang serpent-born,
With helmets, shields, and spears. But still intact
Strong Aquileia hurls back threat for threat. 160
Each fainting heart by Menapus assured
Breathes new defiance, mindful of the deeds
Done by their fathers oft, when barbarous arms
Around her clang'd. Facing to Aquilon
A ponderous tower antique, with hoary strength, 165
Had breasted all invasion, ever since
The second Cæsar rear'd † a double wall
From swift Natissa's margin, stretching far
Eastward of Aquileia, to enclose
Her domes and aqueducts of marble sheen, 170
Temples, and theatres, and gorgeous ways
Stone-paved, and beautified another Rome.
That structure, bulwark of the guarded town,
Her wary chief with outer wall and fosse
Doubly assured. As that huge promontory, 175
Round which the daring mariner, who sail'd
First, without compass, upon untried seas,
Saw other stars, and Hyperion flame
Far in the North, repels with stubborn front
The swell of that vast ocean, mountain-high, 180
Over which Auster with no lenient breath

* Cadmus, having slain the serpent, sowed its teeth in the earth, from which presently sprang up a crop of men completely armed.

† The remains of the double wall were extant in the time of Johannes Candidus, with an inscription detailing the works erected there by Augustus Cæsar. See also Orosius lib. 6. c. 20. Aquileia was called another or second Rome.

Comes rushing from the pole: day after day
Assail'd with pelting sleet of war, that tower
Baffles the Hun. Stones, arrows, molten lead,
And flaming pitch, upon the pagan host 185
Shot from the battlements, spread fear and death,
As when Jove thunders from the crest of Caf
Hurling his lurid bolts. The scalers reel
Smit by the blazing death in middle air,
And tumble sheer, where water, blood, and fire, 190
Hissing commingle in the fosse below,
And havoc strews the plain. The soldier moans
Oft goaded to the assault, and many-tongued
The whisper'd murmurs run. Three waning moons
Had seen the grim-faced sons of Aliorune 195
Camp round the gallant town; and Hunnium's peak,
To heaven up-piled with shield-borne earth and stones,
(An army's labour, still unscathed by Time)
Lorded the Julian champaign, emulous
Of that old tower, which whilom in Sennaar 200
Lifted its daring altitude; a hold
Against reverse secure, closing the way
From Iapidia and Dalmatian hills.
Grim Attila alone (like Him accurst,
Who treads unseen in gloom, so to surprise 205
Man's weakness, and confound the works of God)
Survey'd the bulwarks, which yet saved from scathe
The Adriatic queen. Amazed he spies
A secret portal open, where the sewer
Pour'd forth its turbid stream. From the oozy bed 210
Sudden upstarting, in dark armour sheathed,
A cohort stood before him. Aid is none,
Save from his own dread sword, and mightier still

The terror of his name. "Glory ascribe,"
Their leader cried, "to whom the praise is due. 215
"To Him, who by his servant David's arm
"Slew the blaspheming Philistine, what time
"His army, that defied the living God,
"Fell stricken by His vengeance, all the way
"From Shaharaim to the skirts of Gath, 220
"A bloody rout. Submit thee, king, or die!
"His might hath yielded thee into our hands,
"Fell scourge of heaven!" The haughty vaunt was sped,
And still the echo of that daring call
Hung on the ear of night, but he lay maim'd 225
Gasping for life; beside him writhed in gore
Another, smitten by the sword; aghast
Their comrades, shrinking, view no earthly fire
Gleam from the eyes of Attila. His glaive,
Like some prodigious meteor, shone upraised, 230
Dispensing death; while from his visage glared
The spirit within, more deadly than the glance
Of basilisk, or that angel of the storm
Who look'd from Sodom on the * shepherd's wife;
As though the Evil one had made his frame 235
A tenement unhallow'd, and in wrath
Breathed thro' its issues death, and, worse than death,
Perdition ever-during and despair.
As he, who, journeying at dead of night
Thro' dark Hercynia's † wood, where popular dread 240
Fills every glen with strange unholy shapes,
Or seen, or fancied, at the perilous hour
When such have might, oft looks behind, and oft

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* Lot. Exod. xiv. 24. † The black forest.

Turns nothing less affrighted to his course,
Till full before him glares the dreaded form, 245
Too horrible for mortal vision: thus
Awe-stricken they into that miry stream
Return'd precipitate, and stole by flight
A few more miserable hours of life.
He backward musing trod, and gain'd his camp, 250
As ruddy morning dawn'd. Him Alberon
Address'd impetuous, breathing hate of Rome.
" Why waste we precious days, all-glorious king,
" Hewing the limbs of Rome? These barren walls
" Defy our engines, though they hurl amain 255
" Huge rocks and fragments from the mountains rent;
" While she upon her sevenfold hills in joy
" Reclines deliciously. Few arms suffice
" To starve unto submission the firm stones,
" Which brave the giant's nerve. Lead thou thine host,
" Where vengeance points the way, and glory calls!
" Lop we the hydra's head?" As wont, the king
Replied not, ever in his purpose fixt.
Foil'd oft, as oft renewing his assault,
Infuriate by delay the monarch scowl'd 265
On Aquileia. Such a withering look
The angel cast on Egypt, sent to slay
Her first-born in one night. He bade them heap
The yawning fosse with furniture of steeds,
Half of his host's equipment; and the while 270
The flight of arrows from each Hunnish bow
Scared all defence, or spilt the ruddy blood
Of valour on the leaguer'd battlements.
Sustain'd upon that buoyant bridge, the Huns
Rending with shouts the brazen vault of heaven 275

Pass o'er the moat in line; no engines now,
No strength of thundering rams the soldier brings,
But frequent flame the torches, and he groans
Beneath the weight of trunks and fascines huge,
Chesnut, or resinous pine, hewn from the slope 280
Of Carnian hills. Anon the kindled blaze
Encircles in a flaming belt the wall,
E'en as that deadly wreath, Medea's gift,
Around the forehead of Iason's bride
Clung with consuming heat. The strong cement 285
Upon the crackling furnace falls, resolved
Into its elements, and massive stones
Sink crumbling. Soon a slender breach without
Through glowing ashes to the Hun bewrays
The tower's foundation, mighty in its weight 290
Of ancient masonry. Upon its crown
Swarm Romans; stones, and homicidal steel,
And jets of water, like the unstaid rush
Of some aërial cataract, give back
Peril for peril, and a vaporous cloud 295
Curls upward from the blackening embers sent.
Undaunted in that breach stands Menapus,
Alone, as some bold stag with antler'd front
Repells the clamorous pack, that round him bay
Thirsting for blood. Sudden the gates unbarr'd 300
On ponderous hinges turn, and forth the strength
Of Aquileian chivalry is pour'd,
With falchion, lance, and shield, and banners gay,
And high above their heads the * labarum gleams
Advancing on the plain. Them Oricus, 305

* The Christian standard of Constantine.

Brave-minded brother of the chieftain, leads,
Whose path was ever, where bright Glory's form
Walks close by Death. Saint Felus!* was their cry,
Felus for Aquileia! and therewith
They laid upon the Hunnish flank and rear 310
Such fearful discipline, such ceaseless dint
Of iron, as when Caurus vehement,
Waked by the vernal equinox, assails
With his artillery of hail and sleet
The hopes of fruitfulness. Then Menapus 315
Sprang foremost from the breach, and him, steel-clad,
Half Aquileia follow'd. On the Huns
They sally, speeding the barb'd shower of death,
And snatch the blazing brands, and cast them wide
Amidst their foemen with a rain of sparks. 320
Press'd sorely, front and flank, in rout confused
Those turn to fly; flying the murderous steel
O'ertakes them, and the wheeling squadrons tread
Whom the sword spares, beneath careering hoofs.
The fugitive wave roll'd back on Attila, 325
And o'er him shower'd the fire. Instant he turn'd
Towards his camp, and sign'd his vassal kings
To draw their squadrons forth in quick array,
And battle with the Roman. Then came out
Caparison'd with gold the Hunnish horse, 330

* H. Palladius states that after the destruction of the image of the God Belenus or Belis, his temple was dedicated to St. Felix, an Aquileian martyr, and that the common people called him St. Felus, in remembrance of their ancient tutelary Deity. *De rer. Foro Jul. l.* [illegible] Undoubtedly it was dedicated to a saint with a similar name, as a mode of compounding with the heathens, which was frequently adopted and led to the corruption of Christianity, and the adoration of saints.

And scarlet-mantled Ostrogoths, on steeds
Inured to war, and Rugians from the skirts
Of Baltic ice; and, close beside, bare-limb'd
Herulians* ran, whose lightly sandall'd foot
Kept equal pace with mailed cavalry. 335
A gallant sight of bravery was there,
Embroider'd housings, and rich-jewell'd bits,
And steel coruscating with flashes swift,
And silken vestments sheen, which dust and blood
Soon shall defile. Then grew the din of swords, 340
Lance clashing against lance, axe against axe,
Shields riven, and the crash of meeting steeds.
Nor was not in the thickest of that fray
He, with teraphim on his cuirass graven,
Nor fought not, as to whom life nought avail'd 345
Without the victory, that Roman pair,
Brothers, in glory as in blood allied.
But little boots their valour, save to earn
Undying fame, inscribed upon the roll
Of those who bled for righteousness. Soon fell, 350
Closing with Attila, brave Oricus;
At once around him twenty Scythian blades
Glisten: so many chargers o'er his corse
Pass like a foaming wave. As when the tide
Of ocean's flowing surge drives back the stream 355
Of some great river, big with mountain rains,
Indus, or Ganges, or the mightier floods
Of that vast continent, which lay conceal'd
Behind the curtain of the West; upheaved

* Concerning the use of Herulians as light infantry, see Jornandes de reb. Get. p. 79.

The struggling current froths, and, overborne 360
By the hoarse-roaring sea, is hurried back
Toward its fountain. So the Roman strove
Conflicting with the Hun, so turn'd again
In hideous rout to Aquileia. Goths
With their long bill-hooks cleave the Italian's rein, 365
Whose steed, ungovern'd by his rider's skill,
Confusive flies: the fur-clad Hun pursues,
And, nimbly borne on lightning-speeded hoofs,
Unerring throws the fatal noose,* wherewith
His hopeless foe, in middle course entwined, 370
Falls, victim to the prompt Herulian's blade.
Few thro' the hospitable gate return,
And with them, blended in confusion, rush
Their fierce pursuers. Menapus, blood-smear'd,
And faint with wounds, scarce stays the ardent foe 375
Upon the threshold, and well nigh that day
Had seen the vulture, gorged with rapine, scowl
Over the Julian towers. Ill-fated town!
Thine outer wall lies ruinous; within
Gaunt Famine vexes thee, and sore dismay'd 380
The cherub Hope grows pale. Three fearful nights,
If rumour rightly tells, the soldier look'd
Towards Tergeste o'er the level plain,
And saw, beneath the moon, Rome's vanquish'd host,
With many a slain barbarian,† ghastly rise 385

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* See Ammianus Marcellinus.

† Damascius, who wrote in the reign of Theodoric king of Italy, which commenced about 48 years after the death of Attila, states, that in a battle fought between Attila and the Romans, the carnage was excessive, "but, what is wonderful, after they had fallen and their bodies were dead, they fought with their souls during three days and

From the gore-sprinkled earth, and there renew
The strife, unfinish'd by devouring death.
Upon the eyrie breeze the din of arms
Came terrible, and spears and falchions gave
Portentous light beneath the uncertain ray; 390
And thrice, as faded the dim stars of heaven,
Extinguish'd by the heathen battle sank
Rome's legions; with strange tones, unearthly shouts
Of fiendish joy, the empyrean rang,
While Death * upon his pale horse rode unstaid 395
With his four plagues, Hell following; and the cry
Of saints rose even to the Holy one,
Avenger of the righteous. The fourth night
That martial glamour ceased, and stillness lull'd
The mirky air, foreboding worse event. 400
Yet stood the mightiest bulwark still entire,
Daring the Hun. Dark discontent had chill'd
The strength of the assailants; their king's eye,
Fixt on the northern tower right opposite,
Scann'd its obdurate strength; when, slowly poised 405
Upon her out-stretch'd wings a clamorous stork
From the aërial summit with her brood
Flew southward, sailing from the field of strife.
"So fly thy guardian Gods!" the monarch cried,
Presaging by that augury the fall 410
Of Aquileia's bulwark, and fierce joy
Illumed his swarthy skin. With instant voice
Of gratulation and triumphal shout

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nights, being nowise inferior in strength and courage to living combatants. The phantoms of their souls were seen and heard in collision and clashing their arms."—Damasc. ap. Phot. bibl. p. 340. Berlin. 1824.

* Revelation vi. 8.

He cheer'd his host; then bade the trump * of death
Ahenean at the massive portals sound, 415
By Bleda heard whilere with ominous bray
Foreboding blood, what time Sicambria's walls
Craved the accurst piation. Long and loud
Rung the terrific clang, nor e'er in vain
That herald of grim Erebus sent forth 420
The irrevocable doom. At that dread call
Upsprang each Christian, as if manifest
Death's angel o'er his couch had flapp'd the wing
Tartarean, from whose shadow escape is none.
Short prayer they make in peril imminent 425
To Him, who sent upon Assyria's † king

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† Some curious old verses by John Gower concerning the king of Hungary, and the trump of death, evidently allude to a tradition concerning Attila, though we know not the source from whence he derived it.

" I find upon surquedry
That whilome of Hungary
In olde days there was a king;"

and he had a brazen trumpet, " which was cleped the tromp of death." A great nobleman was the keeper of it. If any one had displeased the king unto death, that lord repaired to his gate and blew the trumpet. That king of Hungary having some words with his own brother, caused the trumpet of death to be blown at his gate to frighten him; but in that solitary instance the blast was not followed by death, and he was pardoned. See Conf. amant. 100. ed. 1532. This seems to be a distorted tradition relating to the murder of Bleda by Attila. A very similar practice was known in Rome. See Tac. ann. l. 2. c. 32. " L. Pituanius saxo dejectus est; in P. Martium consulo extra portam Exquilinam, cum classicum canere jussissent, more prisco adversatus." Terentius Varro states the summons by trumpet when Sergius Marius accused Trogus capitally. " Curent eo die quo comitia erunt, in arce classicus canat, tum circumque muros et ante privati hujusce sceleratus hominis hosticum canat." De ling. Lat. 5. p. 76.— *Bipont.*

* Sennacherib. See 2 Kings xix. 7. and 2 Chron. xxxii.

A blast, a rumour, and the fatal arm
Of his destroying messenger, what time
With horse and chariots to the leafy side
Of Lebanon he came, gorged with the blood 430
Of nations, whose vain Gods were wood and stone,
Work of created hands. And some, who cling
To errors old, or waver in Christ's faith,
Cry to their guardian spirit * Belenus,
Seen whilom in mid air with shield and bow 435
Effulgent, like the radiant God of day,
To fight for Aquileia. Some are turn'd
To desperation, in whose hearts the word
Gladly received had push'd no stable root;
Round Menapus and their good patriarch 440
Nicetas, clamouring, they curse the name
Of their Redeemer, and the pious hands,
Which late o'erthrew the fanes of heathendom
And altars foul with blood. Blaspheming these
Seek to relume old Vesta's mouldering hearth, 445
Or wail to Jove for succour; but the word
Is gone forth, and Jehovah's scourge has power
To wipe out the condemn'd. Hearts resolute
To perish for their country and their God
Throng the assaulted battlements; in vain 450
Balistas strong and onagers, that throw
Javelins or stones, and mimic scorpions ply.
With mightier strength the Hunnish engines urge

* The tutelary God of Aquileia. See Herodian, l. 8. c. 7. The accentuation of the name is determined by a verse of Ausonius. The soldiers of Maximin, when he besieged Aquileia, affirmed that they saw the likeness of the God Belis or Belenus in the air fighting for the town.

The aggression, each a huge Leviathan,
Or hundred-handed Briareus, against 455
That fated tower. Hurl'd high, vast granite blocks
Shoot skyward, and their ponderous fall beats down
Turret and battlement, with deadlier stroke
Than Jove's Cyclopean thunderbolt. Upheaved
By thousand sinews still successive fly 460
Gigantic stones; till crumbling to its base
The stately fabric from its airy brow
Drew ruin, with a crash, that shook far off
Tergeste's bay, and echoing wider smote
Mount Maurus, and the peaks of Alpine snow. 465
Uprose the dust from that great wreck to heaven;
And stillness, quiet as the voiceless grave,
Follow'd that fearful sound, as if the world
Had pass'd away therewith annihilate.
Slowly dispersing, the pulvereous cloud 470
Reveal'd destruction, and a piteous breach
Unveil'd rich palaces and marble domes
Unto the hungry spoliator's view.
Then rose the shriek within the captured town,
Matronal wail, and virgin agony, 475
And the loud voice of triumph smote the heaven
Re-echoed far, a wild and dissonant whoop
Over the quarry, from the ravening throats
Of all that heathen multitude. What ensued
Ear hath not heard, nor mind of man conceived, 480
Nor eye, save that which judgeth all, survey'd
In every shape of horror multiform.
Day dawn'd, and Aquileia was no more.
No structure marks her site; no dwelling stands,
Where once she grew in beauty; ruthless war 485

Has swept her from the marge of those blue waves,
Which laughing heaved before her marble halls,
And wafted oft, by summer suns illumed,
Gladness, and song, and still unheeding youth,
Upon their sparkling foam. Nor hoary years, 490
Nor infancy, nor sex, nor beauty, gain'd
The respite of an hour; stern havoc, led
By desolating vengeance, laid all waste:
Her very stones were hurl'd into the deep,
And the plough razed her thresholds. The sad swain 495
Looks piteous o'er the vale, and asks where stood
Bright Aquileia in her pride of power.
One remnant of the wreck, like halcyons,
Fled timorous o'er the Adriatic foam,
And laid its nest amid the waters, close 500
Cradled in sedge, beyond the vulture's grasp,
Where Meduacus laves the sunny isles
That gem the azure wave. There long secure
The infant bride of ocean trick'd her charms,
Whose full-zoned prime of womanhood outshone 505
The queens of earth in glory. Thou didst rise,
Young Venice, from that ruin call'd to life,
Brighter than her, who bore thee mid the alarm
Of violation; to avenge her ills
Rearing the cross of Christ, and ever prompt 510
To battle with the infidel. Thou shalt ride
Supreme upon the deep, thy sea-green hair
Sparkling with orient pearl, thy nuptial couch
With golden conchs and Tyrian tissues deck'd,
Honour'd, and fair, and mighty! when the deeds 515
Of him, who stands beside thy parent's wreck,
Stern victor, viewing his unhallow'd work,

Shall sink obscured into the abyss of time.
  Death's revel was unfinish'd; but aloof
Beside Natissa, o'er a bleeding form, 520
Lean'd Alberon; his alter'd eye was dim
With sorrow, and each fiercer passion staid.
Full of his wrongs, with many a long-hair'd Frank
That shouted to the carnage, he had rush'd
First thro' the breach, cheering that merciless pack 525
To deeds of lust and blood. Nor backward they,
Nor slow to work his bidding; the wild shrieks
Of women came on his insatiate ear,
Big with retributive joy. His sword was red
E'en with the blood of babes, and, on his brow 530
Obdurate, like a ministering fiend,
Sat deadly hate. As when in act to spring
The serpent, charm'd by spells of potent sound,
Stands rivetted; its fearful crest erect
Sinks slowly, and the coiled folds relax; 535
So sudden stood in mid career of rage
Astonied Alberon; like who had gazed
Upon the ægis, and that beauteous face,
Which turn'd all flesh to stone. A shriek,* once heard,
And ne'er forgotten since, a voice, once known 540
E'en to his inmost and still quivering there,
Made each hair start with horror; not, as oft,
In stillness by delusive fancy brought,
But full of life and agony. His eye,
Uplifted to the battlements, beheld 545
A sight, which made the blessed light a curse
Darker than Acheron; that beauteous form,

* See Book i. v. 450.

Which was his day-dream, and at still of night
The vision of his couch, by impious force
Dragg'd in dishonour, struggling in the grasp 550
Of his own ruthless Franks, by him cheer'd on
To rape and sacrilege. He saw, and ere
His arm was raised to rescue, ere his voice
Could check his ministers of guilt and blood,
With visage veil'd * she flung her bleeding form, 555
A self-devoted victim, from the tower
Which swift Natissa laved. Into the deep
Leap'd desperate Alberon. A massive beam,
Fragment of some rent palace, on the wave
Lay floating; buoy'd upon its ample bulk 560
All arm'd he stems the perilous flood, and holds
The bride of his young hopes, how lost! and how
Recover'd! From the ruthless scene of blood
Retired, beside that form beloved in vain,
Clodion's first-born stood speechless. She, reclined 565
Upon the margin green, with wistful eyes
Spoke things unutterable. Upon her breast
A crucifix, suspended, told what fount
Had sprinkled her; then thus, outbreathing love
Hallow'd by holiest thoughts, and purified 570
Of all terrestrial hope. "My life! my lord!
"What mind, save His omnipotent, who sees
"All that e'er was or ever will ensue,
"Could have forethought this hour! yet be it blest,
"So, most beloved upon this fleeting earth, 575

* This circumstance is recorded of a Roman matron in Aquileia named Digna. Veiling the head was usual with those devoted Dis Manibus; the superstitious practice appears to have survived the change of religion.

" It bring new hope to thee, whom unredeem'd
" From fatal error and the bloody creed
" Of dark idolatries, to this lone heart
" Eternity seems one long night of wo,
" And the bright promises of deathless joy
" All incomplete and vain. O Alberon,
" By all the thrilling thoughts of thy first love,
" By our sad bridal morn, and the deep gloom
" Of thraldom, which cut short the dawn of bliss,
" In anguish I adjure thee, stay the arm
" Red with innocuous gore, that pleads to God
" With thousand tongues angelic! Not the grim Po
" In thy Turnacum glorified, not they,
" Fierce idols, tenants of the coal-black * grove,
" Gorged with the blood of man, can give thee might
" Against Jehovah: albeit, some short space
" Permitted for our sins, the arm of flesh
" Spread havoc, and defile the works of God.
" There is a hope, that maketh not ashamed,
" Repentance not to be repented; faith,
" On which the arm that leans shall never fail
" Here, or hereafter. Wake from earthly scenes,
" Wake, Alberon beloved, to tread with me
" Fresh pastures, where the dove-like Spirit bears
" Healing upon its wings with holy peace,
" And sorrow never comes! Then welcome Death,
" The term of all our labours, which shall join
" Us sever'd here by fate!" Awhile he paused,
As if of purpose doubtful; and his mind,
Touch'd with excelling love, to pity gave

* Nemus Carbonarium.

Admittance brief and momentary rule:
But hate of the Messiah in his soul
Superior rose; as, brooding o'er his wrongs,
He thought upon Aëtius, of his bride
Despoiler, and that spurious king of Franks, 610
Clodion's equerry with the Roman leagued,
False Merovëus, who from his birthright,
Lutetia's * throne, supplanted him, cast forth
With his two brothers and the widow'd queen,
Thuringian Basina, whose pleaded griefs, 615
In congress at Bicurgium, drew the Hun
On Belgia and the Gaul. He thought (and big
Swell'd the full tide within) of Clodion's throne,
And Cameracum, † his new realm upheld
By Hunnish arms against the rebel Franc; 620
And that Hannonian ‡ mountain, which bad Powers
O'ershadow'd, guarded by religious awe.
There oft with savour dire of sacrifice
Fumed gory altars, redolent of death,
And the wild huntsman Hesus, with his pack 625
Abominable, snuff'd the recent blood
Of many an human victim. That high place
Opprobrious lorded the Brabantian plain,
Girt with compacted masonry, which not
Usurping Merovëus could invade 630
With all his traitorous Franks, nor the amorous § king
Entomb'd in old Turnacum; but the might
Of bloody Clovis in succeeding time
Soil'd his grey hairs with gore, and trod to earth
The Cameracan brothers, from that hold 635

* Paris. † Cambray. ‡ Mons in Hainault. § Childeric.

Dragg'd to their death. Yet from Argotta's bed
One scyon, princely Vambert, shall eschew
The tyrant, and his sons in lengthen'd line
O'er gloomy Arduenna shall bear sway,
Till raised again unto the glorious state 640
Of their forefather. With impatient heat
Thus, breathing hate to Rome and her fresh creed,
Fierce Alberon made answer. "Ask not me,
"Most loved, most wrong'd of women, as most fair,
"Union accurst with Rome! At those new shrines 645
"Bid Merovëus bow his faithless head,
"Brother not brother, born * of a sea-fiend
"And leprous as his dam, in evil hour
"Whom Clodion press'd; what time, by glamour vain
"Illuded, he descried not her vile shape 650
"Of colour serpentine, and nether parts
"With scales offensive. Him and his allies,
"Rome, Christian Rome, alike my soul abhors.
"Ask ought, save this, and be in all obey'd,
"Dear sufferer! and, lo, from vengeful deeds 655
"Recall'd, my legions stand by this still flood,
"While the Hun revels in yon fated town,
"Brightest yestrene of cities, from this hour
"A wilderness for wolves." She meek replied,
"My life is waning, Alberon, and fast 660
"Declines unto the grave; nor e'er shall I,
"Whose fortunes, soil'd by slavery, would ill
"Thy greatness fit, embrace thee in the pride
"Of youthful hope; nor would I bring thee shame,
"Sunk as I am, and by unseemly wrongs 665

* See Hist. treat. § 45.

" Blighted before my prime. Yet grant, O grant,
" To this weak spirit the brief boon, to die
" By holy rites absolved and purified!
" Bear me to Cyprian's solitude afar,
" Where Savus, amid lonely mountains born, 670
" Rushes from rock to rock, or lingering dwells
" Where the unruffled tide of some blue lake
" Spreads clear and tranquil. From that crystal fount
" Regenerate life on my despairing brow
" Shed orient hopes. There first I learnt to know 675
" My Saviour and my God. That glorious flood
" Was dear unto my musings, and I read
" The book of nature, by good Cyprian taught
" To trace, there pictured, man's immortal course
" In those bright waters; cradled on the breast 680
" Of Alpine snows, that feed their infancy
" Slow-trickling; hurried next from cliff to cliff
" Impetuous, till with strength matured they flow
" Ample, profound, and calm; thence issuing glide
" To subterranean darkness, under caves 685
" Deep and unseen. Yet, bursting from their tomb
" And sparkling amid pastures never sere,
" Their volume to the vast unchanging sea
" Wins its majestic way. In holy peace
" There, bosom'd gently on the lap of death, 690
" My spirit shall to its Creator find
" Easy access, and intercession made
" By Him, who bare our sins; in death more blest
" Than living, if, amid those scenes sublime,
" The lore of that good anchorite should draw 695
" Thy heart to better thoughts, and ope the gate
" To heaven's beatitude." She ceased, and faint

On his supporting arm her pale form lay
Mournful in beauty extreme. His eye, suffused
With anguish nothing wont, look'd piteously 700
On her so loved, so rescued, and yet lost
Beyond love's burning hopes. Answer he made
None, for deep passion choked the issue of speech:
But sign'd his brother Ranchas to advance
The litter, spread with tissues soft and rare, 705
Sack'd Aquileia's booty; and forthwith,
Her boon vouchsafing, with small pomp of war
March'd northward. To loved Reginald he gave
Vicegerency o'er his legions, to abide
His regress. Thence, as that fair mourner bade, 710
By sparkling Sontius, whose stream swift and clear
Mingles its water with Natissa's flood,
They journey to the dales, where Savus grows
From many an Alpine source; and soon descry,
O'erhung by woods and rock, the mountain lake 715
Cerulean, Wochain cleped in later days;
Nor far a narrow glen, steep of ascent,
Whence, gurgling, trickled underneath the shade
A runlet, clearer than Bandusia's spring,
Or that famed fount of Corinth eminent 720
Pirene pale, and Hippocrene that sprang
From the wing'd hoof in Helicon. There sat
Beneath his stony cell, the man of God
With pensive eye, unblench'd by hoary age,
Scanning the book of life. To them uprose 725
The holy anchorite, and gazed, for rare
In that still solitude and trackless vale
The tread of mailed man. "Welcome, my sons,
"What cause soever to this tranquil seat

" Conducts ye !" mild he said. " If sent by him, 730
" God's scourge, to take from these time-whiten'd brows
" What lingers yet of life, God's will is just,
" And I, long zealous for His hallow'd word,
" Obey the call with gladness. If, though trick'd
" With heathen pageantry, ye come to lave 735
" Transgressions in this fount, the page of truth
" Lies open, and, by our Redeemer bought
" For sinful man, His peace to all that seek
" Is freely given." To him thus Alberon;
" Nor hostile, to defile thy silver locks, 740
" Nor suppliant to thy Gods, O Roman, comes
" Clodion's sad offspring. Why before thee stands
" Innocuous, fresh from Aquileia's sack,
" Its conqueror, ask yon fairest of her kind,
" His bride despoil'd by Rome." A pang, like death, 745
Shot thro' the heart of Cyprian. " Art thou fallen,"
He cried, " bright city of the faithful! reap'd
" By the destroyer in thy loveliness!
" And thou, meek neophyte, must these old hands,
" Which sign'd the cross upon thy brow, anoint 750
" Thee for thy burial, whose morn of life
" Seems wasted ere its promise!" " Father," she said,
Uplifting her mild countenance, " thou see'st
" The wife of Alberon; and would that he
" Were altogether such as I am, turn'd 755
" From sin's original darkness to my God.
" The bitterness of death were pass'd, and all
" My heart holds dear fulfill'd, so he might taste
" The cup of his salvation. Few remain
" The moments, which e'en now are fleeting fast 760
" To mine eternal doom. Mountains sublime,

" Nigh heaven uppiled ! and thou, romantic vale,
" Sloping from snow-crown'd peaks ! no more on ye
" These eyes shall open ! Death is stealing on,
" And the earth's beauties fade. O Alberon, 765
" There is a brighter kingdom, a new world,
" Where all may enter, led by saving faith
" To glory ever-during. Wilt thou meet
" There thy betroth'd? or have our mortal eyes
" Look'd their last beam of love?" To her replied 770
The prince, " Almost thou hast persuaded me
" To be a Christian; but, while thus I gaze
" Hopeless on all I love, the spirit boils
" Maddening within for vengeance." " Peace, rash youth,
" The arm of vengeance is Jehovah's," cried 775
The man of God. " If in revenge is joy,
" It needs no sword of thine. The unborn times,
" Seen by the saint * in Patmos, cast their shade
" On the opprobrious town, that boasted once
" To see no sorrow: but ere few short moons 780
" Her judgment comes, and all the kings of earth,
" Unclean partakers of her sins, shall mourn
" The conflagration. Blessed then, elect
" Of God, who have come out and not received
" Of her defilement! Silent and aloof 785
" Stand, unregenerate man, while the last rites
" Religion sheds o'er this repentant child."
He said, but to her hand clung Alberon,
As her flush'd cheek grew pale; her eyes were fixt
Upon the symbol, which that old man held 790
Aloft, imploring Christ; no breathing stirr'd

* St John. See Revelation

Her humid lip; the sad youth thought that still
Fondly her palm press'd his; but far away
Her spirit, thro' the realms of ether pure,
Had wing'd its glorious flight unto her God. 795
They laid her near that aged hermit's cell,
Where, sloping to the East, the flowery turf
Drank freshness, and the rill, beside whose course
To her perennial rest she gently sank,
Invited slumber. O'er her lowly grave 800
The anchorite out-pour'd a mournful chaunt,
To Him, who gave and took his own away,
Glory and praise; and loud and shrill the Franks
Raised their lament in accents barbarous,
A wild and melancholy cry. Nor prayers 805
Nor counsel lack'd of Cyprian, to win
Sad Alberon to the God of his beloved;
But pride forbade, which bars the narrow gate
Thro' which the humble enter: pride, which drove
The Babylonian from his kingly throne 810
To make his dwelling with the grazed ox
Outcast from men. With her dear spirit fled
His better thoughts. Gloomy and wroth he turn'd
His course unto Hannonia, and there made
Libations homicidal to his Gods, 815
A fiendish holocaust, and impious zeal
With murderous rites profaned her obsequies.
And art thou of my great forefathers one,
As not unfaithful the heraldic * page

* See the genealogy in Edmonstone's peerage brought down from Charlemain thro' Herebert Count of Vermandois, who came to England with William the First. The previous succession from Marcomir to Charlemain might have been prefixed.

Avers, stern Alberon! and is the spark, 820
That, smouldering in this bosom, wakes at times
A yearning for the praise which man concedes
To the excelling, and the glowing thought
That whispers, though repress'd, I might have trod
A loftier path among the sons of fame, 825
From thee and thine illustrious sires derived,
Whom, high uplifted on the kingly shield
Amidst the shout of thousands, olden time
Saw in their glory! I can never think
Of thee in thy deep forest, and the rites 830
By dark abominations oft defiled
Done to the gloomy Powers, who had foretold
The restoration of thy royal line
To all thy father held, (promise made good
In Charlemain) but my excited mind 835
O'erleaps the gulph of ages, and brings back
Thee palpable in all thy strange attire,
And long-hair'd Clodion * bending to the earth
Over his first-born, and old Pharamond,
And Marcomir, the first preferr'd by fame 840
Of thine exalted race. That vision stirs
A secret voice within, crying, "Were these
"Indeed my sires, veil'd by the mist of years
"From near perception! waved those hoary locks,
"Which Clovis trampled with his bloody foot, 845
"On my forefather's brow! from whom I sprung
"In long concatenation of those ties,
"Which to the human spirit are most dear

* Clodion is said to have died of grief for the loss of his eldest son killed at the siege of Soissons.

" In this its dwelling!" till the wistful gaze
Dives thro' the depth of years, and fain would brave 850
The tyrant in his phrensy. If ye be
In truth the fountain, from which I and mine
Have glided down the flood of time, peace rest
Upon your ancient tombs, and the Benign
Forgive the sins ye knew not! In that line 855
Successive, O how many hearts have beat
With pleasure or with crime! how many shapes
Have turn'd from beauty to the loathly worm,
From glory to the grave! how many sires
Have breathed the blessing of parental joy 860
Over their earliest born! which, were we not
The creatures of a day, would still the first
In love to his remotest issue join.
But we are fleeting shadows; the warm pulse
Throbs its short hour, but our affections lie 865
All compass'd in the petty space between
The cradle and the tomb; and those, whom years
Shall usher on this changeful stage of life
Hereafter, the frail offspring of our loins,
To us no debt of memory will yield, 870
Unless from our achievements they derive
A lustre not their own. Ages roll on,
And dense oblivion covers every tie.

ATTILA.

BOOK SEVENTH.

ALOOF, where Hindarfell with rugged brow
Looks o'er the Rhine, in panoply of gold
Stood Hilda, famous in the song of scalds
And legends warbled by Teutonian tongue,
Stern sorceress. With powerful spells illumed 5
Her wondrous beauty, underneath the veil
Nocturnal, gleam'd terrific. By the Hun
Divorced with guile from his incestuous couch,
Fit sister of fit lord, the mailed queen
Mused o'er deep vengeance. In precocious youth 10
She first to Attila disclosed the way
Of science dark and perilous. Her charms
Mutter'd in gloom, while shapes unholy glared
Around her mystic cauldron manifest,
Gave warning to bedew Sicambria's towers 15
With ruddy fratricide, piation dear
To Mars the murderer, since that slain boy,
Who first upon the Aventine espied
The scantier flight of vultures, by his blood
Portended might to Rome, which should endure 20
Twelve centuries, foreshadow'd then by twelve
Prophetic fowls. With watchful ear she heard

The silent step of Time, the Spirit dread
That knock'd at midnight the Romulean gate
Warning the term expired, the kingdom then 25
Number'd and finish'd. By her wizard hand
Fashion'd of oricalch, the trump of death
Mysterious clang'd by night at Bleda's door,
And that same hour Sicambria's stones were red
With gory consecration. Her nathless 30
The monarch, with unholy passion smit
Of beauteous Eskam, their youth-blooming child,
Cast forth abased. At eve, thro' philtres strange
Entranced, to a new bridegroom she was given
Unconscious. By the dawn awaked to wo 35
In Gunther's arms, on the Burgundian couch
Silent nine days she lay, brooding revenge,
Nor tired her raven locks, nor tasted food,
Nor look'd on Hyperion's golden ray
Odious as night: but oft in stillest gloom 40
Low voices thro' her chamber seem'd to sound
Unearthly, and she held communion mute
With darksome Anteros, the unwing'd God,
Love turn'd to hate. Moon after moon illumed
The welkin, yet in black despair she sat, 45
And fiercely ruminated all her wrongs,
Though foremost in transgressions; like the * accurst
Of Colchis, with a brother's gore defiled,
Who clombe Iason's couch, when he, whose love
First soil'd her virgin fame, smit with new fires 50
Divorced her from his chamber. Now aroused
She stood on that lone mount, where her abode,

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* Medea.

Rear'd by no mortal builder, glow'd with fire.
Around her bower flames bickering high and bright
Play'd lambent, or in wreathed volumes stream'd 55
O'er the crystalline waters of the moat,
Mysterious, inextinguishable, gift
Of hellish powers; to her of mortals then
Alone reveal'd; in later years by Greeks
Degenerate on the Arabian navies hurl'd, 60
What time with mimic * lightnings glared thy shores,
Propontis, and around the leaguer'd towers
Of Byzance glitter'd the projected flame
Unquenchable, wherewith Chalcedon gleam'd,
And liquid splendours at the dead of night 65
Lit Bosporus, illuminating far
Astonied Thrace. Starless and mute the air
Look'd darkly on her purpose, save where shone
The wondrous flame. She turn'd her aspect first
Unto the seven Triones veil'd in cloud, 70
Then faced Orion's star, from other eyes
Shrouded by mist: around her next she cast
Strange perfumes, such as Arabs never cull'd
In Nabathæa, or the region bless'd
With odoriferous Saba's spicy groves; 75
Then graved upon the earth with Runic signs
The name of blasphemy, and that dark line
Gehenna†; next she traced the mystic shapes
Of those seven angels multiform, who stand
Beside the dying, Michael in lion's guise, 80

* Called the Greek fire.

† Origen says that a dark line called Gehenna crossed the diagram of the Ophites, a most impious sect. Concerning the seven angels, see Orig. ag. Celsum.

Suriel's taurine brow, and Raphael wing'd
as a dragon; the outstretch'd pinions wide
e eagle Gabriel, and shaggy * limbs
autabaoth, nigh the doglike † spirit
rean, and Onóel the grazed ass. 85
silently she dug the crucial ‡ fosse
in impure § Therapnæ famed, wherein
our'd the vital stream from three black whelps
d to Him below.. A pyre she raised
press, and of cedar ever green, 90
plar, || that still weeps balsamic tears
haeton, and paliurus ¶ sharp
thorns, that from the holiest brows, there placed
ckery of a kingly crown, drew blood.
ith a mystic veil she mingled next 100
olchic with the deadly flower ** of brass,
ss, and tansy, and the yellow bloom
neful crowfoot dabbled in the gore;
tuff'd with these the carcases, and placed
on the faggots, and their entrails spread, 105
water sprinkled, near the triple †† ditch.
low she murmur'd words, which spoken aloud
d split heaven's brazen pavement, and resound

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e bear. † Erataoth. See Origen against Celsus.
e fosse was made in the shape of a cross, or of the body of a man
e arms extended, but the feet close together. Bothron tri-
.—*Orph. Argon.*
The abode of Medea. That of Helen had the same name.
| The four sorts of wood used by Medea. See Orph. Arg.
¶ Called Christ's thorn.
λκανθος, copperas, but meaning in Orpheus some vegetable.
ch is the ceremony, as described by the author of Orph. Arg.,
st have been almost contemporary with Attila.

Far thro' the infinite. This done, erect
She stood, and, nought abash'd, thrice loud and plain 110
The Prince of nether darkness she adjured,
By all the power that dwells in those dread * names,
Sabaoth and Hadonai, to appear.
Scarce had she ceased, the pale unearthly fire
Sulphureous burnt, and from its base the hill 115
Rock'd at his coming. By her side invoked
Stood the Archfiend; not clad in terrors grim,
As when he scatters flight, dismay, and death,
Stern Ares mail'd for war; bland aspect wore
The felon Prince, with which he won the bed 120
Of that fair-form'd adulteress sea-born,
Venus Mylitta, with impurest rites
Adored by nymphs in Babylon, or where,
To appease the unchaste Goddess, Cyprus sold
Her meretricious virgins to like shame. 125
Then thus, with gentle speech, the author of ill
Obsequious. "Beautiful of womankind!
"If woman, and not rather shape divine,
"As thine high bearing speaks thee, and the mind
"Replete with wisdom far excelling man's! 130
"What wilt thou, fairest of created forms?"
To him the enchantress. "Deem not, treacherous power,
"By adulation vile, to stay the thoughts
"And master-passion of this iron heart,
"On earth my slave, enthrall'd by labours dark 135
"And many an occult mystery, to do
"My bidding whatsoever! Fiend, unroll
"The hidden page of fate. The spirit of time

* See Origen, who believed that there was power in these words.

" With desolating wings e'en now flaps round
" The ancient gates of Rome. That cycle dread 140
" Of ages, which Quirinus old divined,
" On the triumphal wheels of brazen war
" Returns accomplish'd. Remus, from her walls
" Thy blood has faded, and that * nameless name
" Breathed inwardly by pontiffs and the maid 145
" Silentious on the hill Capitoline,
" That name, her strength, which but to speak was death,
" Is swallow'd by oblivion. Shall the gore
" Of righteous Bleda to Sicambria's domes
" Give equal-during sway, and wherewithal 150
" Shall Hilda, from those domes cast forth with scorn,
" Reap vengeance? how resume the sceptre lost?"
To her the fiend. " Not vengeance due for wrongs,
" Not sorcery, how strong its spells soe'er,
" Can touch the head, on which predestined hangs 155
" Imperial fortune. Rome's appointed hours
" Have fleeted, and her guardian angel quails.
" Conjured with Erebus thy brother stands
" Against Jehovah. To him, nothing loth,
" Thrones and dominions, and what else of might 160
" Walk Tartarus, shut out from upper heaven,
" Give glory above his peers, ordain'd to o'erthrow
" Messiah's dynasty. Blood-red the orb

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* Capitolium Scandet cum tacitâ virgine pontifex. Hor. Valerius Soranus, tribune of the people, was crucified for speaking the secret name of Rome and her tutelary God. Pliny Hist. Nat. 3. 6. Servius in Georg. 1. 498. and Æn. 1. 281. Pliny and Macrobius state that the reason for secrecy was the fear of the Deity being exorcised to quit the city by their enemies. What the ineffable name was remains unknown, though many have been suggested.

" Of Ares culminates, and, thro' his shroud,
" Tempest and storm, reveal'd, Orion looks 165
" Portentous. The great hour foreknown above
" Already throws upon this nether world
" Its fearful shadow, and Fate close behind
" Comes darkling. If, still unappall'd by signs,
" Whate'er Jehovah fulmining on high 170
" May hurl upon the nations, he abide
" Unmoved, unshaken, his victorious wheels
" Soon shall surmount the Capitol, and Hell
" Sit there enthroned in light. If recreant the
" Foreswear his oath of hate to the All High, 175
" The everlasting compact, seal'd erewhile
" With powers of darkness, fails. Abandon'd, wreck'd,
" He sinks; his glory, long by me upheld,
" Is forfeit, and Jehovah's arm hath power.
" Then, vengeance, do thy work!" To him replied 180
Hilda. " Too slow the march of Time, to who
" Communes with spirits, and abiding ill
" Burns inwardly, by strong desires consumed."
To her, smiling in scorn, the spirit unclean.
" If thirst of knowledge goad thee, from whose tree 185
" Thy first fair parent in the vale of joy
" Pluck'd sorrow, of hours and deeds unborn behold
" The spectre luminous. Scenes, unreveal'd
" To mortals, o'er the wizard lake shall glow
" Reflected from those forms, that even now 190
" Glide swiftly on the advancing wings of Time."
This said, her buoyant thro' mid air the fiend
Transported, where that Carnian grotto, hight
In after days of Magdalena, gives
Deep access unto Powers, that under earth 195

Secluded dwell. Profound its passage, like
The jaws of Tænarus, thro' which the bard
Œagrian pass'd to Hades and the realms
Where shadows flit. Spacious and huge within
The chamber subterranean frown'd. Its sides 200
Abrupt, of rocks gigantic and inform,
Grandeur sublime, in strange confusion heap'd;
Aloft, with countless hues and various shape,
Hung stalactites, that mock'd the diamond's blaze,
Sapphire, or emerald, and that paler stone 205
That drinks the golden beam, pure chrysolite.
There sun, nor summer heat, nor light of day
Comes ever, nor the arrowy breath unkind
Of winter frore. Along the cavern deep
A pallid lustre spirituous gleam'd 210
From him accurst. The wondrous beam illumed
A lake more still than Lethe, in that cave
Far bosom'd underground; no living form
E'er stains its limpid surface, save where comes
Eyeless and dark unto its breathing place 215
The proteus serpentine, that makes abode
In the great deep below, of ocean's flood
The nether pool, where many a monster dwells,
Saurus * or huge Leviathan, unknown
To the upper air. Astonish'd Hilda saw 220
Depictured on the mirror's watery lap
A vast and noble city; but within
Nor motion, nor the shape of living thing
Disturb'd the stillness of its marble ways.

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* The proteus of subterranean waters seems to have some affinity to the extinguished race of Sauri.

Untenanted the fenced turrets rose
On a deserted plain; and all around
A voiceless desolation seem'd to rule,
Tranquil as death: the works of man were there,
His pompous dwellings, and the haunts of life,
But not his form; the verdant meadow lay
Stiller than Eden's yet untrodden herbs,
Nor cloven foot, nor undivided hoof
Press'd their soft carpet; but anon the dust
Rose like a cloud on the horizon; steel
Gleam'd faintly, and an army's ample might,
As if in truth reflected on the lake,
Seem'd growing into motion. "There behold,"
Satan pursued, "the shadows cast before
"By wizard Time." Beauteous it was and bright
To view the varied pageant, which advanced
On the blue water, as if thousand arms
Were glimmering to the sun, and crested helms,
And banners multiform with symbols strange,
The ornament of battle. As when, borne
O'er Arctic billows to the gelid * land
Far westward, the mazed mariner descries
At morn refracted on the azure wave,
Mast, hull, and crew, with all her canvass spread
The spectre of some ship, which far aloof
Speeds towards the pole. So gleam'd Concordia's dome
Invaded by the Hun. Her massive gates
Yield to the stroke of battle-axe and crow,
And booty, torn from her abandon'd halls,
As from a tomb, throngs all her spacious streets:

* See Scoresby's Voy. to Greenland

ilken drapery, the golden frieze, 255
mitative shapes of moulds
lunder hath its fill, and fla arise
oping her glories; the blue smoke
ds her scorch'd mansions d down-toppling towers,
ashes blacken, where each ace stood. 260
vision pass'd; next Hilda wondering spied
ium's ramparts, glittering wide with arms
e dark mirror manifest. Around
Hunnish legions swarm; and engines, late
d well at Aquileia, seem to hurl 265
ndous ruin; with diminish'd bulk,
illy bright, the living picture glows;
nimic death in all its ghastly forms
re terrific; gore, and yawning wounds,
ingling havoc, and destructive rout 270
ut the din of war; a silent scene
ct with energy and deadly strife.
the battlements defensive stand
ands of combatants, like termite ants
swarm around their castellated dome 275
ious, nor with threats alone, but deeds
ier a giant's nerve, resist their foe.
on the central fane stood eminent
al Mars, by reverent awe preserved,
Cæsar's edict, head and limbs loft off, 280
heathendom's vain idols. Him the Huns
y exulting, and salute their God,
Arimanius, of the Scythian sword
spirit appeased by blood; but from that height
by assailing engines, which threw stones 285
pus-high, the brazen God of war

Loud-clanging fell, and to the Hun presaged
No foreign blow, but from domestic arms
Precipitate reverse and sudden fall.
Then glared once more the flaming element; 290
Patavium's pride, each temple high uprear'd
With Christian cross, ramparts, and palaces,
Fell crumbling or consumed. Anon there came
A change upon the waters. Foremost goes
The form of Attila, his breast adorn'd 295
With dread teraphim; his right-hand outstretch'd
Points far unto Vincentia, while his left
Curbs Grana to his will, and lurid light
Streams from his iron sword. Short space aloof,
Unmindful of the war, in motley vest 300
Stood mountebanks. Of God or country's weal
They little reck'd, but light of heart and foot
Disported, confident in folly. These
To strange arbitrement of active power
The king calls forth. Agile and lithe howe'er, 305
They cannot vault upon the steed, like him
Who all accomplishment of man exceeds,
In ponderous iron clothed; they cannot draw
The arrow to the head, or bend the bow,
Loved pastime of his youth. Surpass'd and shamed 310
In manly feats of energy and skill,
Them with spare diet unto martial toil
The monarch dooms. Then came another change:
The shores of Adria, the translucent waves
Of deepest blue, and thy majestic port, 315
Ravenna, lit by sunshine, on the lake
Shews like a vision. From thy muniment
The Cæsar, with imperial splendour girt,

Flies trembling unto Rome, nor dares await
The heathen flood of battle. With him goes 320
Honoria, from her gloomy cell drawn forth,
A weeping captive in monastic veil.
Next from Ravenna's walls in vest of peace
Issued a suppliant train. Slowly they wind
Towards the Hunnish tents; there humbly kneels 325
Her prelate to God's scourge. The pagan's face
Seems to relax the inexorable lines
That furrow his dark brow, as if appeased
By prompt surrender. Next Vincentia's strength
Is pictured; girt with wide and watery fosse 330
Her martial turrets rise. Foremost he wades
Breast-deep, and first assails the lofty scarp,
Terror and rout before him, and behind
Ungovernable rage. Her ancient walls,
Imaged in fair resplendency, bow low 335
By fierce invaders razed, and the array
Moves westward on Verona. Wide behind
Grim desolation spreads. Then Burgomum,
With vain defence, then Brixia's towers appear;
Whence, on the point of her Cycnean hill, 340
Faith * infidel enshrined had late look'd down
On that vast aqueduct, whose weight bestrode
The valley, and bore mid air the crystal flood
Unto the dome of Flora opposite,
The chapel now of Saint Floranus hight 345
By semi-christians; O foul compromise
Twixt faith of God and demons! In the vale

* The temple of Fides.

Triumpline, nigh the gryphon-guarded * walls
Of antique Brixia, still unscathed and whole
Naked Tyllinus stood, with laurel crown'd, 350
An iron God, and his sinister foot
Trampled a human skull. His mystic spear,
Round which a serpent coil'd, upon the lake
Reflected, threw a lurid glare of light.
Then came the crash of battle; a blood-gout, 355
From that strong hand † that guards the charmed life
Of heathendom's stern monarch, stain'd the sod
Of many-templed Brixia. Then ensued
Like contest and like overthrow; the forms
Of women, beautiful in disarray, 360
Flying aghast, or forced by mailed men,
And mangled infancy and hoary age
Dragg'd in the dust. High o'er the captured town
The pagan standard, red with Christian gore,
Flaunts insolent. Anon two mountain floods, 365
Lambrus and Addua, with deep-gurgling stream
Seem'd to flow parallel, on that dark lake
Gleaming like silver; while between them stood
A city undefiled by wasting war.
A double wall environ'd her; ‡ within, 370
A circus huge, and splendid theatre,
And Palatine towers, and famed Herculean baths,
And peristyles with marble figures deck'd,
Made beauteous show. The unresisted host

* The bearings of Brixia were a gryphon, which was represented on her walls. The iron statue of Tyllinus stood long after the time of Attila, in the Triumpline valley near the town.

† Attila is said to have been wounded in the hand, in the siege of Brixia.

‡ See Ammianus.

Invades her silent streets: high on the dais 375
In Mediolanum sits stern Attila,
Victor and king. Before his frowning eye
A picture hangs; upon the gorgeous throne
Rome's crowned emperor was there pourtray'd,
And Scythians, grovelling unto earth, the knee 380
Submissive bend. Instant the vain offence
Is cast unto the flames, and in its stead
He bids the trembling limner to enthrone
His own dread aspect with teraphim deck'd,
And purpled emperors with precious weight 385
Sore laden, ready at his feet to lay
The tributary gold. Unmoved the while
Proudly he views his conquest, and forebodes
One triumph more, the eternal fall of Rome.

Then rose to view the banks where made strange wreck,
Smit by Jove's ardent thunderbolt, the son
Presumptuous, who boasted might to guide
The burning car of Helius * in heaven;
But him confusion seized, and in mid air
Utter dismay; while, tossing from their necks 395
Unquenchable rays and wreathed flakes of fire
They rush'd eccentric, thro' the star-paved waste
Without the Ecliptic; and he, thunder-struck,
From that amazing altitude fell sheer
Into Eridanus. On that famous marge 400
Where, rushing from the north, Ticinus pours
His mingled waves, with gilded standards crown'd
The pagan tabernacles now sent back
The beaming sun, which never since that morn
Hath devious stray'd, but in appointed course 405

* The Sun.

Spring-time and harvest brings, or steers aloof
Towards Centaurus and the Southern pole.
Lovely and florid, as a Mayday queen,
Ticina * look'd upon her kindred flood,
But, unresisting, all her glories yield 410
To heathen force; wealth, power, and ornament,
Lie prostrate, with the flower of beauty reap'd
By discord sprinkled with the dew of death.
That pageant faded, and thy strength appear'd,
Benacus, swelling like the ocean's surge, 415
First of Hesperian lakes! The reed-fringed wave
Of Mincius shew'd distinct, the fields once till'd
By him,† who sang the head torn fiercely back
From the marmorean neck, which, as it roll'd
Adown Œagrian Hebrus, made the banks 420
Of that lone river still give back the wail,
Eurydice! and the song-hallow'd farm,
Which heard the woes of Atys ‡ borne amain
On the swift barque, and striking with mad hand
Cybele's brass, from bridegroom turn'd to bride, 425
Strange sterile hymeneals! Mute is now
The shell, that made harmonious echoes wake,
And other feet pollute that classic lawn
With iron tread. The Hunnish camp is pitch'd
E'en where they warbled erst, and told how raved 430
Sea-like Benacus, or how Sirmio smiled.
Gorgeous and vast the battailous array;
Not he who look'd from Peor, with his face
Set to the wilderness, there call'd to curse
God's people from that height, beheld the plain 435

* Properly Ticinum, but the neuter gender does not suit a personification. † See Virgil's Georgics, l. 4. ‡ See Catullus.

So whitening with their goodly tents, spread forth
Like glorious cedars by the river's side,
As Hilda on the eyrie lake pourtray'd
Saw Attila's vast camp. The countless war
Stretch'd southward, and its standards proudly fixt 440
Look'd unto Rome. Upon the mirror's face
The white tents gleam'd, like flakes of fleecy cloud
Upon the azure, when clear Aquilon
Drives back the nebulous South: but, as she gazed,
Slow darkness came, like an autumnal haze, 445
Over the pageant, and it seem'd to sink
Deep gulph'd in the unfathom'd element.
Long after look'd the sorceress, but light
Came none, or colour, on the level glass
Of that unruffled pool. "Why fades," she said, 450
"Yon vision? Spirit, shew the march of war
"E'en to the gates of that Romulean town,
"Whose domination has twelve ages sway'd
"This habitable world." "What shall ensue,
"Known only to Jehovah," he replied, 455
"Eludes the eye of wisdom. Thou hast seen
"The tenor of events, that smoothly glide
"Upon the even face of destiny,
"Things bruited wide in heaven, and known of yore;
"But there are periods in the book of fate 460
"Momentous, unreveal'd, though plain to Him
"Who rides upon the cherubim enthroned.
"Thus much, recorded in Heaven's high archives
"Sufficeth; Rome hath her appointed years,
"And now her strength is waning. Well I know 465
"The day* must be, when manifest on earth

* 2 Thess. ii. 3, &c.

" Shall reign that mighty one, whose coming is
" After my working, with all power and signs,
" Wondrous illusions, and in God's own house
" Shall shew himself as God. Whether the hour, 470
" Which must exalt me on this nether sphere,
" Come instant, or delay'd, is the great cause
" To man and spirit leagued against the Highest;
" Highest no more, so Attila stand firm,
" Vicegerent of our world; for whom I strive 475
" With portents and with shadows, sure to win
" Subtle success; not, as vain fables tell,
" Assailing with the front of fiery war
" Jehovah's legions, and the sapphire throne
" From whence he hurls the thunder. If he shrink 480
" Unworthy, fate another tool will find
" Fitter hereafter, but our present toils
" Fall unfulfill'd: yet is the hour of Rome
" Now seal'd. What conqueror smites her mural crown
" Wisdom hath not unveil'd; that lies yet hid 485
" Amid the glimpses of futurity
" Reveal'd to spirits; imperfect foresight gain'd
" Of time's great scheme, when woman, sore deceived,
" Pluck'd the forbidden fruit, to her lorn self
" Acquiring shame, until that hour unknown 490
" In flowery Eden, and another law
" Of knowledge warring with her innocence."
He ceased; for lo! upon the glamorous pool
A globe of light seem'd gathering, and anon
Expanded, opening shapes, which, dim at first, 495
Grew into clearness. A rich tent was there
Of Bactrian fashion, and a maiden bright
With all accomplishment of form and grace.

Array'd in garb of orient. At her feet
Knelt yellow-hair'd Andages flush'd with hope; 500
One lily hand he press'd, and seem'd to plead
Love's soft petition; and, she, scarce averse,
Turn'd from his ardent gaze her blushing cheek,
Languidly mute. A cross of silver hung
Beneath her bosom's silken folds half hid. 505
Upon the groundsell Attila's stern form
Stood scowling; from his eyeballs lighten'd rage,
Burning concupiscence, and jealous fires:
Nor she from his fierce aspect, thus surprised,
Shrank not abash'd; the roseate colour fled 510
Her alter'd face, as fearful she uprose.
Long on that vision look'd with anxious mien
The mailed sorceress. Those forms unchanged
Grew into magnitude of life and limb,
But motionless; like rigid statues fixt 515
With all their passions glowing. "Wherefore comes,"
Astonied Hilda cries, "that dream? Why stays
"Its motion, or why fade its spectral forms?
"Portending what? to whom?" for, as she spoke,
Grown dim they vanish'd in the gloomy pool. 520
To her the baleful spirit. "From that abyss
"No phantom comes with import light or vain.
"There is dread potency in that thou saw'st,
"And danger to the mighty. In old times
"By woman hath man fallen, else secure, 525
"And shall hereafter. Thou hast view'd the shape
"Of fair Mycoltha, Bactria's royal nymph,
"Beloved of Attila, if lust be love."
Hard were it for the painter's art to limn
That bright enchantress, by the mystic pool 530

Bending her visage flush'd with guilty hope,
Thoughts perilous and vague; while by her side
The master spirit of all evil stood
Contemptuous. Once again the hues of life,
Relumed, were quickening on that Stygian lake. 535
A dismal cell with groined arches dark
Was fashion'd there; its narrow casement shew'd
Rome's palaces beneath. Within reclined
Thy wasted loveliness, Honoria, once
First of the fair, and in Ravenna's court 540
Most beautiful, most gay! The garb austere
Of penitence shrouds now the shrunken limbs,
The bosom late full-zoned, and throbbing high
Under the jewell'd kerchief; and that cheek
Lit with the bloom of love, that fragrant lip 545
That woo'd the kiss of guilt, sorrow hath paled
Remorseful, and the worm of conscience gnaws
Unceasing the sad heart, which blithely once
Beat heedless. Near, the mitred innocence
Of Roman Leo stood. Soothed by his speech 550
Persuasive, the meek sinner seem'd to draw
Assuaging comfort, and the rayless eye
To beam refresh'd by hope. The holy rood
Hallow'd that mournful chamber, and anon
It wax'd unto portentous magnitude, 555
While round the front of Him divine, thereon
Express'd, celestial fulgor radiated;
And instantly the rebel Prince appall'd
Hasty retreat, into the realms of night,
And headlong made, unequal to confront 560
The glory of the Most High. Behind him fled
Delusions, portents, and the host of lies.

Wherewith against the Holiest he moves
Unhallow'd warfare, labouring to exalt
Sin in high places manifest as God. 565
No ray was in the cave, where Hilda now
Stood darkling; but, to her, deep knowledge, worse
Than foolishness, had long made darkness clear
As noonday's splendour, and she knew to soar
Upon the midnight blast, like those dread maids 570
Ill-ominous, who bear from Odin's hall
The deadly summons, and select the slain.
High o'er Norician Alps she wings her flight
To Hindarfell; there plotting deep revenge
Pores o'er unholy lore, and ever holds 575
Communion with the accurst, rejecting heaven.

ATTILA.

BOOK EIGHTH.

Mysterious slumber! image of the change
That comes to all, when the devouring grave
Which never yet hath said, "It is enough,"
Receives its own, (dust render'd unto dust
Corruptible, the glowing strength of life 5
To the worm's darkness) and the soul descends
To its long rest in Hades! Art thou to man
By his beneficent Creator given
As a sweet solace, a repose from all
Of labour or of pain, that here assails 10
His weak mortality? a gentle calm
Oblivious, when the malice of his foes
Loses for some short space its potency,
And peace is with him, emblem of that peace
Which the world cannot give; and visions fair 15
Come round the couch of wo with angel smiles,
Breathing beatitude? Or art thou sent
As a foretaste of that, which unto all
Must be hereafter? when the just alone
Shall rest from every labour, and his works 20
Follow, a goodlier train, than ever brought
The virgin to her bridal, or the great
Of this world to their crowned majesty!

For he shall sleep the slumber of the grave,
Till the last trump arouse him, and the space 25
Of thousand years unto his spirit entranced
Shall be refreshment calm, or visited
By visions from the blest; a long slow term
To mortal estimation, which is based
Upon the hearing and the sight of things 30
That are but as an atom amongst those
Infinite and eternal; to Thine eye,
With whom a thousand years are as a day,
The slumber of a dewy summer eve
Fresh with delight. Perhaps to the unjust 35
Disquietude more dreadful, than the thought
Of lone eternity to those who tread
The weary vale of sorrow on this earth,
Frightful unrest, while phantoms, that seen here,
Would drive scared reason from her seat, crowd round 40
The unlimb'd spirit, which hath no escape
From ills that overpower it, like the fiend
That sits upon the breast, when nature lacks
Wholesome digestion, and weighs down the wretch
Fast held by impotence. 45
No friendly power
Shed influence upon the gilded couch
Whereon reclined Aëtius. Bosom'd deep
Amid the fairest hills of Italy
His villa rose; a stately mansion, deck'd 50
With spacious peristyles, marmorean stairs,
And baths of porphyry, where Zephyrs sent
Through ambient jasmine odoriferous airs,
Sweet recreation; there the huge hippodrome,
Where neighing coursers vied; and gardens bright 55

His rival and his comrade; the rich halls
Of John,* who in Ravenna's princely court
Lost life and power usurp'd; while he, too late, 120
Against his country, from Pannonian wilds,
Call'd forth to fell society of arms
The Hun, yet guiltless of domestic blood.
Nor saw he not the glorious fields of Gaul,
The staff by treason earn'd, wherewith he ruled 125
Rome's armies, Arnolf weltering nigh the trench
Of leaguer'd Arelas, Bavarian glens
Scour'd by his eagles, which ere long brought low
Juthungian vaunts; Mosella red with war,
Gelons, and Francs, and Salian chivalry, 130
And Sauromatians with the incontinent Hun
Mingled in death; or nigh the banks of Rhine
Gundioc the wealthy, with his boasted train
Of Nibelungian warriors mail'd in gold,
Biting Burgundian dust. Then dimly rose 135
(And, as he saw, malignant hate obscured
His troubled brow) thy blood-polluted form,
By double-tongued deceitfulness push'd on
To treason, rued too late on Hippo's strand,
Wrong'd Boniface! whose hasty wrath invoked 140
Stern Genseric, to bring thee lawless aid;
And, after, with the gory flood of life,
In vain victorious on the stones of Rome
Dyed'st thy false rival's spear. Half roused from sleep
He seem'd to hear the vengeful cry, which then 145

* John surnamed the tyrant. Aetius, who was his master of the palace, brought an army of Huns to his aid, but in meantime he had lost his life.

To be that great one, for whom then the world
Look'd in suspense. Then came his first assay
In those red fields of battle, where he won 90
A name, still sounded by the sons of Time
After the lapse of ages. Next arose,
Pictured to fancy's eye, thy glorious camp,
Great Alaric! where long his fervent youth,
Hostage from her who whilom sway'd the world, 95
Abided, wielding the Sarmatian pike,
Or striving with the Hun, to bend his bow
To the barb'd arrow's point. There first he view'd
The glory of the infidel, and learn'd
To scorn degraded Rome. Prophetic hopes 100
Swell'd in his heart. Sprung from united streams
Faithful and pagan, he forethought to sway
Both sceptres, mounting by a Scythian throne
To the Cæsarean purple. With design
Darkling and close, he wound the subtle chains 105
Of friendship, haply surest in rude breasts,
Round many a barbarous heart. Nor did not rise
The circles huge of giant * Hunniwar
Plain to his sense, as when he first abode
In green Pannonia, where the mighty Hun 110
Sat, nine times girded with stupendous walls;
The rites done there in blood, the orgies dire,
Which he had known, and learnt the evil creed
That nestled in his bosom, cover'd deep
By specious show of faith; the gallant hours 115
In jovial forest, or the bloodier sports
Of Ares, spent with Attila, thro' youth

* See Jornandes.

His rival and his comrade; the rich halls
Of John,* who in Ravenna's princely court
Lost life and power usurp'd: while he, too late, 120
Against his country, from Pannonian wilds,
Call'd forth to fell society of arms
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*John surnamed the tyrant. Aetius, who was his master of the palace, brought an army of Huns to his aid, but in meantime he had lost his life.

Had bay'd him in that chamber; once again
To fly, as when outlaw'd from Italy
He sought her foes, the hospitable hearth
Of him who sway'd the sword of Ariman,
And by new treason from that dread retreat 150
Paved fresh the road to power. His spirit saw
Once more the banks of Liger, the saved shrines
Of Orleans, glittering to the noonday sun;
Once more, his latest attribute, the plain
Where Matrona had seen the scourge of heaven 155
Staid by the Goths, what time his secret fraud
Marr'd half the fruit of victory. And now
His cheek was flush'd with fever; the strong pulse
Strove at his heart. He deem'd himself array'd
In purple, brighter than the Tyrian shell 160
Hath ever stain'd; and in his grasp secure
The steel adored by Scythians; while the kings
Of many a nation barbarous, amid
Discordant shouts and various-tongued applause,
Raised him to Cæsar's throne. Sudden he shrank, 165
And from his countenance the wholesome hue
Departed, and a deadly shiver crept
Over his limbs; for on the gorgeous steps,
Which then he clombe, lay headless Stilicho,
Who at Pollentia turn'd to bloody rout 170
That other * child of victory, but struck
Amidst his Hunnish sentries, and, of like
Imaginations frustrate, in like act
Fell headlong; and, beside, another† corse,

* Alaric.

† Eucherius the son of Stilicho, put to death also by Honorius, after the death of his father.

Shun in fresh years, was folding its cold arms 175
Round the patrician's son, and on the crown,
That seem'd within his youthful grasp, was gore,
Gore on the bridal wreath, which o'er his brow
Suspended* hung. Blest! doubly blest! who sleep
The sleep of innocence, and o'er whose couch 180
Protecting angels hover, to ward off
Unholy things and images of ill.
Thus, as the deceiver, crowd around,
A fearful swarm. The man of tented fields
In slumber stirr'd, as if his war-used hand 185
Were seizing for the hilt; but sleep weigh'd down
The inflexible grasp, and impotent
His wrestled with the dreadful phantasy.
It passed, and from his brow the warrior threw
Night's shadows, and, half-rising, seem'd to gaze, 190
As if his wandering mind recall'd not yet,
Whether the fortunes, to his youth foretold,
Were ever then achieved, or by the extreme
Of fate reversed. The demon at his heart,
Ambition, soon brought back the troubled thought 195
Unto its purpose, and cast far behind
The evil issue of that great bad †man,
His antecessor in the slippery path
Now trodden to like goal. His country's weal
Him moved not, or the sack of that fair tract 200
From Mediacus to the woody slope
Of the hoar Apennine. In torpid ease,
Spell-bound by secret policy, reposed

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* The son of Aetius was betrothed to the daughter of the Emperor Valentinian. † Stilicho.

His daring energies, which might have braved
The unbeliever in the open field, 205
Or staid him, in the barren gorges pent
Of those huge obstacles, which nature set
To shroud thy loveliness, thy tempting realms,
Enslaved Ausonia, from the iron blight
Breathed by the North. In vain, for ages still 210
Shall follow ages, and the German's steel
Gather the vintage of thy fertile slopes,
And (hard fore-boding !) his tyrannic might
Smother the germs of freedom, and arrest
Fair Science, with the social trust that man 215
Rests on his fellow; for of all thy sons
There shall not rise one vindicator, one
With truer heart than that patrician, but
Blazon'd like him upon the rolls of fame,
To burst thy chains; and thou must writhe unsaved 220
Beneath the oppressor, till Jehovah's will
Shall lift the ban, which o'er thy freedom throws
A gloom by no illumination cheer'd
But glimpses of the past. With thoughts confused,
And limbs by slumber unrecruited, rose 225
The Master of Rome's armies. Forth he strode
Into the airy peristyle, adorn'd
With many a marble form, colossal busts
Of Latin patriots in the olden time,
And semblances of Grecian heroes, carved 230
In Parian stone. The morning breeze came fresh
Upon his spirit; while, stretching far his sight
Thro' the crepusculous haze, he saw the tents,
Where, by inaction thrall'd, his host reposed,
Having achieved nought worthy his renown. 235

A voice of other ages seem'd to breathe
From those cold statues, which around him told
Of fields once fought for liberty; they bent
Stern and unchangeable on him their brows
Wreathed with no ill-earn'd laurel; and the soul 240
Within him stirr'd, by generous thoughts impell'd,
While his eye rested on the rugged front
Of that famed Spartan chief, who dearly sold
Life for his country, in the narrow glen
Twixt Thessaly and Phocis. Twice he turn'd 245
Towards the portal, and perchance had bid
His bold lieutenants from the bristling camp
Advance the * labarum, and northward pour
His legions, prompt to peril life and fame
Against his country's foe: but twice turn'd back 250
Him to his evil purpose the sly fiend
That whisper'd at his ear. Illusive hopes
Staid him upon that threshold, ne'er again
To pluck victorious bays, or drink the applause
That hail'd him as the bulwark once of Rome. 255
The die of fate was cast; as he turn'd back,
The Genius of his country sigh'd; for soon
All the fair champaign, all the glorious towns
North of Eridanus shall smoking lie:
And, nearer still, † Æmilia and the ‡ March 260
Blaze with the Hun's invasion. He, whose skill
Wielded her force, whose active mind infused
Like ardour in her sons, whose limbs were prompt

* The Christian standard introduced by Constantine.

† The country between Pisa and Bertona traversed by the Æmilian road, also the road from Aquileia to Rimini. ‡ Of Ancona.

For all exertion, patient to endure
Extremes of heat and cold, hunger or thirst, 265
And long successive toil, in those gilt halls
Stays paralyzed by treason; and the hope,
That, cover'd, nestles in his guilty breast,
Shall mar his fortunes. Heart-consuming Vice!
How dost thou from the soul its nutriment, 270
Which should have budded into perfect worth,
Steal unperceived; and, when Time throws aside
Thy specious mantle, leave its sapless age
Denuded of respect! As where in brakes,
That lie deep cradled by Æmodian hills, 275
The dodder, like a baneful serpent, throws
Its coil upon some shrub or vigorous herb,
The lonely glen's best ornament; entwined
Around each limb the parasitic wreath
Diffuses fragrance, and encircles it 280
With glory not its own; while, from each pore
Stealing the healthy sap, creeps slowly on
The sweet contagion, and behind it spreads
Pithless decay. Long musing he decreed
To let the Scythian's unimpeded might 285
Waste northern Italy, till gorged success
Undiscipline his armies; to urge flight
On his luxurious lord, beyond the Alps
Unto Provincia, where fair Arelas
Lords o'er the Rhone: while he, securely camp'd, 290
Before the quaking city waits the acclaim,
Which, in the needful moment, should erelong
Salute him Cæsar; and the snares, then spread,
Which in his haram shall assail the Hun
Smitten by treason. Loud he call'd, and forth 295

Came slaves obsequious, chosen for their gifts
Of several quality from each far clime,
Swart Libyans, and the Persian's sallow hue,
Alans, and Gauls, or from what realm soe'er
Selected. Next his gallant sons drew nigh, 300
Pagan Carpileon, and his other hope
In vain betrothed to the high maid of Rome.
Then messengers and seal'd dispatches, sent
By dark conspirators from every court
Allied or infidel; all insincere, 305
And stored with adulation, treacherous plans,
And tidings false or true. Various their drift,
But one their evil end; each sought to raise
Himself thro' treason, of the public weal
Regardless: heathens, by patrician gold 310
Ensnared: close Arians, plotting the downfall
Of the good pontiff, and thy school impure,
Foul Manes, smarting from the wholesome lash
Sway'd late by hierarchal hands in Rome;
Conflicting sects, all labouring to obtain, 315
Not liberty, but strength to overthrow
Their rivals, and usurp unholy power;
And who for lucre, who for vengeance, sold
Their master to his foe. But chief he scann'd
One letter, penn'd with many a symbol strange 320
By that corrupted * scribe, the treacherous gift
Himself had placed nigh Attila. The Hun
Made way through the murder, basely plann'd
At Byzance by false eunuchs and their † lord,
On whom that treason fix'd a fouler stain 325

* [illegible]

† Theodosius the younger.

Than all the blood of Salonica's babes
Upon his * ruthless sire) constrain'd the slave
By dread of crucifixion, to indite
Unreal rumours, blent with specious truth,
Objecting guile to guile. But not of fraud, 330
To that consummate veteran, the web
Was arduous to unravel; well he knew,
School'd in deceit, to lay no trust on man,
But from the tissue, howe'er deftly wrought,
To draw conclusions just, whereby to shape 335
His stormy way. As he, who sails aloof
Upon the perilous Atlantic, vex'd
By baffling gales, what time his gallant barque
Or on the summit of some dark blue wave
Storm-beaten rides, or plunges into the chasm 340
From that tremendous altitude, and straight
Lies in the trough becalm'd, as if the grave
Had swallow'd her; nathless undaunted sets
His fixt regard upon the starry vault,
And notes the hour, and frequent calculates 345
Distance and bearings, and with skill corrects
The errors of his course. So darkling steer'd
Aëtius, thro' the shoals and fearful blasts
Of his tempestuous time, but never found
That anchorage, secure from every change 350
Of fitful gales, that haven, which the just

* Theodosius the Great, who consigned to death in an angry moment the inhabitants of Salonica to the number of from 8 to 15,000. His subsequent repulse from the cathedral by the bishop of Milan, generally called St. Ambrose, until he had humbled himself in the dust as a penitent, is a refreshing circumstance in the history of a period when public virtues were at a low ebb.

Alone inherit; for the sons of earth,
Who, vex'd with vain disquietude, pursue
Ambition's fatuous light, thro' miry pools
That yawn for their destruction, stray foredoom'd 355
Amid delusive shadows to their end.
That certain hope, which shineth evermore
A beacon to the righteous, over them
Its peaceful radiance never shall diffuse;
And bitterness shall be the bread they chew, 360
While striving to devour the portion, snatch'd
By strong injustice from their fellow-men,
A baneful meal; and their satiety
Shall be a curse, more fatal than the void
Of meagre famine, an unwholesome weight, 365
That haply shall bring dreams beyond the grave
To the charged soul, and phantoms of the things
Which have been on this earth, and which shall be
Hereafter, when the trumpet wakes the dead.

ATTILA.

BOOK NINTH.

Vain life of mortal man! how small the worth
Of all which thy brief span inheriteth,
If thou reclinest on the lap of sloth
Lull'd by luxurious vice; or dragg'st the chain
Of meretricious pleasures, that erelong 5
Pall on the wearied sense! Better to rest
Beneath the honour'd sepulchre, than live
Dead to man's noblest uses, and enthrall'd
By selfish cares, inglorious, unbeloved,
Wasting the gifts, which with no sparing hand 10
To each his Maker gave, and bade him strive
Amid the turmoil of his troublous way,
Not for the crown of sin, the blood-stain'd robe
Which conquest wears; not for the light applause
That veers with every gale. A better prize 15
There is for man, a glory of this world
Well worth the labour of the blessed, won
By arduous deeds of righteousness, that bring
Solace, or wisdom, or the deathless boon
Of holy freedom, to his fellow men, 20
And praise to the Almighty. Such a wreath
Encircled late the patriotic * brow

* Washington.

Of him, who, greater than the kings of earth,
To young Atlantis in an upright cause
Gave strength and liberty, and laid the stone
Whereon shall rise, if so Jehovah will,
An empire mightier than the vast domain
Sway'd once by vicious Cæsars! Such a wreath
Made thee more glorious, memorable Pole,*
In the decrepitude of countless wounds
Borne for thy fallen fatherland, than when
Entire in strength and hope, thou trodd'st the field
Of battle against the false imperatrix!
So fair a crown, unstain'd by blood, awaits
Whoever, with no private aim, sincere
Strive for their country's weal, content to dwell
Beneath the shadow of the good achieved
In calm retirement, on the lap of peace,
Save when their country breathes that holy voice
Which summons all her sons. And not unblest
By thee, eternal Father, be the toil
Of these my quiet hours, wherein I strive
To pluck false honour from the evil brows,
And glorify thy name. Enough for me,
If this my humble verse should turn one heart
To throb for righteousness, to seek those bays
Of glory in this world, which are inwreathed
In the similitude of that perfect crown
Which is not of the earth.

Wo to the land
Which hath no arm to shield her, and no head
To lead her counsels, when the evil days

* Kosciusko

Approach her, and invasion's fiery flood
Is pour'd around. Nigher and nigher Rome
Came the fierce din, the alarm, the smoke roll'd wide
By devastation's blast. Italia's breast 55
Was furrow'd deep with scars, like the proud oak
When smit by fire from heaven. In sensual sloth,
Unheeding of her groans, reclined at ease
Imperial Valentinian; and his mind
Too cowardly to dread the ills, that seem'd 60
Striding toward his porch, shut out the scene
Which to confront he dared not; and drank in
Base adulation from the lips impure
Of slaves and eunuchs, listening to the lute
Amid voluptuous banquets sweetly tuned, 65
Or with the nightly fever of the dice
Smother'd the better thoughts, which in the heart
Will rise perforce, or with adulterous will
Plotted dishonour and domestic shame
To those who fought for him. Is this the man, 70
Whose fame drew Merovëus unto Rome
From Clodion's hardy court, to wield the sword
In mimic fight, and learn how Romans strove?
Is this the brow, round which the laurels twine
First wreathed by warlike Julius? this the hand, 75
That sways the sceptre of stern Romulus?
Where are ye, spirits of the glorious dead!
Mutius, or Cocles, or the virgin strength
Of Clelia, breasting the swift Tiber's flood
Despite the Etruscan! or who died, full-robed 80
Upon your curule chairs, with hoary heads
Unused to bow! Are ye still floating o'er
The mighty mother that inform'd you once?

And have ye vision, to behold her sons
Battening in vice degenerate, what time
Her being is at stake, by strength assail'd
More fearful than Porsena, or the Gaul?
Or, if ye sleep beneath your marble tombs,
Hear ye not, even in the quiet grave,
Her Genius call ye from the realms of night
To burst your bands, and shew how Romans once
Conquer'd or died? One only dared rebuke
The purpled sinner, thine impartial voice,
Unfearing Leo! Yet in vain it pour'd
Bold eloquence, of power to rouse a heart
Not sunk in degradation, to stand firm
Against the painim; him, so lost in vice,
Death only, the just vengeance from her lord
Due to that injured matron, who effaced
Her guiltless shame with suicidal blood,
Shall startle from his dalliance. Round him grew
Close-muttering discontent. The people's voice
Wax'd mutinous; but, deaf to warnings, he
Seem'd to inherit the vile ease, that lull'd
Sardanapalus on the slippery brink
Heedless of fate; but not the proud resolve
That made him nobler in his overthrow,
Than when, reclined within his gilded hall,
He joy'd the banquet, the soft couch of down,
The baneful luxury of sloth, array'd
In kingly pomp. There was a fearful flux
Into old Rome, the helpless, and the fair,
And limbs of strength, that should have dared to die
Resisting for their hearths and country, now
Blent in unseemly flight. Before them went

Haggard Dismay, and in the mingled rout
Came Famine and Disease, while vague Alarm
Scatter'd terrific rumours, that outsped
Each dire event, or gave portentous form
To wild illusions, deadlier than the train 120
Of homicidal war. From the four winds
Onward they hurried, and their desert homes
Left in sepulchral stillness. Each averr'd
The Hun was on his steps, a hideous shape,
Engender'd by a whelp of hellish breed, 125
With fangs inhuman, flesh'd in infant blood,
And visage like a hound. Some said he sat
In bright Ravenna on the kingly throne;
Some knew him camp'd upon the rugged brow
Right over Fæsulæ; and some yestrene 130
Had view'd his dark battalions on the plain
Chafing round Mutina, whose saintlike priest
To veil her from the heathen had drawn down
A shroud of mist from heaven. Some said he held
The champain, which the rich Apulian ploughs, 135
Laden with spoil; or on Calabrian hills
Sent forth his fierce lieutenants. Some obscure
Whisper'd, but knew not wherefore, he was gone
Tow'rds Mambuleium, and his mighty force
Was drawing to a head, where Mincius slow 140
Washes Ardelica. But none had stood
To yield him battle on the plain, or stay
His squadrons pent amongst the mountains; none
Dared to await his elf-begotten host
Clothed in Cimmerian darkness. Then was heard 145
The scoff of the blaspheming multitude
Apostate from Jehovah, in the hour

Of peril, when most needs the shield of faith.
Hearts, which irresolute had halted long
Between Rome's idols and their God, now made 150
Open relapse: and with tumultuous chaunt
Tripudiating, like Salian priests of old,
Men pour'd the Arval * chorus, to appease
Vemarmar, the relentless fiend of war;
And matrons, in the pensile † chariot, bore 155
Things consecrated once with mystic awe
To the great Mother; thro' the startled ways
Resounded once again the trumpet-drum ‡
Of old Cybele; and the Floral rites
Licentious with unchaste processions fill'd 160
The forum, where erelong Rome's vanquisher
Will quell the voice of revelry. It seem'd
As if, let loose from some Æolian den,
The demons of her ancient worship came
U'pon the breathing wind, like harpies, pour'd 165
On every shrine, which had been cleansed erewhile
From their pollution, and all Hell let loose
With hydra heads repullulated. Raised
In maddening gusts the Bacchanalian shout
Gave voice to echoes, which now half an age 170
Had sent Messiah's name in hymns to heaven.
Scared by invasion's terror, zealous Faith
And Chastity were taking wings, to fly
Devoted Rome; the trumpet bray'd to arms,
But none went forth to battle; and her lord 175
Lay banqueting and vile amidst the vile,

* See the very ancient Salic song of the Arval brothers. Comment. Simrod, vol. iii. p. 210. † See Æneid, l. 6.
‡ Tympanum tubam Cybeles. *Catullus.*

Nor heeded her defence, nor heard the tongues
Blaspheming nigh his gate. But not unmark'd
By Leo swell'd the mutinous acclaim
Of that rebellious people, who now clombe 180
The marble steps unto the Capitol
To do unseemly rites. Onward they went
With banners waving o'er forbidden things
And images secreted long, now brought
Forth mid triumphal music, with applause 185
And heedless shouts of praise, to snuff once more
The blood of victims, by misguided zeal
Oft burnt upon their altars. One rehearsed
The words pour'd out erewhile before the throne
By pagan Symmachus, bold advocate 190
For his time-hallow'd * country, when grave doubt
Balanced the scale between Jehovah's law
And Jove's incestuous crew; till them, thus judged,
Cæsar's just edict overthrew, and cast
From their polluted shrines. Nor shall the voice 195
Of that blaspheming multitude, which fain
Would light their holocausts anew, prevail
Against the Almighty. At the deafening shouts
Aroused, the venerable pontiff rose
From meditations deep, whereby to save 200
His country, and uphold the faith. He pass'd
Straight to the Vatican, and there erect
Stood waiting on the sacred steps, which led
Into the house of God, asylum once
Safe against barbarous violence and lust, 205
What time the Gothic conqueror of Rome

* Symmachi oratio pro sacrâ patriâ.

Defiled her streets with victory. Then thus
His arms extending high, "Father!" he cried,
"Forgive them, for they know not what they do!
"But send thine Holy Spirit, to bring home
"These to thy fold, and with confusion strike
"The unbeliever in his orgies dumb,
"Thou great and uncreated Mightiness,
"For Thy name's sake!" They, nothing silenced,
Regardful of the Highest, onward came
Flush'd with impiety: but strong the power
Of righteousness, on which with tainted breath
Foul Calumny has never fix'd a stain,
To stay the senseless and misguided rush
Of Folly, when the gates of sin and death
Are yawning for their victims. The rash throng
Stopp'd dubious and amazed, encountering
Him thus before the vestibule, enrobed
In hierarchal garb, and with firm grasp
The crozier, symbol of his holy charge,
Extending. To the mad confusive rout
Denying ingress and unmoved he stood,
Like that cherubic glory, which forbad
The way to Eden, when deluded man
Fell from the paths of life. An impious cry
Came from the rear; the inebriated crew,
That shouted praise to Bacchus, struggled on
Impatiently; nor lack'd there voices raised
From throats ferocious, with loud calls to slay
The pontiff, and disperse his aged limbs
Amongst the multitude, like him * whilere

* Pentheus.

Kill'd by the savage mother,* who on the hills
Cast his dissever'd members, while her train
Cried, Œvœ! and, enwreathed with ivy, danced
Abominable. Nothing daunted he 240
Spake, and therewith each mutinous sound was still,
Like chaos, when the word of mightiness
Came on the troublous waste. " Me, reckless crowd,
" Me ready, whensoe'er the Almighty wills,
" And due unto the grave, give back to dust! 245
" A martyr joyful, if the blood so spilt
" Would not, like coals of ever-during fire,
" Lie on your heads eternally! But who
" Shall shield you from your Maker? who shall stay
" The arm of the Most High? that sent His flame 250
" To lick the altar by His prophet rear'd
" Vindicative, when the bloody priests of Baal
" From morn till eve had gash'd their flesh in vain
" Shouting unto the idol, for their God
" Lack'd sense to hear the wailing of his crew,
" And judgment, from which no salvation is, 255
" O'ertook them. Smite not these Thy guilty flock,
" Almighty Father! but their erring hearts
" Bend even now to honour Thee! O sons
" Of holy Rome, deluded to your death,
" Cast down the abominations, that provoke 260
" The Lord to be against us! Here I stand
" Alone, God's servant, and I say, accurst
" Are the dumb idols, which your hands defiled
" Exalt in impious triumph; and accurst
" Each tongue, that speaks their praise! O stubborn race!

* Agave.

" Harden'd in folly! have ye quite forgot
" Things not achieved in secret, how the blocks
" Ye worship, which the cunning workman hew'd
" To be your Gods, ejected from their fanes
" Were headlong cast and maim'd, vain images,
" And powerless to help or harm mankind?
" Save that, polluted by their loathsome rites,
" Man draws upon himself destruction. Bow
" The lowly head and bend the suppliant knees,
" Frail children of mortality, to who
" Has power to save and to consume! who sent
" The pagan, His destroying messenger,
" To desecrate this country for our sins,
" And can, whene'er He will, appeased by prayer
" Or touch'd by sufferings, turn away the plague
" From this His people. Join with me in praise
" To Him, who, whether He dispenses joy,
" Or smites us in His wrath, is just and true!
" Righteous and merciful are all His ways,
" And ever is His sure salvation nigh
" To those, who seek not to the arm of flesh,
" But trust in Him. I, even I, unarm'd,
" The weakest of the weak, but strong in faith
" And clad in my Redeemer's righteousness,
" Will meet the Hun; so haply by my tongue
" The word of truth on his benighted mind
" May breathe a gentle calm, and mitigate
" His rage against the just. Frail sons of Rome,
" Kneel low with me! and Thou, accept the prayer
" Of these Thy sinful penitents! We laud
" Thy name, Jehovah! Thou alone art God!
" We are not worthy to approach Thy throne

" With voice of adoration, or with hymns
" Breathed from polluted lips! But Thou art still
" The same, eternal and unchangeable, 300
" Who, robed in mercy, never wilt reject
" Those that in meek repentance turn to Thee!"
He ceased, and therewithal the portals wide
Open'd behind him, and with vocal strain
(Chorus and semichorus, in response 305
Melodiously alternating) advanced
Of white-robed quiristers a holy train
Slow from the house of God, and pour'd forth praise
Hymn'd whilom by diviner lips. " We laud
" Thy name, Jehovah! Thou alone art God! 310
" The earth is Thine, and all that therein is;
" The compass of the world, and they that dwell
" Therein; for Thou hast founded it upon
" The seas, and on the floods prepared it.
" Who shall ascend into Thy holy place? 315
" E'en he that hath clean hands; he shall receive
" Thy blessing.—O ye gates! lift up your heads!
" Be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors
" The King of glory shall come in.—Who is
" The King of glory?—It is the Lord of hosts, 320
" Mighty and strong, the Lord in battle strong;
" And these are they that seek Him! These the sons
" That glorify His name. Be ye lift up
" Ye everlasting doors! and lift your heads,
" Ye gates! The King of glory shall come in!" 325
Thus they with visages ecstatic, fixt
Upon the firmament, whence, mildly pour'd,
The day-spring stream'd on them from heaven, as if
Beaming acceptance; and the fickle crowd,

That came to curse, with alter'd heart and voice 330
Shouted Jehovah! Him in battle strong,
The King of glory, and the Lord of hosts!
While they, who to forbidden orgies clung,
Withdrew abash'd or murmuring; for the word
Was mighty, and in loud symphonious chaunt 335
Messiah's name was wafted to the skies.
The din of turbulence in Rome was lull'd,
And tranquil glanced upon her marble fanes
The parting beam, as, in the Tuscan wave
Far westward, sank the sun's unclouded orb 340
Radiant with gold. Adown that famous hill,
From whence, in after ages, upon kings
Hath fulmined oft the hierarchal ban,
His step as placid, as his brow benign,
Good Leo wins his way. A gentler care 345
Now leads him, where secluded sorrow dwells
Wrapp'd in the veil of holiness. Close barr'd
Against profaner feet, a massive gate
Ready access unto the pontiff yields;
And thro' the quiet corridor he treads 350
Unto a lonely chamber, which hath heard
Erewhile his heartfelt benediction pour'd
Upon repentant sin. There, on a couch
Of no luxurious tissue, weak and wan
The sister of imperial Cæsar lay. 355
Her languid eyes were dim; ambition now
Lit not their changeful glance, or lawless thoughts
By dangerous passion stirr'd. Submission meek
Over her mournful countenance diffused
Calm loveliness, that savour'd less of earth 360
And this world's frail desiring. Slow disease

Had paled her ruby lip, and ever seem'd
Death's angel nigh her couch, ready to cut
Life's slender thread. " Peace to these sacred walls!"
Entering he spoke, " to those, who find therein 365
" A refuge from temptations of the world,
" A haven from tumultuous passions, peace!"
To him with eyes downcast Honoria said;
" Much needs thy blessing, father, and that peace,
" Which the world cannot give or take away, 370
" To soothe the wounded spirit, that has sinn'd
" Against its Maker, and of guilt convinced
" Lies prostrate. How shall it in prayer draw nigh
" Whom nothing, that defileth, may approach?
" Thou art alone amongst the sons of Rome 375
" By evil unpolluted, and the works,
" Thy zeal hath wrought, have placed upon thy brow
" The crown that never fades. O pure of heart,
" And thus accepted at the throne of grace,
" Be thou my intercessor!" " Child of grief, 380
" Thou errest, knowing not the word of truth,"
Replied the pontiff " Easy access there is
" For all who will, unto that gracious seat.
" Thy fellow mortal, under sin alike
" Concluded, I am nothing worth, to stand 385
" Between the guilty, and the outstretch'd arm
" Of his offended Maker. One is pure,
" One only is accepted, and may be
" The Mediator betwixt God and Man,
" E'en He, who dying has borne all our sins, 390
" A mighty sacrifice. Thro' faith in Him
" Made perfect by obedience, such as man
" Can offer, frail of purpose, to his God,

" I am assured of help, whereby to work
" In trembling my salvation; but good works, 395
" Aye, daughter, e'en the brightest that have shone
" Amidst the deeds of men, can profit nought
" Unto salvation, for they lack the power
" To open the strait gate of life, and, soil'd
" By worldly ends, that lurk in the heart's core 400
" Unseen and unsuspected, their best form
" Still savours of offence. Good works shall be
" A glory to the righteous, and Truth says
" That they * shall follow him, and haply deck
" A brighter mansion † in the Father's house 405
" For the accepted; but that door is closed
" Against the proud, who seek to enter in
" Clothed in their righteousness. One only key
" Can win access to everlasting joy,
" The blood of Him that died, and faith must hold 410
" That passport without wavering. To Him,
" Approaching humbly unto mercy's throne,
" I trust my weakness; ever prompt with zeal
" To lead the sheep of mine Almighty Lord
" Unto those pastures, and that living spring, 415
" Which I have tasted. Lady, those green walks
" Amid the desolation of this world
" Are ever fresh, and breathe unfailing health
" Unto the soul. Pleasant they are and safe
" To who, athirst and weary with the toil 420
" Of life's contentious journey, seek repose
" In the bless'd vale of righteousness, where comes
" No scorching noontide with the feverish hum

* Revelation xiv. 13. † John xiv. 2.

" Of passions multiform; calm peace is there
" O'ershadow'd by the might of the Benign, 425
" And nurtured by His word. But to that vale
" One entrance, and thro' One alone, is given."
" Father," resumed the damsel, " my young heart
" Stray'd heedless, in the joyful prime of life
" Amidst a wilderness, where mingling sweets 430
" Rioted in vain luxuriance at their will,
" Quite unrestrain'd by the chastising hand
" Of nice propriety. Pure innocence,
" The jewel, which surpasseth price, I lost,
" Ere I had learnt its value, and reproof 435
" Fell harsh and hateful on mine ear, attuned
" To self-indulgence. The obdurate wrath
" Of mine imperious parent seem'd to breathe
" Not chastity, but pride; and bitter taunts
" From Valentinian, (sunk himself how deep 440
" In loathliest sensuality!) awoke
" No sense of shame within me, born of her
" Who round our youth had spread a vicious lure,
" So to debase her son, and wield herself
" The sceptre of his right. Exiled, outcast 445
" From blithe Ravenna, sever'd from the love
" Then dear unto my heart, though now with shame
" Too late remember'd and repentance vain,
" Amid Byzantine pomp my hopeless years
" Rigid Pulcheria in seclusion held, 450
" And prayer, in her austere devotions pour'd,
" Came bitter to my soul. It brought no balm
" To soothe my griefs; it breathed no healthful charm,
" Like thy consoling voice: but penance drear,
" Cold taunts, and execrated vigils, drove 455

" My heart to desperation, while forlorn
" I thought how my aspiring mother pass'd
" From a barbarian * to a Roman bed.
" The purple was the guerdon of her charms
" Thus sold for power; and, reckless of my God, 460
" (Unknown, or by no eye of saving faith
" Seen dimly) to the dreaded Hun I turn'd,
" As to the renovating source of life,
" Voluptuous joys, and pomp, and surquedry,
" On which my youth had batten'd. Other thoughts 465
" Waked by thy kindlier voice, have made this heart
" Convicted of defilement, and I loathe
" The memory of that which I have been,
" Shame says, which I am still, if guilt
" Be not absolved by sorrow. Is it good, 470
" My father, to be thus afflicted?" " Aye,
" Daughter, thro' sorrow and affliction comes
" Salvation;" answer'd the mild priest of Rome.
" But sorrow purges not the soul of sin
" Without that saving grace, which is from high 475
" Through faith alone. Blessed, thrice blessed, those

* Placidia, daughter of Theodosius the Great, having fallen into the hands of the Goths, was married with great pomp to Adolphus king of the Visigoths. After his murder at Barcelona by the brother of Sarus, she was given up by his successor Wallia to the Roman general Constantius. Constantius received her to marriage as a reward for his services, and was raised to the imperial throne. Valentinian the Third and Honoria were their offspring. Placidia was aunt to Theodosius the younger and Pulcheria, who were the children of her brother Arcadius. Arcadia and Marina, were associated with their sister Pulcheria in the public vow by which their virginity was dedicated to God, but the chastity of Pulcheria, as well as her mother Eudoxia, lies under the heaviest imputations, nor did that of Placidia escape the most disgusting suspicions.

" Who are convinced of guilt! in whom the pride,
" Which this frail world has gender'd, stands rebuked,
" And lowliness of heart throws wide the door
" Unto repentance; by which holy aid 480
" Comes faith with healing, and calm peace, and joy,
" Which shall be there for ever." " Give that faith
" Unto my yearning spirit, good pontiff!" cried
Honoria; " O give that, from which can flow
" Salvation, peace, and joy! I have believed 485
" E'en from my cradle in that holy name,
" Which is redemption to mankind; but peace
" Has shunn'd my ways, and joy, if mine, has been
" Impure and transient. Is my faith not faith,
" Or can the evil soil, on which it falls, 490
" Bear nothing good?" " Faith without works is dead,"
Replied the father; " if it bring not fruit,
" Meekness, obedience, temperance, and love
" First to our God, unbounded, infinite,
" Pure as himself; next to our fellow men, 495
" Chaste, temper'd with discretion, it is not
" A saving faith, but barren; such belief,
" As demons yield to the Almighty power,
" Whom trembling they revere; and wo to those,
" Whoever shall, in after times or now, 500
" Teach man to lean upon that reed, and trust
" To such a hollow and deceptive hope!"
" Ah me!" exclaim'd the penitent, and tears
Fast coursed each other down her pallid cheek;
" Then farewell, hope! farewell, illusions vain! 505
" Which, waked by thy kind voice, had stirr'd my soul
" To apprehension of a happier state,
" Where that, which had been in dishonour sown,

" Might yet be sanctified, and reap'd in joy
" Hereafter. Frail, unblest, sterile of good, 510
" My hours are waning to their close. Stern Death
" Stands at my couch; and O how short the space
" To perfect that, for which the longest life
" Hardly sufficeth!" " Be of good cheer, my child!"
Took up the holy man, and therewithal 515
Raised his right arm to heaven. " Be of good cheer,
" And lift the suppliant hands to the Most High,
" For Christ is all-sufficient! Unto God,
" Who is the First and Last, a thousand years
" Are as a day, and one brief moment worth 520
" The longest life of man; a petty speck
" Upon the roll of unrecorded time
" To who inhabiteth eternity!
" Perdition yawns for the presumptuous soul,
" Which, rioting in evil, shuns the heat 525
" And burthen of the day, thinking to toil
" At that late hour, in which no man can work;
" But one bright beam of light, vouchsafed from high
" Thro' God's own Spirit, to that bruised heart
" Which is athirst for righteousness, can throw 530
" A glory round the grave; and the sure hope,
" That dawns in mercy on the parting soul,
" Is even as the guerdon of the just,
" Who needeth no repentance. O light up
" The mournful eye, and raise the voice with prayer, 535
" Confiding in that name, thro' which alone
" Access for any unto bliss is given!"
He ceased; as when the dull autumnal haze
Admits a transient gleam, ecstatic joy
Shone thro' her tears. " Be glory," she exclaim'd, 540

"Messiah to thy name! be mine in tears,
"In sackcloth, and in ashes, to deplore
"My own unworthiness; and, if thro' Thee
"This mortal frame may from dishonour rise
"Unto celestial bliss, be Thine the praise!" 545
She said, and kneeling kiss'd the holy rood,
That sanctified her cell. The man of God
Upon her pious head stretch'd out his hands
Half tremulous, and pour'd his blessing forth
In gentle accents, fraught with holy love, 550
That fell upon her spirit, like the dew
Of evening on the parch'd and weeping herb.
Then forth he went to weightier cares, prepared
For that high charge, which with amazement strange
Shall strike the unbeliever, and turn back 555
The scourge of the Almighty wrath from Rome.

ATTILA.

BOOK TENTH.

North of the seven-mouth'd flood, that drinks thy stream,
Slow Mincius, where the foot that journies on
At Acroventus treads thy shallow wave,
Were gather'd to one head the ruthless bands
Which had o'erwhelm'd Ausonia, and the clang 5
Of multifarious arms and heathen war
Rang even to the welkin. There encamp'd
Lay Attila's great host, with hungry wish
Foretasting Latium's plunder, at his word
Prepared to o'erpass Eridanus, and smite 10
Sore humbled Rome. That memorable hour
Was pregnant with the fortunes of mankind.
From heaven's cerulean cope God's angel look'd
Upon the gathering of nations, leagued
With evil Powers, that revell'd in the pride 15
Of dangerous knowledge, soon to reap dismay.
He saw, where swarm'd on the crystalline heights
Of Jura, and the Alp's huge solitudes,
All that of spirituous nature fell
With the Archfiend, precipitate from high; 20
Sylphids, and gnomes, and shadowy forms that flit
Across the moonlight, and the haughtier shapes

Of evil angels, thrones, dominions, powers,
With all the phantom train of viewless things
That do his hateful bidding. Now, elate 25
With triumph of anticipated sway,
They cluster on the peaks, where human tread
Comes not, or voice of man. A fearful sound
Of exultation from the misty height
Bursts, like the thunder of the rifted ice, 30
Which rolls from glen to glen, and echoed far
Strikes the aërial pinnacles. Nor sounds
Alone of dreadful portent, and the voice
Of the destroyer, cheer'd the pagan host;
But many a meteor, flaming in mid air, 35
Career'd above them; with portentous light
A comet,* like that once o'er Salem seen,
Up to the pole from the horizon blazed,
And all the north, with nightly radiance lit,
Glow'd fiery, as if Phlegethon, let loose 40
From the abyss, with its sulphureous surge
Lash'd heaven, and Orcus were outpour'd on earth.
The angel look'd to Rome, and those gilt halls,
Where slumber'd heartless Valentinian, lord
Of Rome's declining destinies, begirt 45
With feeble eunuchs and the timid pomp
Of minions, in whose veins no honest blood
Throbb'd for their country. The luxurious court
Batten'd on sensuality, secure

* In the second year of the Emperor Marcian, when Attila invaded Gaul, signs appeared in the heavens from the North, the sky at evening became fiery red with an intermixture of bright lights, the moon was eclipsed, and a comet appeared. Laziard. Epit. Hist. Univ. fol. CV. See Idatius, &c.

Of that Almighty scourge, which over head 50
Hung even then suspended; and what arm,
Save His who gave it license to destroy,
Correcting whom He loves, and for wise ends
Thinning His guilty flock, shall stay its force!
Not Merovëus, not Tolosa's king, 55
Not double-tongued Aëtius, now shall turn
War's torrent, or delay the whelming flood.
O for a blast, like that which whilom scared
Assyria's boastful captain, from the skirts
Of shadowy Carmel to his native land! 60
O for the trumpet, which shall rouse the dead,
To break thy slumbers, Rome, and bid thee gird
The armour of thy God, the breastplate pure
Of righteousness, and wield the shield of faith,
Wherewith thou may'st repel the fiery darts 65
Of thine invader! from thy famous walls,
Which lorded o'er the earth, the warders now
Look northward blanch'd with terror; and the arm
Of fleshly power, wherein thou didst excel,
Fails thee at need. No host in iron clad, 70
No hearts like those, which for thine altars bled
At Cannæ or red Thrasymene, now stand
Before thy ramparts. Thou must sue to him,
Whose barbarous battle is about thee, sprung
From bleak Imaus, thy predestined scourge. 75
The Angel gazed with ruth, and from on high
Pour'd radiance, such as falls at dewy eve
From the departing day, into the breast
Of Leo, shepherd of the trembling flock,
Confirming his calm heart with trust in God, 80
And faith that can move mountains. With slow pace

Descending from the * Vatican, first paid
Thanksgiving due and praise to the Most High,
Upon the gilded car Rome's legates go
With other mien, than on triumphal wheels 85
Who clombe while-ere the hill Capitoline,
Dragging the pomp of chained kings, and spoils
From far Aurora or the burning South
Torn by unconquer'd arms. The sumptuous train
That follow, bring barbaric silks and gold, 90
The meed of conquest once, but now the price
To win precarious respite, and appease
An unresisted foe. The branch of peace
Precedes them, and the voice of holy song.
Strong, beside frighted Mincius, in his camp 95
Sat Attila enthroned. Around him stood
A hundred kings. Their hands were on the hilt,
Their spirit blythe with expectation. He,
Wisely forecasting, unto each address'd
His several mandates, and at dawning bade 100
The universal host in proud array
Muster its battle. Haughty was their vaunt
To overthrow the seven-throned queen; affiance firm
In their terrific lord assured each heart;
For who hath stood before him, of the kings 105
Between Jaxartes and Germanic Rhine?
Not Hermanric, whose Gothic empire stretch'd
From Pontus to the Baltic; not the khan
Of Avars, or those pastoral tribes that dwelt

* The first church on the Vatican was built and dedicated to St. Peter by Constantine, and said to be on the site of the tomb of St. Peter, buried there by St. Anacletus. Constantine also built the basilicon. See Bonanni Numism. templ. Vat. 1715. p. 9.

By Volga and the banks which Tanais laves, 110
In snowy tents around their Alan king,
Gelon or painted Agathyrsian chiefs;
Not Waldemar the Russ, whose confines reach'd
The Hyperboreans and bleak realms of frost;
Not Gundioc, lord of Nibelungian gold; 115
Not proud Osantrix, with his vassal kings,
Danish Aspilian, and who else, of mould
Gigantic, at his summons march'd to death,
Smit by the mighty Hun. They * have each bow'd
Unto his bidding, and the iron sword 120
Of Scythia has cast down their hearths and Gods
Imbecile for salvation; but Thine arm,
Jehovah! the blasphemer's empty boast
Shall bring to nought, and with resistless power
Turn back the foaming bridles of the Hun, 125
The way whereby he came; that all may know
Thee for their God, and Thy faith stand secure,
The rock of ages, on which beat in vain
Man's malice, or the fiercer hate of fiends.
A sound of solemn notes far floating came 130
On that unhallow'd council, as it stood
Debating war; and mild the south-wind brought
The melody sublime of holy song,
Symphonious voices, and pacific praise.
Then wound in view the many-colour'd pomp 135
Of Rome's legation, by the limpid stream
Of Mincius, glittering to the noonday sun
With scarlet and with gold. Bright tissues, wrought
With precious skill, ebon, and ivory,

* See the Scandinavian Sagas.

And moulded shapes of massive gold, display'd 140
An abject empire's tribute, with full chests
Of money'd ore, stamp'd with the laurel'd brow
Of Rome's degenerate emperors. Arrived,
Denial harsh and stern rejection waits
Her embassy. Hard task, and long, to win 145
Admission to the wilful monarch's court,
And license e'en to sue. With haughty eye
He scann'd the tribute, and a milder gleam
Pass'd o'er his rugged brow. With alter'd mien
He sign'd Orestes, ever on his beck 150
Watchful attendant, and with voice abrupt
Bade the scorn'd Romans enter. Foremost came
Sage Avienus, whose red trabea told
Of honours consular, in time foregone
Worn nobly, and whose head was blanch'd by age. 155
Next brave Trigetius with unyielding brow,
Pretorian prefect; and, in order last,
Not least in worth and honour, Leo stept
With mournful aspect, but serene, and firm,
Strong in the hope that fails not. Them the king 160
Imperious thus bespoke. "Romans, ye bring
"Vain tribute, rendering to me mine own,
"A niggard portion to whom all belongs,
"All that Italia, from the sunny point
"Of Sirmio to far Tarentum, all 165
"That Rome holds now, or held in pride of sway
"When she was first amongst the nations. Yet
"A few short days, and on her hills this sword
"Shall stand erect and bare. Our solemn rites
"There shall we do, and the dread cauldron's brim 170
"Shall froth with Christian blood, an eucharist

" To the Terrific." Stern he spoke; to him
Bland Avienus meekly made reply:
" Great son of Mundiuc, thy renown is spread
" From rosy-curtain'd Orient, to the waves 175
" Where Hesperus on dewy couch receives
" The sun's last radiance. Thou hast made the arms
" Of these, thy warlike countrymen, a dread
" To nations, and bright victory, where'er
" Thou turn'st, precedes thee. If the cherish'd name 180
" Of fatherland is sweeter to thine ears,
" Than music, or the fall of waters heard
" In the calm hour of moonlight; if the voice,
" Which glory speaks unto thine inmost thoughts,
" Be like a deathless aspiration, sent 185
" From other spheres, O king, revere the prayers
" Breathed for our native land, the thoughts that burn
" Within a Roman's bosom! Rome hath stood,
" The mighty, and the fortunate, long years
" Triumphal; and the day has been, when none 190
" Dared stand against her, of the brave, whom Mars
" Sent forth to war. There are undaunted powers
" Around her still, and o'er her giant walls
" The immortal Genius spreads his guardian wings.
" Say, thou succeedest, and thine iron force 195
" Throw down her fanes, and o'er her glories fling
" The bleeding shame of conquest! what renown,
" What profit to have made the fairest realm,
" That ever on this goodly earth held sway,
" A desolation and a name gone by? 200
" Far other be thy boast, great king of men,
" To found, as thou hast done, an empire stretch'd
" From Sericana unto Gaul along

" Majestic Danau, to bestride the north
" With unresisted arms, revered as God, 205
" Where'er the song of Druid or of Scald
" Amid gigantic stones and darksome groves
" Pours forth mysterious praise. Bring hardy tribes
" Beneath thy banner, men inured to toil,
" Who have no page of story, but shall hail 210
" Their bondage, and from thy dominion date
" The dawn of fame. Be distant Thule thine,
" Codanian shores, and that Hesperian isle
" Ierne, greener than the western wave,
" And Britain, stretching far her sea-beat cliffs 215
" Secluded from the world. Untrodden fields
" Of glory call thee, where rich Acheron rolls
" A golden flood, and Arimaspus trains
" His one-eyed host to Hyperborean war.
" Greece and Italia seek thy friendship, not 220
" Corrivals, but in firm alliance knit
" With thee, unequall'd monarch of the north,
" Giving and taking aid; if aid to those
" Be needful, who with triple strength array'd
" From all invasion are secure and free, 225
" Thus leagued in peace. But fickle is the wheel,
" On which imperial Fortune wins her way;
" And, great howe'er thy might, reverses strange
" Are oft the portion of mortality.
" Say, thou succeedest, from Rome's ashes still 230
" May an avenger spring, an arm like that
" Which slew immortal Cæsar; but, unharm'd
" If she resist thy blows, the one prize miss'd,
" More shall obscure thy fame, than thousand thrones
" Of captive kings have brighten'd it. Tread not 235

" Beneath the brazen-footed might of war
" The extended olive, nor, victorious chief,
" Reject thy suppliants! So may fortune still
" Smile on thee, and thy bow * abide in strength."
The Roman paused; for the irascent Hun 240
Knit his fierce brows, and o'er his visage came
The dog-like sneer, which furrow'd it, whene'er
Mercy forsook his breast. " Cease, babbler, cease!"
He cried, and rising with his iron heel
He smote the ground. " Fly with wing'd speed to Rome,
" Lest haply I outstrip thy laggard march,
" And thou, first offering, bedew the sword
" With thy life's blood. Bid the vain Cæsar joy
" Three nights of ease, three days of feasting, ere
" His gore asperse the pyre, and his lopt arm 250
" Be cast unto the winds." To him unscared
Trigetius made reply. " We stand, great king,
" Before thy presence with the badge of peace,
" Hallow'd by use of unremember'd years
" Among the sons of war, and all thy threats 255
" Go by innocuous. If Heaven wills our fall,
" It were not for the fame of Rome, to shun
" The appointed issue. She has hearts, that pant
" To perish for her weal; hands resolute,
" As his that whilom, in the sacred flame 260
" Extended, shew'd how Romans can endure;
" Youth has she, ardent as young Scipio's; age,
" As prompt to meet its doom, as they who sat
" With hoary locks and senatorial robe
" Awaiting death in silence, when the Gaul 265

* Genesis xlix. 24

" Brief glory gain'd, which soon he rued in blood;
" And she has altars, dearer than the shrines
" For which our fathers bled, a mightier name
" Than that which clothed in sacrificial pomp
" Her pontiffs dared not whisper, even thy name, 270
" Messiah! for whose faith they blessed are
" That, dying, gain a crown which evermore
" Shall shine upon their foreheads. Nothing loth
" We to our hearths return, and whet the sword
" For the arbitrement of life or death; 275
" And, if Jehovah wills, that glorious Rome
" Be mingled with the dust, and his own house
" Become abominable, we shall fall,
" As He ordains, rejoicing; and our blood,
" Sold to the pagan at no humble cost, 280
" Shall sanctify her ruin!" At those high words
Flush'd with indignant heat, the vengeful king
Strode forwards, and e'en then unbridled rage
Had cut all parley short, and bade the trump
Out-breathe defiance, never blown in vain, 285
The warning sure of blood; but stately stept
Before him Leo; his resplendent brow
Beam'd with no earthly majesty, as, clad
In his pontifical robe, with palm out-spread,
He stood opposed to the destroyer's wrath; 290
And thus, " Stay, impious!" he exclaim'd, " the blood
" Spilt by thy fury reeks e'en now to heaven,
" And judgment is upon thee. Against whom
" Hast thou thyself exalted? whom reproach'd,
" Blaspheming the Most High. Therefore His arm 295
" Who smote with loathsome death the impious king*

* Antiochus Epiphanes.

" In vain self-magnified; His arm who sent
" Upon Sennacherib * the fatal curse
" Angelic, pour'd at midnight on his host,
" And scared him from his lofty vaunt, to fall 300
" By parricidal treason in the house
" Of his foul God; His arm who to the dust
" Bow'd the triumphant Goth,† and in few months
" Wiped out the boast of victory, and laid
" Him in that lowly house, where great and small 305
" Lie mingled; thee to thine opprobrious home
" Shall turn from hence confounded, and bring low
" The throne, which thou hast stablished by sin."
The pontiff ceased; awe-struck the monarch paused,
And held his speech; for round the man of God, 310
Who spoke, unconscious of the majesty
Wherewith heaven clothed his brow, celestial light
Stream'd downward, and upon his right and left
Two forms, to Attila alone reveal'd,
With venerable port and hoary brows, 315
Larger than living, and more glorious, stood.
There was no voice, but close before the king
Martyr'd ‡ Barjona seem'd with splendour robed,
And he § of Tarsus, his vindictive arm
Extending; as when whilom he rebuked 320
The sorcerer in Paphos, and dried up
His fount of light, he turn'd his stern aspect
To that unhallow'd army, which stood nigh
Confiding, and with proud impatience chafed.
The king shrank back appall'd. A sound ensued 325
As of an earthquake, when the mutinous winds,

* Isai. xxxvii. † Marc. ‡ St. Peter. § St. Paul.

Imprison'd under-ground, thro' some vast rent
Strive viewless, shaking its distemper'd frame;
The sullen murmur of ten thousand fiends
Roused from their lair. As on Sarmatia's plain, 330
Or where Viadrus thro' the level glebe
Rolls fruitfulness, if some belated swain
At dead of night invades the winged herd
Of Hyperborean fowls,* that crop unseen
The verdant blade, upon his startled ear 335
Stupendous rises the confusive rush
Of thousand mingling pinions, which at once,
As gender'd from the womb of darkness, smite
The pathless ways of air; so rose the sound
Of countless fiends departing, that aloof 340
Follow'd the Archfiend, as some nocturnal haze
Drawn hill-ward by the Sun; the rustling flight
Of Powers and dark Dominions, that forsook
Him smitten in his pride by holy fear,
And fallen; for his hour of short-lived might 345
Was past e'en then, and the Lord's right-hand bared
O'er the condemn'd. The fiery-footed plague
From His consuming angel had gone forth,
And the Huns fell by thousands. Languid droops
The arm of vigour; the scorch'd brows are tense 350
With fever, and the eyes start, red like coals
Of glowing fire. Fierce thirst assails the frame,
Delirious fears, and vague solicitude;
And the ears ring, and nostrils spout with blood,
While ulcers creep o'er the discolour'd flesh, 355

* A person who has never disturbed a large flock of wild geese in the dark, can scarcely conceive the sound of their rising suddenly close to him.

And, sent from heaven, corruption goes before
The work of death. Or by Benacus clear,
Or by the limpid wave of Mincius, stretch'd,
They lie, commingled on the flowery turf,
Now stain'd and foul, whence fresh yestrene the air 360
Balsamic sweetness brought. The trumpet's bray,
The clarion, the deep cymbal's stirring clang,
Shall sound in vain for them. Ne'er shall they quaff
The Latian vintage, nor with gleamy arms
Assail the Roman battlements, nor chase 365
Nigh Tiber's yellow sands the flying nymphs,
War's beauteous prize. In lingering pangs they lie
Smit by the Almighty. No bold minister,
Like Phinehas, by zeal * arrests the plague;
No saint with odoriferous censer stands 370
Between the dead and dying,† to the Lord
Making atonement. Their stern monarch views
The loathsome desolation thin his host,
As crackling flames by arid Eurus fann'd
Thro' the parch'd forest run, involving wide 375
The shadowy haunts of Faun, and pastures sere,
Till the scared peasant mourns his golden crop
Wrapt in devouring fire. With bitter taunt
He bids Rome's embassy depart unscathed,
Conceding peace; and, fain to turn his march 380
Once more unto Pannonia, redemands
Honoria's person, haughtily withheld,
And her rich share of empire. Else, he swore,
By the twin steeds of homicidal Mars,
At spring's first call to wreak on helpless Rome 385

* Numbers xxv. 11. † Numbers xvi. 48.

Vengeance delay'd, and from her ashes tear
His bride denied in vain. So ran his vaunt,
Lip-valorous, and empty breath of air;
But deep into his bosom sunk the curse
Of the old man apostolic; he recall'd 390
To his aboding thoughts fall'n Radagais,
And greater him, who pour'd his Getic force
On trampled Rome, but, ere a few short moons,
Shorn of his honours lay beneath the bed
Of Busentinus, with funereal pomp 395
Placed in the narrow tenement of death.
Nor came not o'er his mind presages dark
Touching his compact, and the menaced hate
Of Him terrific, in whose glory clothed
He had defied the Holiest, and now 400
Naked must stand before Jehovah's wrath,
Abandon'd by the Powers, which ever fail
Deluded man, and revel in his loss.
With different mien, and voice of grateful praise,
Assembled crowds on the Quirinal saw 405
Leo returning. Swifter than his course,
Fame many-tongued had travell'd; the glad throng
Bestrew his way with flowers; mid pious song
And hallelujahs to the house of God
They lead him, while the city rings with joy. 410
Due prayer and formal thanksgiving first paid,
His heart's abundance thus to the Most High
Good Leo pour'd. " Not unto us, O Lord,
" Not unto us, but to Thine arm alone,
" Ascribe we might and power. Except Thou keep'st 415
" The city, shadow'd by Thy glorious wing,
" The watcher wakes in vain. From Thee alone

" Proceeds deliverance; Thou hast turn'd aside
" The blood-red Mars of Scythia! All his threats
" To lash the faithful, and to desecrate 420
" Thy shrine with guiltless blood, are like the dust
" Scatter'd before the whirlwind. Thou didst look
" In glory from the windows of thy wrath,
" And he was dumb. Thy plague, a fiery scourge,
" Is sharper than the sword; sent forth by Thee 425
" On the destroyer, in his ruthless pride,
" Like flax, it hath consumed him, and like straw
" Before the flames. But Thou art still unchanged
" For ever and unchangeable, the Lord
" Who from the empyreal chambers of the heaven 430
" Rain'd flaming brimstone on Gomorrah; who
" With the loud trumpet's blast and sounding horn
" O'erthrew the towers of Jericho; who wrote
" The blazing legend of her fate, denounced
" That night on Babylon, and gave away 435
" Her kingdom ere the day-break; but Thine arm
" Is strong to save, as mighty to destroy.
" Thy faithfulness a sword and buckler is
" To those who fear thy word; and Thou shalt guard
" This city, to save it; for he shall not cast 440
" A bank * against it, nor an arrow shoot,
" Nor come before it with the shield and spear,
" For Thou art our defence; and, as Thy wrath
" On evil † Arius, who Thine erring flock
" Led devious, sent the first betrayer's fate, 445
" So, Lord, upon the man of Sin, who rears

* Isaiah xxxvii. 33

† The Catholics asserted that Arius died by the gushing out of his entrails in consequence of a fall.

" The thing accurst, and names himself Thy scourge
" Blaspheming, be Thine indignation pour'd!
" O let him fall unhonour'd! Be there none
" To say, 'Ah * Lord! or, Ah his glory!' None, 450
" Of all his power hath rear'd, or guilty love
" Embraced with arms incestuous, to assuage
" By piteous tears the hour of his dismay!
" And pass his throne! like the unwholesome mist
" Dispell'd by morning's ray; no son of his 455
" Inheriting, what prowess misapplied,
" And wisdom, judged in its offensive fruits,
" Have girded on his brow; a baneful crown
" Which shall consume the forehead it adorns."
Not without God so sang the holy man. 460

* Jeremiah xxii. 18.

ATTILA.

BOOK ELEVENTH.

UNSATED from the vales, where half his host
Lay struck by the Destroyer, to his home
Turn'd the fierce Hun. In glorious pomp display'd
Before him plunder, heap'd on plunder, goes;
The gifts of humbled Cæsar, and the spoils 5
Torn from a hundred towns; some from thy domes
Beside the azure Hadriatic wave,
Royal Ravenna; some from Brixian fanes,
Or Mediolanum's palaces and * mint
That rivall'd Rome; some from Concordia's wreck, 10
Ateste, or Verona,† which had seen
Strange gladiators, and no mimic war
On their blood-gorged arena, to the clang
Of pagan triumph and discordant shouts,
Glittering with hostile arms; from all the plain 15
Unto Cremona, and the marsh-bound walls

* Palatinæ aræ opulentæque moneta. — Ausonius.

† See the engraving of the magnificent amphitheatre of Verona in Onufrius Panvinius Antiq. Veron. It was built by the orders of Aug. Cæsar without the town, and overthrown by earthquakes in 1117 and 1183.

inding Mincius laves. Receding slow
ers of Ausonia win their way.
etian Alps are climb'd; with proud survey
ı looks Northward, where before him lies 20
:us, watering with his hill-born flood
ıdelicia. Hot, impetuous,
ına moved beneath his stately freight,
touch'd not earth. The rugged rocks
around, and many a time-scathed pine 25
o'er the mountain pass. Sudden he stopp'd
tten and aghast, like that famed horse
ɔy the Goddess fury-form'd
une borne, and stall'd by † Nereids,
ll before him, on the listed course, 30
‡ Apollo held the Gorgon head
. from Erebus. Erect he rear'd,
n his flowing mane threw flakes of fire,
· lit his eyes; for in his path
ı § of terrific stature, arm'd 35
point, bestrode a coal-black steed,
ı above her head a glittering lance
nsverse; like those bright unearthly forms,
een by Arctic warriors at their close
ıd glory, from the bloody field 40
e doom'd. A look of sad presage

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ausanias and Hesychius. Ceres, disguised as a fury, con-
horse Arion to Neptune.—*Pausanias.*
um stabulis nutritus Arion.—*Claud. Cons.* 4. *Honor.* v. 556.
atius Theb. lib. 6. Apollo held the Gorgon head before
enable Cycnus to win the race. Arion threw fire from his
tilas manifestus Arion Igne jubæ.

§ See Callimachus Expericus, Hist. Attil.

She bent upon the king, and waved her hand
All gauntleted with steel, and, pointing South,
" Back, Attila!" she cried, " back! back!" but he
Imperious frown'd, and with his iron heel 45
Urged onwards that indomitable steed
Constrain'd unto his will. Wildly the horse
Sprang forwards, and beside the spectre fell
Stretch'd on his mighty flank, as if at once
Struck by death's angel. From his seat the Hun 50
Vaulted unharm'd. With sorrow he survey'd
The comrade of his glorious perils, thus
Foredone amid his toils; then turn'd his brow
Lowering and stern to that portentous shape.
" Herald of evil, I await my time," 55
He said; but, as he spoke, upon his ear
Sounds came from far of fleeter hoofs, than e'er
To giant * Zephyrus Harpuia bore,
And the fierce neighing of unbridled steeds;
And shadows flitted by, as when the wrack 60
Scuds fast before the wind; whereat from earth
Sprang Grana, and, as wont, whenever bray'd
The trumpet's clang for battle, or the call
Of huntsman sounded in Pannonian wilds,
Toss'd high his mane, and neigh'd, and snorting flung 65
His heels aloft; then, bounding, made escape
With that ill-ominous phantom to the depths
Of lemure-haunted Hartz; and with him went
The fortunes of him fear'd above mankind.
Fame saith, in that dark forest he abides, 70

* Zephyrus gigantos aura. Æschyl. Agam. v. 702. Quintus Calaber says that Harpuia bore the horse Arion to Zephyrus, lib. 4.

d, riderless, seen dimly oft
› affrighted hind, with headlong course
g o'er all obstruction, while resounds
htly horn, with voices, not of men,
ıintly on the breeze, and o'er the waste 75
kering lights are seen, and evil fires.
and mute the king of nations saw
ser fade in distance; but not less
ney'd home, nor turn'd aside, nor staid
ch o'er hill and plain, until he reach'd 80
ling belts stupendous, that enclosed
;hty space behind Sicambria's strength
the skirts of Krapac. There long time
he inmost ring, Avar and Hun
ooty, ravish'd from a thousand realms, 85
intrusion safe: till he,* who smote
on and the Lombard, round his brow
the iron diadem, o'erthrew
d defences, and with lavish hand
d amid his peers the hoarded spoil 90
ı world. Champaign,† and wood, and hill,
cumvallated by massive walls
ellous contexture, with strong trunks
ı double row, and all within
:e was fill'd with ponderous stones and chalk, 95
ıces wide, seven high. Close brazen doors
ngression, and with careful gaze
ıtch and ward look'd ever night and day
ɔur winds. The vast circumference stretch'd

* Charlemain.

e account of Notgerus, the monk of St. Gall, written in the ırlemain. See Hist. treat. § 33.

Thrice fifty leagues, embracing all that lies 100
Twixt Mora and Tibiscus, glens obscure,
Or furrow'd glebe, hamlets, and pastures green,
From stately Danau to the arduous steeps
Where Krapac frowns. Nine walls the inner space
Concentric shielded, and, with equal front 105
At various distances enclosing each
Contracted bounds, presented to the foe
Like obstacle. Within, ways intricate
Extended labyrinthine, to misguide
The invader, and the entering in, when made, 110
Was perilous, as hard to make. Between,
Hamlets at equal intervals arose,
From whence the voice, across the wide expanse
Repeated often by the brazen trump,
From warder pass'd to warder, and was sent 115
From wall to wall; outstripping mortal speed
The rumour journey'd from the far confines
Unto the centre; where, like that huge pile
Raised in Sennaar, and seven times girt with walls
Cyclopean, seat of Enyalius old, 120
The throne, the altar, and mysterious grove
Appear, and midmost stands the Armipotent.
The king of nations, in his fenced house
Built with gigantic trunks of gnarled oak
In sylvan architecture framed, with frieze, 125
And pointed arch adorn'd, and clustering shafts,
Abode hard by; like the biformed son
Of that Minoian* matron, once in Crete
Too famous, and condemn'd to live in song:

* Pasiphae, mother of the Minotaur

Or old Deïoces,* who unapproach'd 130
Reign'd in Ecbatana, where sevenfold walls
Secluded him, with various hues distinct,
A mighty girdle of successive strength
Loftier within. The king of men retired
In that strong hold, enormous Hunniwar, 135
Held festive merriment. His avid gaze
Had cast erewhile upon Mycoltha's form
Evil desires, from which the virgin eye
Shrank bashfully, and dark aboding dread
Of his imperious love, more fear'd than hate, 140
Alarm'd her; for her secret vows were all
To bright Andages given, endear'd in vain
By chaste communion of thoughts interchanged
In close accordance. The terrific mien
Of the great king, nor less his bloody creed 145
Appall'd her heart, which inwardly was turn'd
Unto Jehovah. With persuasion bland
Long to Andages had her gentle speech
Unfolded truth, by her initiate mind
Seen dimly, and that gracious spell had won 150
Barbarian valour to the righteous faith
Stored in her breast. They in some green recess
Amid sequester'd wilds, oft held discourse
Of the heart's wishes, the vague hopes and fears
Which make the course of love run never smooth; 155
Or with imperfect knowledge raised their thoughts

* Herodotus states that Ecbatana was a conical town, built with seven concentric walls, of seven distinct colours, each inner wall being more elevated than the one immediately without. In the highest and inmost ring resided Deïoces king of the Medes, secluding himself from the eyes of his subjects.

To mild Lucilia's * God, and that sure help
Wherein she trusted, able to exalt
In death the mourner to undying joy.
But brief their dream of happiness, cut short 160
By Attila's fierce wooing. His desires
Blazed forth impetuous and unstaid; the day,
Misnamed of bridal rites, which should consign
To his libidinous couch that loveliest flower
Pluck'd by tyrannic force, as soon as will'd 165
With joyous proclamation to the host
Was bruited loud; nor Bactria's king denied
Paternal acquiescence. The acclaim,
Blithesome and loud, o'er young Mycoltha's ear
Came frightful; like the warning voice of death, 170
To her it heralded despair; to him
Vain hopes, by short enjoyment to requite
Pride sorely foil'd. As who upon the wave
Sail'd with delight, while soft and balmy airs
Lull'd the tumultuous waters, and anon 175
At midnight startled from unheeding rest
See the hull glow red hot, and crackling flames
With wreathed volume climb the sheeted mast
Fierce and unquenchable, from that terror spring
Death-doom'd into the gulph; thus unto these, 180
From youth's fond dream to agony aroused,
One slender hope, as little worth, remain'd,
Flight to the Christian. Nor to them unknown
The fame of Cyprianus, and the tale
Of Cameracum's lovely one, † entomb'd 185
Near Savus by his cell. Thither they plot

* See Book Third, v. 400. † See Book Sixth, v. 798.

Escape, and in the still ambrosial eve
Pass thro' the inmost fence on Scythian steeds
Of swiftest hoof; and well behoves them speed,
Upon whose steps ere morning may resound 190
Pursuit relentless as death's angel. Glens
Darksome and perilous, with winding ways
Entangled oft and issueless, oft revolved
Into themselves, obstruction to their flight
Opposed not. Every labyrinthine pass 195
To them by use was manifest and plain.
But long the distance, many a league aloof
Unto the furthest bourne, to who direct
Should journey thro' the maze; and hard to ply
That course ere morn. The tints of ruddy gold, 200
Which glow'd upon the firmament, had long
Bewray'd night's secrets, and the unclouded sun
Climbing the vault of heaven rode gloriously,
Ere the eighth brazen door was left behind.
Fear gave them wings, and tremulous hope their flight 205
Urged onwards. Listening still with dread intense
They start at every sound, and fancy oft
On the unbroken stillness of the air
The fatal larum brings. At length there came
A rumour with the breeze; first indistinct, 210
It grew upon the ear, till plain and loud
The inflated trumpet's voice articulate
Gave warning. Over every glade remote,
North, South, and East, and West, with one accord
The simultaneous blast flew diverse, sent 215
From hamlet unto hamlet, till it reach'd
The huge circumference, where far aloof
At one same instant, on the outer belt,

Each warder hears the interdicted names
Blown by sonorous metal; and what hope 220
To scape or lie unseen, where each lone vale
And thicket hath a tongue. Aghast they stand,
As he, who in some glen, where raging flows
The rock-imbedded river, swell'd by streams
From every wooded gill, whose steeps indent 225
The mountain sloping from its heathy waste,
Hears the stupendous thunder, which rebounds
From knoll to knoll, unto the fountain's head
Reverberated, with appalling din
Successive and unceasing, like the roar 230
Of thousand culverins, that vomit death
Alternating their bolts of vollied fire:
Nor more terrific was the voice of God
To our first parents, in the bloomy shades
Of Eden, when they veil'd their naked forms 235
From that all-seeing eye, to which are plain
The hidden things of darkness. Fain would these
In shadiest coppice from pursuit conceal'd
Lurk until dewy eve, with fruitless hope
To scale the high defences unespied. 240
As oft, in tangled forests, by the bank
Of Albis * from Hercynian mountains sprung,
Or strong Viadrus, who outpours his flood
Within the Cimbric Chersonese, the stag,
Close harbour'd in the brake, has heard the chace 245
Wind down some woody hill with hound and horn;
So boding the event, which must unknit
For ever the corporeal ties, that bind

* Albis, the Elbe. Viadrus, the Oder.

Their spirits to each other, on their track
Nearer and nearer, in the secret wild, 250
Herulians, and the heavier tread of Huns,
Hopeless of aid they hear. As if in death
To be united, for the glowing thoughts
Of life and bliss shrank back into their souls,
Close lock'd by the encircling arm they stand 255
With ear and vision rivetted. That cheek,
On which the virgin blush is blanch'd by dread,
Has touch'd the cheek of her beloved. That form,
Inwreathed with pudency, clings heedless now
Unto the grasp of passion, purified 260
By such a holy sorrow, as disarms
Love of its perils, and makes coy reserve
Savour too much of life. One first last kiss
His lips have fix'd upon her lips; his eyes
Have look'd thro' hers into her inmost soul, 265
And in that transport have their spirits met,
Pure, sanctified, and not by human force
To be disjoin'd, or by that fated hour
Which comes to all. There is a blessedness
In utter desperation, and the throb 270
Of grief's acutest agony, which makes
The heart with such intense devotion glow
As borders upon joy; a sense profound
Of rapturous abstraction from the ills
That cannot be eschew'd. Twin hearts of love, 275
By power unrighteous sunder'd, become one
With a more absolute union, and cohere
So much in spirit more. The short delight
By tyranny permitted has a thrill
Of such deep-seated strength, as makes the bliss 280

Of sweet and gratified security
A worthless thing, that loses by compare
And palls upon the sense. The joy of years
Was center'd in that one, that brief, embrace;
The memory of wishes past and won; 285
The bright anticipation of desires
With which the pulse beat high. The ardent soul
Denuded of all earthly hope, turn'd back
Unto itself, and from that sacred source
Drew a new hope, unquenchable, entire 290
In its removal from the things of sense,
And mightier than death. That moment, worth
Ages of listless life, sped swiftly down
The stream, which wafts man to eternity;
For blythe and loud the tuneful clangor told 295
Pursuit concluded, from their oaken shades
Scaring the Dryads, like the jovial mort
Sounded by foresters, wherewith each glade
Thro' the deep greenwood wakes. Responsive notes
Took up the message, which with brazen voice 300
From ring to ring flew quickly, till it reach'd
The mid high place and Enyalian grove,
Where, chafed by rage, upon the central tower
The pagan bent his ear, till that shrill strain,
According with his passions, brought relief 305
Unto the demon in his iron heart
Abiding. To drear prison, and to death
Ere morning dawn again, that voice, which ne'er
Hath known remission of its will, assigns
Captive Andages; the recover'd bride 310
Strict ward awaits, and honourable chains,
Till it shall please the tyrant to install

Her in his vicious chamber, to her thoughts
More loathly, than the dark abode of death.
  Thus they in green Pannonia; nor that while 315
The mailed queen in her Burgundian bower
Reclined at ease. By many a potent spell
Brought near unto her vision, she had spied
The standards late at Acroventus rear'd,
War's glittering pomp which boasted to destroy 320
Rome's majesty. She saw the spectral forms
Of those men sanctified, before whom quail'd
The champion of the Accurst. E'en then she knew
The sceptre wrested from him, and his strength
To the Avenger given. With haste uprose 325
Stern Hilda, beauteous as the queen of love
From Acidalian bowers; the hectic flush
Of vengeful passions and atrocious joy
Glow'd on her blooming cheeks. The helmet press'd
Her raven locks, and all o'erlaid with gold 330
Sheen armour cased her limbs; beauty supreme
Sat shrined upon her bright majestic brow,
While from her dark-fringed eyelids beam'd the power
To kindle and to slay, voluptuous charms,
Remorseless inextinguishable hate, 335
High-burning wrath. She sought the loathed abode
Of Gunther, to whose bed by treason given
She dwelt estranged from love, with might and scorn
Denying his approach. "Arise," she cried,
" If ever love within thee, or bold hopes 340
" Have lit a generous spark. The heaven-sent plague
" Vexes e'en now the Hun, and with poised wing
" Destruction hovers o'er his host. Arise,
" And be the minister of deadly hate!

" Revenge must blot the treason out, that soil'd 345
" My wedded couch with shame. I brook not, I,
" Two husbands; nor divide to mortal man
" Or bland endearments, or the power which makes
" Man higher than the angels. Choose thou scorn
" And hatred that shall wither all thine hopes 350
" Now and hereafter, or the long-sought meed
" Which I unwilling to revenge assign,
" Gentle acceptance; and therewith, the might
" That springs from Scandian magic, and the old lore
" Of that dark cabbala,* to Gozan brought 355
" By Shalmanezar's captives, or the signs †
" Symbolic, borne to utmost Orient
" By Manes, wisest of the sons of earth.
" Arise, and seal with sacramental blood
" Our hymeneals, and supremely blest 360
" With Hilda reign!" This said, on him she bent

A smile so full of witchery, it stole
His senses, and o'er all his thoughts enthrall'd
Such blandishment and soft persuasion threw,
That life seem'd nothing worth, without the love 365
Of that pernicious matron, won by guilt.
She left him, wedded to the snares of sin,
In treason to devise the means of blood
With Hagen, from whose arm fraternal aid
Ne'er fail'd at need. With guile they must approach
The lord of nations, at his festive board

* See 2 Kings xvii. The captive Israelites were placed in Halah and in Habor, by the river Gozan and the cities of the Medes. They used divinations and enchantments, and sold themselves to do evil in the sight of the Lord, - and the Lord rejected all the seed of Israel. &c.

† See Nimrod, v. 2, p. 312

Unfaithful guests, or in the joyful chace
Surprise him, hopeless, with Burgundian steel,
To beard him in his lair. The wily queen,
So best to lull suspicion, at his court 375
Unwelcome, hails him with perfidious smiles.
Not that famed girdle,* by the Goddess worn
In Paphos, or Cythera's myrtle groves,
Wherein were all things woven, that pertain
To tender sympathies, hope, love, desire, 380
And amorous whispers, and persuasive sighs,
Wound round the Cyprian queen a fresher spell
Ambrosial, than o'er Hilda's form was thrown
By native grace, which needed scarce the aid
Of glamorous charms. Upon her parent scowl'd 385
Young Eskam,† fair alike, and by foul ties
Alike polluted. Anger, born of vice,
Soon grew between the twain, contentious boast,
Recrimination, jealousy, and strife,
Scourges concomitant of double vows 390
And a divided hearth, ever since first
Adah and Zillah ‡ with no blessing crown'd
The patriarch's evil couch. So fair, so curst,
Were never seen. With lowering brow incensed
The monarch frown'd, nor ought of weal divined 395
From that repudiated sister queen,
Who came with sunny smiles, but in her heart

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* See Iliad 14. 214.

† See Book third, v. 234, and Hist. treatise, § 30.

‡ See Genesis iv. 23. Different explanations have been given of this verse, but Lamech seems to have been guilty of some great abomination, in which his two wives, whom he addresses, were concerned.

Cover'd deep hate. From Eskam's wary eye
Suspicious glances upon Hilda fell;
While many a word of dark aboding spoke 400
That younger fair-one, in her mother's arts
Initiated, and strange prophetic dreams *
Her warning tongue declared. "Methought I lay
" Beside thee, glorious king, beneath the shade
" Of some huge cedar, whose ambitious boughs 405
" Spread over land and flood; the mossy turf,
" Which there we press'd, from odoriferous flowers
" Breathed fragrance, while around the landscape smiled
" Serenely fair, and spirits, from on high
" Descending, o'er thy gracious forehead pour'd 410
" Ambrosial unction. Sudden the bright scene
" Was darken'd like to twilight, and two boars
" With bristling backs, and tusks that tore the ground,
" Burst from the brake. I shrank, and closed mine eyes,
" Shunning the sight of what I dared not view; 415
" But on mine ears unearthly turmoil came,
" And, when I look'd in terror, from my side
" Thou wert evanish'd, but the sod was stain'd
" And blood was on my robe. Methought with thee
" I floated on a barque of silver sheen, 420
" And its spread sails were beautiful, of silk
" Broider'd with gold; the glossy cordage made

* In the Niebelungenlied, the younger Hilda (Chrimhilda) says
" I dream'd to-day with anguish, that two wild boars, beloved
Pursued thee o'er the heath, the blossoms then grew red
And again,
" I dream'd to-day with anguish, that o'er thee in the vale
Two mountains beetling fell, I saw thee then no more"
Advent 16 st 6 and 9

" Soft music to the breeze, which seem'd to spring
" From blest Arabia's incense-breathing fields;
" And down the flood we glided thro' fresh meads 425
" Of balmy verdure, while the tranquil stream
" Scarce rippled round the helm. Anon I heard
" A sound of rushing waters, and two rocks
" Darkling o'erbrow'd its course; I veil'd my face,
" Unequal to confront with stedfast eye 430
" The ghastly peril. Then a crash ensued,
" As of rent mountains, by whose headlong fall
" The wave was dash'd to heaven. I look'd, and all
" Was tranquil, but upon a sea of blood
" I sail'd alone. Once more methought I lay 435
" Upon a gorgeous couch, and thou, great king,
" O'er-canopied with crimson majesty
" Didst there sit nigh me, while Italian slaves
" Drew cheerful melody from gilded lyres,
" And pleasant viands and bright-sparkling wines 440
" Were there, and the sweet voice of song. Anon
" Two hateful serpents slowly seem'd to creep,
" Under thy mantle of zibelline fur
" Coiling their loathsome folds; I turn'd to fly,
" When, lo! behind, a sorceress malign 445
" Stood smiling, and forthwith I was alone,
" But still my dream was blood." The damsel ceased,
And, as she spoke, on conscious Hilda's face
A hue intenser glow'd, while stern the Hun
Regarded her. No voice was in the hall, 450
For wonder seal'd each lip. In luckless hour
The traitorous princes to that festive court
Made entrance, with Burgundian armour clad,
And hung about with rings and massive chains

Of gold, the heir-looms of Nibelungian dukes. 455
Unbidden guests, but, ever to his board
Made welcome, the high vassals humbly take
The seat assign'd. To noble Gunther straight,
Her lord espoused, the bright-flush'd Hilda rose.
Therewith (for she, to whom the book of fate 460
Reveal'd its secret warnings, well had mark'd
Hate furrowing the king's irascent brow)
Into her husband's hand she pass'd a ring
In wolf-skin * closely wrapt. Too late he knew
The ominous symbol, and to Hagen gave 465
That brindled spoil, which bade them to beware
The unrelenting Hun, upon whose face
The wolfish scowl sat deeply then impress'd,
Remorseless, terrible, announcing death.
That instant from his seat, bereft of hope, 470
Undaunted Hagen sprang, for well he saw
Fate in that sign, and deem'd it valour's part
To sell life dearly. As he rose, forth flamed
A thousand swords against the traitor's arm,
And bloody strife began. Seven Huns bit earth 475
Successive under Hagen's desperate stroke,
Ere, broken in his grasp, the faithless steel
Betray'd him to his fate. A whisper'd word
Spake Attila, so dread, that he, who bare
The message, quiver'd with pale lip, and cheek 480
By horror blanch'd. Silent they bared the breast
Of Hagen, and with blade of temper fine
From his unflinching breast the living heart

* This anecdote is stated in the Nibelungenlied, and in the Edda. Scandinavian and Teutonic legends teem with accounts of these transactions, and the events which preceded and followed them.

iercely. Warm, and throbbing still with blood,
placed it on a charger chased with gold, 485
bore it, reeking with a brother's death,
unther, prison'd in a glimmering vault,
e lights burn evermore beneath the shrine
ythian Mars, and priests tend night and day
s obscene, for mystic orgies * train'd. 490
ose fell snakes, or hunger's gnawing tooth,
tied he must die, the odious meal,
ther's heart before him; by his side
ecian lyre was placed, wherewith to charm,
sic might prevail, that scaly brood; 495
e the boon rejected, but with skill
k the harmonious chords, and sung the deeds
s forefathers in the nebulous isle,†
sing death; and haply he had won
ng from stones by that heart-stirring lay, 500
hose imprison'd reptiles close their ears
st the charmer's art, although he touch
ean strings, and wake the liquid notes
sweeter tone, than from her starry choir
Thessalian valleys ever drew 505
Dian. Round him with offensive coil
nt they glide, or pierce with venom'd fang
lesh exposed; but he in scorn of death

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om the manner in which the snake-chamber is mentioned in old
avian writings, it would seem that the reptiles were kept for
perstitious purpose. Epiphanius (Anacephal. Paris, 1622. v. 2.
says, that "the Ophites, venerating the serpent, and holding it
e Christ, keep the reptile in a sort of chest." Regner Lodbrok
o have been cast by Ella into the snake-chamber.
nholm in the Baltic, called in Regner's quida, Borgundar-
Burgundian isle.

Prolong'd the glorious strain, and still, when stiff
He lay upon that dismal floor, though mute, 510
He grasp'd the lyre; while through the tuneful chords,
And o'er his wavy locks and beauteous frame,
The hateful reptiles revell'd unrestrain'd.
So heathendom work'd evil to itself
Conflicting; while aloof the fiendish host 515
Held council, gather'd in the crystal hall,
Where Boreas * eagle-wing'd from bloomy Greece
Bore Orithyia, by his icy grasp
Encircled. In that awful dome, that guards
The hinges of the world, beneath the vault 520
Resplendent with a thousand nightly fires,
The iron shape of Envalius dwells;
And from his breath goes forth to lash the globe
Keen Aquilon, and many a kindred blast,
Caurus, or bleak Iapyx; while around 525
Myriads of spirituous natures swarm,
Genii malign, that wave their untired † wings
Beneath the banner'd morning of the north
Unceasing, to speed on the windy breath,
Beyond the Hyperboreans and cold realms 530
Which Acheron ‡ laves, unto the azure skies
Of the far South, where Hyperion's ray
Upon swart Meroe or Numidian groves

* The northern nations placed the abode of the evil one near the North pole, "In Septrionalibus sive aquilonaribus locis, ubi literali sensu sedes est Satanæ."—*Olaus Magnus*, lib. 3. c. 22.

† A belief prevailed amongst the Northern nations that the winds proceeded from the motion of the wings of evil spirits in the shape of flies. I have mislaid the reference.

‡ See Orph. Arg. v. 1129.

Showers genial warmth. In that abode the Accurst,
Nothing discomfited, hatch'd newer schemes 535
Of treason to the Allwise and hate to man;
While over head the northern streamers glanced
Mocking the hues of Iris, the pale beams
Of silver Dian, and the flood of light
That issues from the opening gates of dawn. 540
The Archfiend, seated on his Arctic throne,
Where winter dwells with night, to each inspires
Daring and subtle guile, wherewith to lead
Man devious from his good Creator's word,
And with delusions, though delay'd, prepare 545
The way of Antichrist. Nor long debate
Needed to beings, that propense to ill
Are ever lithe to weave the web of fraud,
From their corrupted essence sure to yield
Evil procedures. They throughout the world, 550
Each to his impious work, flew numberless;
But ever ready at their leader's call
To congregate, and revel in the haunts
Where sin abounds. He darkling wing'd his course
Once more to the great city. By the dome 555
Of the Pantheon his keen glance descried
Ariel,* the spirit of immortal Rome,
Weeping angelic tears. The Guileful one
Approach'd him, with persuasive accents bland;
As when, thro' woman's ministry, by him 560

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* Ariel was the cabbalistic name of the angel of Rome, as Raziel was the guardian angel of Adam, Zadkiel of Abraham, Gabriel of Joseph. See Arch. Minor. Comm. Cab. p. 813. Reuchlin Art. Cabbalist. l. 1. p. 625. Rubiel, if I recollect right, was the angel of Persia.

Deceived unto her ruin, he acquired
Knowledge, which, seeming pleasant, unto her
Travail and death, but brought unto himself
Facility of ill, and clearer sight,
Whereby to mar the works of the Benign. 565
Then thus: "Why weeps the guardian power of Rome?
"While battle's tide from her unmjured walls
"Hath turn'd its crimson wave. The years have been,
"Ariel, when on the Capitol enshrined
"With thee I watch'd o'er the Mavortian town, 570
"Wielding her mighty destinies: and still
"In days unborn her glories should be mine.
"What cause, or past, or of imagined harm,
"Draws tears, like Aurora's pearly dew,
"From thy beatitude? Is Rome foredoom'd 575
"To perish, whose charm'd thread was spun with thine
"Coeval, and to one existence chain'd?"
To him the mournful spirit: "Not that Rome
"Shall stoop proud angel, to the Hunnish sword;
"Nor for my being mourn I, which shall long 580
"Endure with her, o'er whose appointed years
"From her Romulean cradle I have hung
"Solicitous; nor do I read so ill
"The oracles of heaven, which pride to thee
"Ever obscures, by thy presumptuous will 585
"So shaping the event, that, seeing, thou
"Dost tread in darkness. The grim-visaged Hun
"Shall never lord o'er these Tarpeian fanes.
"His span of greatness by the Almighty hand
"That gives and takes, that raises and destroys, 590
"Is measured; and, while twelve more ages creep
"Into the gulph of time, as none hath been,

re shall be none his equal; till that one
doom'd to wear the purple of the West,
shake the thrones of earth, in all things like 595
im now cinctured with ambition's crown,
l once again on Catalaunum's field
front the banded world. I see thy pomp,
oleon, in the lap of distant years,
glories of thine host! thy folded arms, 600
deep thought born beneath thy lowering brow!
lightning of thine eyes, the instant flash
hy great daring, equal in reverse
in the flood of power! swift to resolve,
swifter to achieve! But, far aloof 605
re ocean thunders round the barren rocks,
the willow of a sunburnt isle
e o'er thy lonely tomb, telling to man
nothingness of all, that ever dared
t themselves on earth. I cannot spell 610
ther in years revolving the Allwise
ls back the same proud spirit, here to breathe
ightiness into decaying clay,
n eternal majesty retired,
s a new being in the self-same mould 615
real, like a meteor to amaze
castigate mankind: but this I know
estined; the strong arm, which ere two years
l rend the glory from Rome's forehead, comes
from the Scythian realms of Aquilon, 620
from the heathen gathering, now leagued
nst Jehovah's law; the might * ordain'd

* Genseric the Vandal.

" To do His will, shall spring with sudden swoop
" From burnt Numidia; he,* who must destroy
" Ere twenty summers her imperial crown 625
" Shall not be of the pagans. One baptized
" Will shiver the Quirinal throne: but not
" Vandalic violation, not the strength
" Of fierce Odoacer, or him † erelong
" Appointed on his Gothic front to bind 630
" Italia's diadem, down Ariel's cheek
" Draws sorrow, such as the Messiah shed
" Over Jerusalem, with earthly dross
" Unmix'd, and pure of sublunary pride.
" I weep that, though no pagan sign reveal'd 635
" Shall lord over the Vatican, no voice
" Curse the Redeemer in Jehovah's fane,
" Thy foot shall still be there. Rebellious Prince,
" I know thee. Though too feeble to withstand
" The Lord of Hosts, by subtle artifice 640
" Invading e'en his house, thou wilt pollute
" My well-beloved. I see thee nestle there
" Beneath the mitre, which shall soon usurp
" Unholy power, of hierarchal pride
" Spreading the mantle over secret sins, 645
" Murder, and bloated lust, and fouler still
" Hypocrisy, that sells for worldly dross
" License of guilt. I hear the secret moan
" From loathsome vaults, where Superstition stalks
" A dark inquisitress. The cowl of peace 650
" Shall veil thee, gauding in the face of heaven,
" And lighting such dire holocausts, as Mars

* Odoacer. † Theodoric.

In fulness of his homicidal sway
Ne'er snuff'd upon Bistonian altars, red
With impious sacrifice. Therefore I mourn 655
" God's name profaned, and this great city, to which
" My essence by the mystery of love
" Is ever link'd, of thy pernicious will
" The self-polluted victim. Mid thine host
" Estranged from the angelic choir, I drew 660
" Such birth, as spiritual beings know;
" And by the secret flame, which burnt unseen
" On Vesta's hearth, I brooded over Rome's
" Arising greatness, and mine infant wings
" O'ershadow'd her idolatries; and still, 665
" As ages glided on, my fostering care
" Tended her glory, and upheld her walls
" Aspersed with gore. But me, though late redeem'd
" From error, the bright angel, who o'erthrew
" Thine evil temples, with celestial light 670
" Sprinkled, and o'er mine alter'd nature threw
" The dewy radiance of beatitude.
" And well I know, more ages shall pass on,
" Than Rome and I have number'd, since the blood
" Of Remus stain'd her; yet there shall not want 675
" A temple on these hills, wherein to praise
" The Holy One of Israel, nor pure hearts
" Mid the corrupted flock to laud his name."
Sad Ariel ceased; and of rebuke the fiend
Impatient scowl'd, nor tarried to reply; 680
But, serpent-like, thro' Rome's effeminate court
With evil purpose and insidious step
He glided, sowing rumours, and mistrust
Between Aëtius and his wanton lord,

Which soon shall blossom into deadliest feuds, 685
Fatal to Rome. Treason by treason foil'd
Shall strip her walls of strength, and the fell curse
Of discord, fed with bloatest murder, yield
Her domes unto the Vandal, her bright pomp,
Her wealth, her women, to barbarian force. 690

ATTILA.

BOOK TWELFTH.

ɜT and loveliest of created things,
great Author in the image form'd
ı celestial glory, and design'd
man's solace! undefiled by sin
ıuch dost thou exceed all earthly shapes 5
.utiful, to charm the wistful eye,
to the touch, or precious in the use!
ɜasure of delight, while the fresh prime
ɜ his forehead with the joy of youth,
mfort in the winter of the soul! 10
: woman! thou art e'en a brighter gem
n, who wears thee, than e'er shone display'd
the monarch's diadem; a charm
sweet to lull all sorrow, than the tint
ing's young verdure in the dewy morn, 15
ısic's mellow tones, which floating come
:he water, like a fairy dream!
hangest, as a wreath, upon his neck,
fragrant than the rose, in thy pure garb
ıshing gentleness. Thou art a joy 20
sprightly than the lark in vernal suns
ıg his throat to heaven, or forest call
ıthesome Dryads blown; a faithful stay

In all the world's mischances; a help meet
For man in sickness, and decay, and death. 25
Thou art more precious than * an only child
In weary age begotten, a clear spring
Amid the desert, an unhoped for land
To baffled mariners, or dawn of day
To who has press'd all night a fever'd couch. 30
O wherefore, best desired and most beloved
Of all Heaven's works, O wherefore wert thou made
To be our curse, as well as blessing! lured
From thy first shape of innocence, to become
A thing abased by guilt, and more deform'd, 35
As thine original glory was more bright!
Beauteous, as those fair daughters of mankind
Who perish'd in the flood, (when all flesh had
His way corrupted, and Jehovah bared
His red right-hand, to punish those, whose hearts 40
Imagined evil only, sold to sin)
If not more lovely, and more lost in guilt,
Over her blighted treason Hilda pored,
From ill commencement hatching worse event.
It little skills, what tho' her crude revenge 45
Abortive hath made wreck, but to bring forth
More cruel retribution and the fruit
Of deadlier hate. Two blooming sons had crown'd
The couch of incest, to the royal Hun
From beauteous Eskam born; Erpur, the joy 50
Of her first pangs, and younger Eitill. They,
Wielding the toys of war, within the grove
Play'd unsuspicious of the bloody fate

* See Æschylus Agamemnon

:owl'd upon their mirth. Them she decoy'd
, that win a child's credulity, 55
ıil'd upon the cross their downy limbs,
vhich the magic of blood-guiltiness
l no stronger spell. Then with the blade
ious, cruciform, (which shadow'd forth
reefold shape of that unholy fosse, 60
n Ææa's * fratricidal maid
he dark ones unapproach'd, unseen,
:acrifice) the inexorable queen
ıeads dissever'd. In her bowl accurst
ood froth'd rosy-red. Their † tender flesh, 65
ım the limbs, her unrelenting hand
:r cauldron cast, with mixtures strange
ɔnied condiment to please the gust,
estean meal; nor did the Sun
: his light, nor turn his coursers back 70
:he empyrean, harden'd now to see
ings done under him. "Ne'er shall these climb
ther's knee," the fierce enchantress cried,
wave the Scythian sword, nor bend the bow
mphant, nor bestride the neighing steed. 75
ɔice, ungrateful brother! Sate thee now
ı blood of these thy little ones! nor hope,
:d by Hilda most, as once most loved,
:cape the vengeance, that in darkness strikes!"
oke the deadly menace, and straightway 80
ɔ-heaved sigh was heard, and on her neck
uch, as of an icy hand, was laid;

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lea. See Orph. Argon. The unholy fosse is the cruciform ditch tristoichos) into which the blood of the victims was poured.

† See the Scandinavian legends.

And she, who ne'er before the Archfiend quail'd,
Shrunk at that warning; so doth guilt unman
The sternest heart, and turn to coward thoughts 85
The daring of who lives without his God.
With sumptuous pomp the Hunnish banquet spread
Adorns the regal hall. Due sacrifice
And all that appertains to mystic rites
Of Scythian bridal done, the joyous court 90
Holds wassail, nor regards the speechless grief
Of pale Mycoltha, mid that revelling,
Tho' tired in blazonry of nuptial pomp,
Hopeless of earthly help, and sunk in wo
Too deep for utterance. The monarch sat 95
Upon his throne in silence; while the strains
Of minstrels on his ears pour'd notes unchaste,
Such as oft warbled on the festive day
Of Babylonian Venus, or on hills
Sacred to Bacchus, where the maddening rout 100
Cried Œvœ! braiding their crisp locks with vine,
Exhilaration waked and wanton joy.
The king, tho' nothing wont, drank long and deep;
And ever, as he touch'd the fiendish meal,
Or to his lips unconscious raised the cup 105
By Hilda's treason mix'd, o'er her flush'd cheek
A brighter crimson pass'd. Thus they below,
While legions of foul beings over head
Hold merriment; unearthly faces lurk'd
Behind each shaft; some thought the pallid face 110
Of murder'd * Bleda look'd upon them; some

* The brother of Attila, murdered by him. Bleda was [illegible], likely reputed amongst the Greeks to have been killed by fire from heaven.

ıe ghastly form of Rhuas seem'd to espy,
ne blue fire round him wreathing; but shame tied
heir tongues, and none unto his fellow spoke
lis phantasy; the timber from the wall 115
ɔent forth a voice unheard, and the dumb stones
Found airy speech to syllable their dread.
The night was mirky, and unwholesome mist
Hung o'er the grove and high place, to the Accurst
Rear'd nigh the palace. The carouse was hush'd, 120
And to his bridal bower the monarch stepp'd
Secure of ill; from his voluptuous couch
Never to issue in the pride of life,
Nor gird the sword, nor fulmine more the law
That wars against the spirit. Within, more pale 125
Than her clear virgin robe, with mournful eyes
Set on a crucifix of silver, knelt
Mycoltha. In despair her heart was turn'd
Unto her God, and purified by grief
Was wholly with its Maker. A still voice 130
Whisper'd beneath her bosom, that to Him
All things are possible, and mortal strength
But chaff before His breath. She rose as calm
To meet him, as if maiden pudency
Had nought to dread. A secret strength, breathed forth
As from the Highest, who is ever nigh
Those that with faithfulness and truth approach
His throne in prayer, upheld her; and she stood
So beautiful, so tranquil, that she seem'd
A thing too sanctified for mortal love. 140
But not to Attila forbearance mild
Or stay of passion came. By beauty's sight
And that abominable meal inflamed

His throbbing pulse beat high; fierce rapture lit
His ardent gaze, and as of right he laid 145
Unholy touch upon her loveliness.
" Forbear, great king," the virgin spoke with port
Majestic, (and therewith her feeble hand
Upon the dire teraphim, that adorn'd
His kingly breast with ruddy gold enchased, 150
She placed repulsive.) " There is One above,
" Can make the worm, whereon oppression treads,
" A stumbling-block to giants. Whether He wills,
" For some wise end, that these weak limbs, which are
" The temple of His Spirit, be made vile 155
" By thy polluting force or not, I know
" That my Redeemer liveth, and His arm,
" Which shall upraise me incorruptible
" And pure before my God, by the frail hand
" Of woman from the majesty of rule 160
" Can hurl thee, if He will. O thou, great Lord,
" Who, as the Hebrews tell, adjured didst give
" The Danite blind Thy might, to overthrow
" The Philistines and all their sculptured gods,
" Arm me with strength !"
This said, her young frame nerved 165
By ecstasy of heaven-descended hope
She flung the strong one from her, as the reed
Stoops to the wind. O God! Thine arm was there!
The mighty one of earth, who in thine house
Boasted to plant the abomination, lay 170
Upon his couch a corse, from nose, mouth, ears,
Ejecting blood: the gurgling fountain choked
All utterance. Stretch'd in stillest ghastliness
There the world's dread, the terrible, the scourge

Of nations, the blasphemer, is become 175
As nothing before thy consuming wrath;
His kingdom is departed. On that night
In Byzance, by the purpled-chamber'd sleep
Of * Marcian, stood the spectre robed in gloom
Of him, whose name shook Europe. How unlike 180
That Attila, whose power resistless shook
Italia, dreaded from the utmost bounds
Of Ithagurus, and thy frozen ridge,
Imaus, e'en to Rome! His cheek was wan,
Rayless and dim those eyes, that wont to blaze 185
Ferocious; pride sat darkling on his brow,
Irreconcilable hatred and despair.
His bow was bent; the arrow wing'd with death
Trembled on the tight string. Then, with a clang
That seem'd to shake from its gigantic base 190
Constantinople, and all her massive towers,
The strong yew snapp'd; wherewith a shout was sent
Far echoed from the Bosporus, a cry
Triumphal, and the unextinguish'd peal
Of holy gratulation; voices raised 195
At dead of night, by some exulting choir
Hymning seraphic strains and sacred joy,
As if each marble tomb had yielded up
Its martyrs, and the sainted limbs of those
Who died for Christ, to swell the choral chaunt 200
O'er the downfall of the blasphemer's power.

From the closed chamber where the painim king
Lay stretch'd in death, no voice or sound went forth
Upon the silent night. Hilda without

* The Eastern emperor.

In golden armour and plumed helm array'd 205
Stood listening, and, with her conjured, the sons
Of Hagen, thirsting to avenge their sire.
A potent spell of slumber she had thrown
Over the palace sentinels, and now
Insidious stole to slay a brother, sunk 210
In sleep oppressive by the hateful cup
Drugg'd with her hellish art; then breathed she words,
Whereat the brazen bolts forsook their hold
By strange enforcement drawn. The ponderous door
Spontaneous, wheeling on its soundless hinge, 215
Disclosed the bed of death. Astonied stood
The fratricidal queen, prevented thus
By the grim Power. The lord of nations lay
With teeth clench'd, rigid limbs, and eyes that still
Shone terrible, in glazed stillness fix'd. 220
Beside the couch, as motionless, as mute,
Mycoltha knelt, with hands together clasp'd
And face upraised; as if amazement held
Her senses chain'd, and inward prayer and praise
From the full heart were silently outpour'd. 225
A modest veil half shrouded her; but full
On Hilda's mailed form the lustre stream'd
From a suspended lamp, wherein all night
Burn'd odoriferous oils. With naked sword
She stood like a bright statue, touch'd with awe 230
Of what, undone, she would have gladly wrought.
But, done, appall'd her. There is oft in guilt
An afterthought, a sickness of the soul,
Which makes that most abhorr'd, when gain'd, which late
Was the heart's master-passion. Who had then 235
Beheld that impious one, might ill have read

The feelings manifold, conflicting, stamp'd
On her resplendent visage; for the thoughts
Of other times came o'er her like a flood,
The phantom of days gone; the dream of all 240
That he had been to her and she to him,
In infancy, in youth, in guilt, in power;
And then the damning memory of deeds
Just done in blood, which all her drowsy spells
Shall never lull. Awhile she paused, and then, 245
Collecting all her stubborn soul, aroused
The sleeping warders; and forthwith the cry
Of wailing startled the dull ear of night.
Alone long hours she watch'd beside the corse,
Nor gave access to any, until the sun 250
Blazed forth in heaven; and those who stood without
Heard in that chamber voices strange and low,
And fearful laughter, and not mortal sounds;
And some averr'd, the dead king sat erect
Raised by her spells, and converse held all night 255
In that conclave. But, when the morning dawn'd,
She threw the portals wide, and there he lay
In the same frightful stiffness. She bade rear
A pyre, as for Mavortian sacrifice,
Upon the open plain. From him they wash'd 260
The clotted gore, and fragrant unction pour'd
Over the icy limbs. Under a tent
Of silken tissue, purl'd with golden twine,
All day he lay in state; upon the bier
With gorgeous pomp in furry mantle robed 265
They placed him midst his army, not bewail'd
By tears of women, but by blood of men,
Who cicatrized their cheeks, and cut their hair,

Lamenting: while with measured pace and slow
The flower of Hunnish chivalry around 270
Lugubrious wheel'd, or clash'd in mimic fight
Their weapons, and careering swept the plain;
And ever and anon they raised the chaunt
In solemn tone, praising his deeds in war,
And that vast empire, which alone of men 275
He had possess'd. "Who of the sons of earth,
"Save thee," they cried, "hath e'er his sceptre stretch'd
"From Sera, which remotest * Bautes laves,
"From ocean's islands bound by Scandian frost,
"Unto the realms of Hesperus! and, of Rome 280
"Lashing the kindred thrones, from East and West
"Drawn tribute! Mightiest of the mighty, hail!
"Not slain by foemen, not by fraud o'ercome,
"But, in the fulness of thy strength and sway
"With glory to thy fathers gone, untouch'd 285
"By pain or sorrow, from the bed of joy!
"Attila, mightiest of the mighty!" Oft
With multitudinous voices, to the sound
Of martial instruments attuned, thus they
His name exalted, deeming blest the close 290
Of that unhousel'd life, which cut him short
Amidst his sin; for o'er their darken'd minds
The prince of this world reign'd. Such honours paid,
Blythe feasting and carousal deep they hold,
Prolonging unto night their revelry 295
With boastful words, loud song, and heedless brawl.
The board surcharged with sumptuous viands smoked,

* Bautisus, seu potiùs Bautes, ut in cod. Græc. Quiam, fluvius maximus Sericæ, Banthisis a Marcellino dictus. Baudrand Lex. Geograph.

Four courses upon silver plate and gold,
On brass successive, and on iron, served,
A mystic meal. Then forth was brought with pomp 300
All that remain'd of Attila, close pent
In three metallic coffins; one of gold,
The second silver, like the head and breast
Of that huge form, which Labynetus * dream'd
Prophetic, nor the shape portentous knew, 305
Till Belteshazzar had the might divined
Of Babylon and the Mede. The third was form'd
Of that Mavortian steel by which he reign'd,
Iron unmix'd with clay. No brass was there,
For the Greek crown was wanting, and great Rome 310
Still held divided power, which soon the † Stone
Unhewn shall bruise to atoms, and become
A mountain, overshadowing the earth.
Nigh that marmorean dwelling of the dead,
Kaiazo, where revered Cadica lies 315
Entomb'd with Cheva and Balamber old,
At dead of night the monarch was inhumed
With secret rites mysteriously; and he,
Who lived in darkness, was in darkness given
Dust unto dust. Within his vault they placed 320
Arms of the slain, by him in battle won,
Trappings o'erlaid with gems, and plumed casques,
And standards manifold, from Greece and Rome,
From the famed Avars torn, or those who tread
Far Thule, and the sons of gloomy ‡ Dis 325

* Nebuchadnezzar. See Daniel ii. 31.

† The kingdom of God. See Daniel ii. 34, and 44.

‡ Pluto.—The Gauls say they are sprung from Dis, and therefore reckon by nights instead of days.—*Cæsar*, B. G. 6. 18.

In Druid Gaul. Above they spread the spoils
Of nations, Tyrian silks, and carpets rare
From Persian loom, and banners waving bright,
And Southern skins of lion and of pard,
The tiger's varied fur, the ivory tusk 330
From Barygaza, or the sacred flood
That laves thy pagods, Palimbothra, brought,
And tawny amber from the Arctic strand.
Then last, as most acceptable, they pour'd
The purple stream of death, and those whose hands, 335
Luckless in war, now turn'd to servile use,
Had dug the conqueror's bed, libation gave
Of their heart's blood; as when atonement dread
The second Cæsar unto Julius made,
And three slain hecatombs, Perusia's strength, 340
At the foul altar bled. Nor lack'd there spells
Wrought by the ominous sisterhood, of power
To scare the fearful spirits of the night,
Which gather'd round his grave. Some thought they spied,
Where, thro' the veil of gloom, the giant shape 345
Of dark Mitraton * scowl'd, (while full of wrath
Right opposite the Scythian angel stood
Contending for his body) in such guise
Majestic, as when whilom, by the side
Of Israel's mighty lawgiver, he view'd 350
The glory of his God; and others thought
The Prince of darkness and his fiendish crew,
Sooth'd by the hellish rites, with wing outstretch'd
Propitious hover'd o'er the bloody sod.

* The Cabbalistic guardian angel of Moses, in whose spirit Attila was said to have come.

Upon the summit of her funeral pyre 355
Raised on a car,* in panoply of gold,
Stood Hilda; in her hand a sword, that shone
Illumed by torch-light. O'er the seat and round
Were tissues thrown, embroider'd by her art
With mystic signs and figured tales of old, 360
How Hedin battled with his ghastly sire,
How † Helgé rode on his pale horse by night,
From Hades and the darksome reign of death,
To his own tomb, (where the connubial couch
His living widow spread) and there abode 365
Till ruddy morning warn'd him to bestride
His courser, ere the cock arouse his foes;
Nor those alone, but many a strange device
Of Eastern cabbala, and Scandian Runes,
And forms and characters of secret note 370
From Egypt or Eleusis; of this world
The baneful wisdom, which the word of truth
Confoundeth, by the simple voice of babes
Perfecting praise. Her sword was temper'd steel
O'erlaid with gold; a blood-red serpent lay 375
Deep graven on the blade; a golden ring
Adorn'd the hilt, o'er which a coiled snake
Threw back its scaly tail; within its folds,

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* See Edda, Helreid Brynhild.

† In Helga Quida 1. 8 and 9, Helge sees nine Valkyries riding, of whom the most beautiful said to him, "I know that in Siger's island swords lie four less than fifty. Of those one is better than all, the bane of moon-shields, and overlaid with gold. A ring (or gold?) is on the hilt; spirit (or courage, hugr) is in the middle, terror on the point, unto him who gets possession; a snake painted with blood lies on the edge, and at the handle of slaughter an adder throws its tail."

If rumour rightly tells, a spirit * lurk'd,
And ever and anon from thence look'd forth 380
Gleaming terrific, when the blade was drawn
For battle. By her side † two vultures stood
Chain'd to the car; sobbing before her feet
Reclined the offspring of her foster-sire,
Amid resplendent heaps of hoarded spoils 385
And patrimonial wealth. On either side,
Upon the graduated pile beneath,
Devoted souls; upon her left five maids
Chosen for beauty from her servile train
In blooming prime; their wavy locks were bound 390
With fillets white, and belts of gold confined
Their youthful bosoms frozen by despair;
Upon her right eight slaves of manly port
Defying death, a worthier holocaust.
Silent she stood, until the trump of death 395
Made signal, and therewith she knew the Hun
Was render'd to his grave. Then with firm hand
The mail unclasping, thro' her side she press'd
The fiendish sword. Crackling beneath, the pyre
Gave note of conflagration, and the smoke 400
Rose heavily, with volume dark and thick
Involving the sad victims of her pride.
Slowly it gather'd round her stately front,
As o'er some snowy peak the wreathed mist,
Or rising from the vale, or from the sea 405
Roll'd landward, throws its fleecy mantle wide;

* In the magic sword of Skegg, a noble Icelander, a spirit, like a snake, lying hid in the handle, sometimes shewed itself.

† For the particulars of her self-immolation, see the Scandinavian legends.

And fearful, thro' the gloomy curtain, rose
The wail of women in the throes of death,
And stifled groans; then, as the fire gave light
Ascending, in her vaporous shroud, unscathed 410
By the fierce element, was Hilda's form
Seen dimly; by her side a spectral shape
Gigantic stood minaciously, and held
The glamorous car, on which she thought to wing
Her flight from gloomy Hades, to the isle 415
Of Avalon, (where still the yearly wound
Of him, who wielded once Excalibar,
Is ever heal'd) hopeful to make * return
After revolving ages, in fresh prime
Regenerate thence, and fix her iron sway 420
Upon this earth for evermore. From out
The thickening veil of fume, tremendous came
Reproachful voices, and contentious words
Inhuman; till by fervent heat consumed
The pile in ashes sank, and sound was none, 425
Save of the many, that in wonder gazed,
Sheep of the sinful shepherd; like that † flock
To battle by the lying spirit led,
Which scatter'd on the hills Micaiah saw
At Ramoth-gilead, where the evil word 430
Lured Israel's guilty monarch to his end;
For sunder'd is the belt, that held their strength
Collected; vanish'd is the fatal sword

* Alanus (de insulis) states that king Arthur will return in the form of a grey-headed old man, mounted on a white horse. In like form Odin is said to have appeared, when he (really identical with Attila) assisted him to select the white horse Grana from the wild herd.

† See 1 Kings xxii.

That led them, pour'd upon the fruitful world,
Like those dread locusts * from the smoky pit 435
Sent earthward, which the rapt Evangelist
Dreaming in Patmos saw, with wings whose noise
Was that of chariots rushing to the war.
The vaunt of the destroyer is no more;
The haughty sound, that shook heaven's airy vault, 440
Is swallow'd up in silence, and all these
Have now no lord, but baffled and dispersed,
Each to his nation and his home, shall go.

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* See Revelation ix.

FAREWELL.

Reader, whoe'er hast travell'd to the goal
Thro' this long chaunt unwearied, if my verse,
Tuned to no trivial strain, has lent thee ought
Of pleasure or of profit, o'er the work
Wrought by the chaste artificer of song 5
Bend kindly, yielding such small meed of praise
Earn'd by high musing, as may send his name
Not ill esteem'd upon the wings of Time
Unto his children's children, when the sod
Shall lie upon the hand, that gave it life, 10
Calling the soul's unborn imaginings
From thought's deep fountain; like the glowing forms
Of Eros and his brother, who uprose
From their wet cradle at the wizard's voice,
This mournful, o'er his neck the jetty locks 15
With hyacinthine ringlets clustering,
That blythe and golden as the God of day.
Perchance I shall not walk with thee again
Along the Muse's haunt, and we shall both
Be number'd with the countless things, that lie 20
O'ershadow'd by oblivion; hearts, that beat
High in the noontide of ambitious hopes,
And forms of loveliest symmetry, that once
Delighted the beholder, by the hand,
Which deals just measure unto all that tread 25
This changeful world, o'ertaken in their dream
Of summer joy. Calm Reason throws a cloud

O'er the enchantment of aspiring thoughts,
Which whisper of a life beyond the tomb
Upon the lips of men, and tells how vain 30
The shadow of such glory, nothing worth
To him who hath his dwelling with the worm.
But that Almighty will, which placed man here
To labour in his calling, hath set deep
Within his bosom an undying hope, 35
An aspiration unto nobler ends
Than he hath compass'd yet, a stirring thirst
For praise beyond the term, that nature's law
Has granted to his brief mortality.
This, ever of the gloomy monitor 40
Regardless, bids him peril much, to win
The unsubstantial fame, which unto him
Shall be as if not being; a sweet strain
Of soul-enrapturing music to the deaf,
A scene of beauty and of light to eyes 45
That lie in darkness, and by slumber seal'd,
Without the sense of vision. Strange in sooth
Appear the workings of the mind of man,
Which goad him to his loss. The promised boon
Of that stupendous glory, which shall be 50
Hereafter, and survive the wreck of worlds
Unto the end of Time, wants substance now
To wrestle with his sense of present good;
That which is lighter than a transient gleam
Of sunshine, or the shadow of a shade 55
Reflected from a mirror, and, if gain'd,
Can never be by any sense of his
Enjoy'd or apprehended, the vain wish,
To float upon the memory of men

After his term of being, oft becomes 60
A master-passion, and for that one aim
He barters all, that his Creator gave
Of joy or solace in the vale of life,
And that inheritance of perfect bliss
Which might be his for ever. Then happy they, 65
Who, in the airy building of a name,
Have travell'd thro' the guiltless ways of peace
Innocuous, and held the mind's calm eye
Fix'd on a better star, than those vague fires,
Which, fatuous, tole man to the abyss! Time was, 70
Nor will return, when poësy might rear
A more perennial * monument than brass,
Towering above the age-worn edifice,
Where loath'd corruption saith unto the worm,
" Thou art my sister." The famed Capitol 75
No longer sees the silent virgin climb
Its marble steps, nor does the pomp profane
Of sacrificial pontiffs crowd its ways;
Yet still the chaplet blooms, wherewith the Muse
Inwreathed the forehead of † Venusium's bard, 80
Fragrant and fresh, while ages fling their dust
Upon the crumbling domes, with which he claim'd
Coeval glory. But the boast, that told
Of sepulchres by magic verse uppiled,
Which neither storms nor all-consuming Time 85
Should bring to nothingness, would perish now

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* Exegi monumentum ære perennius.—*Hor.*

† The birth-place of Horace, who boasted that he had raised by his poetry a monument more lasting than brass, which would endure so long as the pontiff with the silent virgin should ascend to the Capitol to do the accustomed heathen sacrifice.

Even in the utterance. I have * yet beheld
But half an age, yet in that petty space
Such giant forms of havoc and of change
Have glided o'er the earth, that the mazed thought 90
Dwells little on the past, but gazing forth,
Like the Ebudan seer, with ravishment
Strains after what shall be. The ear is cloy'd
Unto satiety with honied strains
That daily from the fount of Helicon, 95
Flow murmuring; and that which is to-day
Inshrined upon the lip of praise, shall be
To-morrow a tale told, a shadow pass'd
Into those regions, where oblivion throws
Over the bright creations of the mind 100
A darkness as of death. Scared learning flies
An age, which babbling with unnumber'd tongues
In quest of some new wonder hurries on,
And hath no retrospect. Enough for me,
That this my tuneful labour, short howe'er 105
Its term of glory, hath my solace been
Thro' many a wintry hour, when icy chains
Bound the frore champaign; a sweet anodyne
To inward cares, lulling the tremulous heart
That throbs with high aspirings, and would fain 110
Live unreproach'd upon the rolls of fame.
Mindful of its Creator, who requires
From each with usury the gifts He gave,
And stirs by inborn thirst of good report
Man to his noblest uses. To have walk'd 115
No servile follower, nor vainly trick'd

* These lines were written some years before their publication.

meretricious gauds of modern song,
ıth Aonian umbrage never sere,
› Melesigenes and Maro stray'd,
› British Milton gave his country's lyre 120
ɔe from ancient days, hath been to me
rm illusive, a refreshing toil
after year. My little barque, o'er which
fashioning thy symmetry I hung,
aunch'd upon the ocean wide of Time, 125
› winds are evil tongues, and passions roused
ɜt the warring multitude its storms,
hall I miss thee! like the child, first sent
the safe home, where fond parental cares
ı'd o'er his growing energies. Go forth 130
thy destinies, and fare unharm'd
ɑ the current, which may waft thee soon
ɜt Lethean pool, where earthly toils
ınregarded in forgetfulness!

END OF THE POEM.

ERRATA.

P. 6.	*for*	Atilla	*read*	Attila
— 9. v. 242.	—	harem	—	haram
— 12. v. 246.	—	chrystalline	—	crystalline
— 29 & 32, notes	—	Revelations	—	Revelation
— 35, note 3.	—	son.	—	son?
— 71 & 79, notes	—	Revelations	—	Revelation
— 115. v. 288.	—	harem	—	haram

II.

ATTILA

AND

HIS PREDECESSORS.

AN

HISTORICAL TREATISE.

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ATTILA,

AND

HIS PREDECESSORS.

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the extraordinary individual, who styled himself njustly the scourge of God and terror of the world, ıever existed, the history of the Huns would have very little more interesting to us at the present ı, than that of the Gepidæ, or Alans, or any of hief nations that were assembled under his banner; he immensity of the exploits, and the still greater nsions of that memorable warrior, render it a ɜr of interest to know the origins of his power, and ɜery beginnings from which his countrymen had ı, to threaten the subjugation of the civilized l, and the extirpation of the Christian religion. e has probably existed, before or since the time of ı, but one other potentate, who, in his brief career, d like a meteor over Europe, building up an re, that was maintained by his personal qualities, rumbled to atoms the moment he was withdrawn it, leaving, however, consequences of which it is ılt to calculate the extent or termination. One of reatest losses that the history of Europe has sus-

tained, is that of the eight books of the life of Attila, written in Greek by Priscus, who was his cotemporary and personally acquainted with him, and who, by the fragments that have been preserved to us, appears to have been most particular, candid, and entertaining, in his details. The loss is the more to be regretted, as it is certain that they did exist entire in the library of the Vatican after the restoration of literature, though it appears to have been ascertained by anxious research, that they are no longer to be found there; and there seems reason to suspect, that they may have been purposely destroyed through the jealousy of the Church of Rome, lest their publication should bring to light any facts or circumstances, that might militate against its policy or doctrines; when we consider the conspicuous part which was acted by the bishop of Rome, at the close of the Italian campaign of Attila, a period not long antecedent to the claim advanced by his successors to religious and political supremacy. As we are thus deprived of the great fountain of information, our materials relating to the events of some of the most important portions of his life, and especially the particulars of its termination, are lamentably deficient. Under these circumstances it will be necessary to compare the brief and conflicting notices which have descended to us, with the copious and varied details of the most rude and ancient romances of Europe, which, however involved in confusion, and discredited by fiction and anachronism, can scarcely be supposed to have been built upon no foundation. The little we know concerning the origin and early habits of the Huns, is chiefly derived from Chinese writers who were consulted

by Des Guignes, which may be compared with the statements of ancient chroniclers, and, as far as relates to the general manners of the Huns and other tribes that emerged from Asia, is most strikingly confirmed by Latin authority.

§ 2. Two different accounts have been given by the old chroniclers of the origin of the Huns. The one, that they were descended from Magog the son of Japhet, brought forth by his wife Enech in Havilah, fifty-eight years after the deluge; the other, that the two branches of the Huns and Magyars were derived from Hunor and Magor, elder sons of Nimrod, who settled in the land of Havilah (meaning thereby Persia), and, having followed a deer to the banks of the Mæotis, obtained permission from Nimrod to settle there. By the agreement of all writers, the Huns were Scythians, and if the Scythian tribes were descended and named from Cush * son of Ham, the Huns could not have been of the blood of Japhet. A singular fabulous † origin

* G. Pray in his Annales Hungaricæ, says the very reverse; that the Scythians were of the blood of Japhet, and could not therefore have been descended from Nimrod. The reader is referred for the discussion of this point, to the first volume of Nimrod, p. 43, 4, & 5.

† See Jornandes de reb. Get. c. 24. Inchofer in his Apparatus ad Annal. Eccl. Hung. says that Priscus was of the same opinion concerning the origin of the Huns. Unless Inchofer had seen the lost work of Priscus, he must have misunderstood Jornandes, who quotes Priscus immediately after relating the tale, but not upon that point. Sigebertus Gemblacensis calls the spirits Fauni Ficarii, but in other respects he follows Jornandes. The women he calls Alrunæ, which is nearer the Scandinavian form of the word. The Hungarian writers are very much offended at this unseemly origin, and Pray writes acrimoniously against Jornandes, a bishop of the sixth century, for relating such a tale. A similar story was in vogue concerning the old inhabitants of

has been attributed to them. Filimer king of the Goths, and son of Gundaric the great, having issued from Scan-

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England, said to have sprung from fifty daughters of Diocleslan, "companying with fiends and filthy sprites."—*Spencer Fai. Qu. c.* 10. *s.* 2. *st.* 8. This fable concerning the Huns seems to be connected with the account given by Herodotus, (l. 4. 110—116.) of the origin of the Sauromatæ. He states them to be descended from intercourse between some young Scythian men and a set of fugitive Amazons, who had established on their confines in the desert; and that they spoke the Scythian language corrupted by passing through the teaching of the Amazons, from whom they had inherited the custom of permitting no maiden to marry till she had killed her man, all the Sauromatian old maids having been found deficient in that qualification. Herodotus says these Amazons were called Oiorpata by the Scythians, from oior a man, and pata to kill. The affinities of European languages may be traced from these words. Oior, with the French pronunciation of oi, is wor or vir Latin, a man, acc. virum; varon, a man, Spanish; baron, English. Pata; beat, English; battre, French; matar, to kill, Spanish; **pat, a gentle blow, English; a fatal blow, in vulgar speech: bat, a kick from a horse, dialect of the North of England; bat, an instrument to strike with.** Stephen. Forcatulus (*de Gall. imp. et phil. l.* 5. *p* 331. *Paris*, 1580.) says, that when Actius heard that Attila had led a great force into Gaul, he was in the habit of saying that Alastors or evil Genii must be exterminated by the sword, (*ferro*) alluding to the nature of shadows and demons, "who tremble at a drawn sword, as Psellus says," and to the known tale of the origin of the Huns, and he refers to the story about king Filimer. Forcatulus adds, that he should have thought that account of their descent a false hood, if St. Augustine had not stated, that the old rustic Gods Sylvani and Fauni used to be very licentious and lie with women, and it was well ascertained that some demons, whom the Gauls called Duses did the same. [illegible] Dusii see Wachter's glossary, where they are [illegible]. Whence did Forcatulus derive his knowledge of the [illegible] of Actius? It has the appearance of an emanation from Procopius. I find in reference to Psellus de dæmonibus, that he states the demons to be of [illegible] kinds: 1. Igneous, in the upper regions of the air. 2. Aerial. 3. Earthly. 4. Aquatic and marine. 5. Subterraneous. 6. Darkling, incorruptible, hating God and adverse to mankind.

dinavia and occupied the Scythian territory, found certain witches amongst his people, who were called in their language Aliorumnæ or Alirunes, and he drove them far from his army into the desert, where they led a wandering life, and, uniting themselves with the unclean spirits of the wilderness, produced a most ferocious offspring, which lurked at first amongst the marshes, a swarthy and slender race, of small stature, and scarcely endowed with the articulate voice of a human being. It rarely, if ever, happens that a very old tradition is entirely without meaning or foundation, and it may perhaps be drawn from this absurd fable, that the Huns were of mixed descent between the Goths and Tartars.

§ 3. Great and formidable to all Europe as the Huns were in the reign of Attila, it is a matter of doubt what language they spoke. Eccard is quoted by Pray as arguing that they were Sclaves, and used the Sclavonic tongue, because Priscus only mentions two barbarian languages, as having been spoken in the camp of Attila, which were the Gothic and Hunnish; and he observes, that if the Sclavonic and Hunnish had not been identical he would have mentioned the former also. Pray, anxious, as are all the Hungarian writers, to identify the ancient Huns with the * Avares of a later period, with the

* Aimoin and Enginhart, writers of the reign of Charlemain, seem to be the authorities for the identity of the Avares of their time, and the Huns. "Avares sive Hunnos." *Aimoin, l.* 2. *c.* 11. Theophylactus Simocatta *(l.* 7. *c.* 7. *and* 8 *Hist. Mauritiana)* says, "speaking of the Scythians who dwell towards Caucasus and the North, we will interrupt the course of the History, to relate what happened to those exceeding great nations. In this year the Chagawn celebrated by the Turks, sent ambassadors to the Emperor Maurice. He styled himself the great chagawn, master (δεσποτης) of seven races, and lord (κυριος) of the

Magyars, and their own countrymen, argues against this, asserting that the Sclaves did not enter Dalmatia and Illyria, till the time when the Avares were in Hun-

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climates of the habitable world (οἰκουμένης). This chagawn had conquered the Ethnarch of the Abdeli, called Nephalites. Elated with his victory, having entered into confederacy with Stembischades, he reduced the nation of the Abari (or Avares), but these not the Abari, barbarians, who dwell in Europe and in Pannonia, and had arrived there before the time of Maurice. These barbarians falsely called themselves Abari. Ooar or Var and Cheoonni (Οὔαρ καὶ Χεωννί) were amongst the oldest exarchs of the real Abari, whence some of their tribes were called Ooar and Cheoonni. In the reign of Justinian, a small number of these two tribes flying, migrated into Europe, who afterwards vain-gloriously styled themselves Abari, and their chieftain chagawn. On this occasion the Sarselt, Unnoguri, Sabiri, and other Hunnish tribes with them, when they found Ooar and Cheoonni making an irruption into the territory they occupied, were in great consternation, believing the invaders to be the nation of Abari, and tried to conciliate their forbearance by ample gifts. The Ooar and Cheoonni finding their advantage in the mistake, encouraged the belief, and assumed the appellation of Abari. These false Abari are still divided into two tribes called Ooar and Cheoonni." *Translated from the Greek.* Sinocatta was born in Egypt and wrote under Heraclius, between 612 and 640. The word Cheoonni is certainly very similar to Hun, which was written Chunus by the Romans, but although it is here said that a tribe of the Avares was called Cheoonni from an old exarch, and that a part of the falsely called Avares, who came into Hungary, were of that tribe, the passage does not insinuate that the Hunnish nations previously in Hungary, who were disturbed by them, had any affinity to them or to the Avares, and the Huns were not called Cheoonni by the Greeks, but Oonikoi, and certainly he did not mean, that the tribe of which he was speaking, was the great Hunnish nation which had nearly subjugated Europe a hundred and fifty years before. If the Avares were a Tartar race, it seems most probable that the tribe amongst them, called Cheoonni, from an ancient exarch, was a part of those Huns, who, as we learn from the Chinese, had been vanquished by and became mingled with the Tartars long before; and as they designedly adopted the name of Avares they might have also adopted the language of their conquerors, but we have

gary, about a century after the days of Attila, and that the Tartars, to whom he refers the Hunnish origin, are not Sclavonians. There were, however, certainly Sar-

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no certainty even what language was spoken by the Avares who were reduced by Charlemain. Concerning the Avares or Geougeni, see Des Guignes, t. 1. pt. 2. l. 4. § 3. They are said to have been defeated by the Turci in 555; and to have approached or entered Europe 200,000 in number. Pray says that Priscus was the first who mentioned the Avares, but that it is uncertain whether he meant the real or false Avares; that they were generally reckoned Huns, but called *Sclaves* by Constantine Porphyrogenitus, and *Goths* by Thomas Archidiaconus, the Chronici Marulani, and Diaconus Hist. Misc. An anonymous writer (Script. rer. Hungar. Tom. 1. c. 2. p. 4.) says that the Hungarians, a people from Scythia, were so named from the camp *(castro)* Hunru, because having subdued the *Sclaves* they sojourned in Pannonia, whence the neighbouring nations called Alm son of Ugek, duke of Hungvar, *(ducem de Hungvar)* and his soldiers Hungvari. Those, who wish, as Pray, to identify the Hungarians with the Huns of Attila, content themselves with saying that this writer was in error, but Jornandes tells us that the stronghold of Attila in Pannonia, was called Hunniwar, and that it was maintained as a fortification after his time, and it certainly was so in the time of Charlemain; and it seems exceedingly probable that the assertion is correct, that the new occupiers of Pannonia were called Hungarians, not because they were Huns, but because they occupied and had their head-quarters in the ancient Hungvar. There exists a letter of bishop Evagrius addressed to Tutundus and Moymarus, chiefs of Hunnia, otherwise called Avaria, and of Moravia, concerning their conversion to Christianity, A.D. 826, and there does not appear to be any later mention of the Avares as an existing people. The old Hungarian writers, identifying the Hungarians with the Huns, pretend that Alm in the 9th century, was the son of Ugeck, the son of Ed, the son of Chaba, the son of Attila; a space of above 400 years for four generations! Arpad son of Alm, approached the Teiss in 889. The further attempts, to prove that the Hungarians were of the same origin as the Huns, are made by connecting them with the Turcs, who are asserted to be Huns also; but the proofs are very vague. The defeat of the Avares by the Turcs is mentioned by Menander and Simocatta, as well as by the Chinese.

matian nations under Attila, of which the Quadi* may be particularly mentioned, and the words of Ovid† distinguish the Sarmatian from the Gothic, as much as those of Priscus do the Hunnish language. But in truth Priscus does not say that only two languages were spoken, though he names the Gothic and Hunnish as prevalent, and perhaps as being only dialects of one tongue, for he nowhere asserts them to be radically distinct; and a brief examination of ancient evidence will perhaps lead us rather to consider it as a Teutonic dialect, than allied to the modern Hungarian. Priscus invariably uses the word Scythian, to include the Gothic nations with the Huns, and, if they were radically different in language as well as appearance, it is very difficult to understand how they should have been so classed under one denomination. He speaks also of their singing Scythian songs, which would convey no distinct meaning if the Scythians had two languages as widely different as the Gothic and Hungarian. In three other passages he mentions the language of the Huns. He says that on the embassy, with which he was himself associated, Maximin took with him Rusticius, "who was skilled in *the tongue* "*of the barbarians*, and accompanied us into Scythia." Whenever he speaks of the Huns specially, he calls them Huns. He says of Zercon the buffoon, that, "mixing

* "*Quadi*." Ammianus Marcellinus describes the Quadi and Sarmatæ as blended together, using very long spears, coats of mail made of polished horn imbricated like feathers, with linen coverings. They rode on geldings, that the neighing of horses after the mares might not betray their approach, being more accustomed to robbery than open warfare. Their horses were very swift and tractable, and they usually led one or two to relieve that on which they rode. *L.* 17. *c.* 12.

† Didici Getice Sarmaticæque loqui. Trist. 12. 52.

" the tongue of the Huns and that of the Goths with that " of the Italians, he kept the whole court, except Attila, " in incessant laughter;" concerning which it may be observed, that, if the Hunnish and Gothic were not merely dialects of one language, the jests of Zercon could have been intelligible to very few of Attila's soldiers, and could scarcely have kept the whole court in a roar of laughter. In the other passage he says, " The Scythians, being a mixed people, adhere *to their* " *own barbarous tongue*, either that of the Huns, or that " of the Goths, or even those who have intercourse with " the Romans, that of the Italians, but they do not " readily speak Greek, except the captives from Thrace " and the maritime part of Illyria." This is the sum of the information transmitted to us concerning their * language, which seems to point rather to kindred tongues, like those of the Danes and Swedes which are easily understood by either nation, than to two languages radically different. In the account given by Priscus of his progress through the north of Hungary with the embassy, he states that they were furnished instead of wine, with what was called by the natives *meed*, writing the word in Greek *medos*; and as those natives were the very Huns of Attila, near his principal residence, it affords a strong reason for attributing to them a Teutonic

* The title of the tomb of Cheve an ancient king of the Huns, Cheveshaza, as given by Nicolas Olaus, with an explanation that it means Cheve's house, comes very near to the old Teutonic form Cheveshus, and has the s of the Teutonic genitive. Priscus also speaks of the excessive emotion testified by the whole court of Attila at the recital of Scythian poetry which celebrated the victories of Attila, as if it was intelligible to all. Concerning the Teutonic word ring by which the Hunnish fortifications were named, see § 32. of this work.

dialect, though the word kamos which he mentions for a sort of beer is not so easily traced. The name of Alirunes or Alrunæ given to the mothers of the Huns, and stated by Jornandes in the first century after the death of Attila to have been the name used by the people amongst whom they originated, is decidedly a Teutonic word, which may be found in the Scandinavian Edda, written aulrunar. Jornandes tells us that the Huns called their fortified seat in Pannonia Hunniwar, which is indubitably Teutonic, the last syllable being the word which, according to the dialect, is called ware, ward, or guard, from which last form of the word our *court* is derived. The king, who led the Huns into Europe, is named by Jornandes, Balamber or Balamer, which is actually the same name as that of Walamir king of the Goths under Attila, whom Malchus calls Balamir. We know from the history of Menander that the river Volga was called Attila, or as the Greeks write it Atteelas, in German Ethel, in which form the name is connected with the Teutonic edel, noble; and the name of king Attila in the oldest German is Etzel, in which form it is possibly connected with the Teutonic *steel*, alluding to the sword-god, which with a similar deduction from the Greek chalybos, has been called chalybdicos,* chalib,† and excalibar.‡ The documents, which could clear up

* Ἐγὼ δὲ ἀρότρῳ δίγχα κατόρμα κεῖρ' Ἀλιβδικῷ κρεόντι σφεν-θρανοφίνῃ. Lycophron 1018. The same sword he had before called the three-fathered falchion of Candaor, three-fathered, because it was the sword of Orion or Nimrod, referring to the mysterious triple parentage of Orion. For such transpositions as *st* see p. 303, Winthar.

† Chalib was the Comanian sword of Georgius Cappadox.—*Life of St George*. For the Cappadocian sword see *Dion Cassius* and *Strabo*.

‡ The sword of Arthur, to which his life was attached.

the point, are probably lost beyond all chance of recovery, but it seems questionable whether the nationality of modern Hungarians has not induced them to claim a connexion of blood with the Huns of Attila, to which they are perhaps not entitled. Desericius in his voluminous work has exerted himself to demonstrate that the Huns had no affinity with the Alans, Goths, Gepidæ, Vandals, and Lombards, and they were certainly a race differing in stature and colour from the Alans, which proves them to have been long distinct, though they may have branched out at a period later than the dispersion of mankind in the time of Peleg; but they dwelt near to each other, and their habits and worship were precisely the same. The question above proposed is whether their language was a dialect of the general Teutonic tongue spoken by those nations, (perhaps even an admixture of that with some other language) or radically and entirely distinct like the modern Hungarian. The oldest account we have of the Scythians is given in detail by Herodotus, about 450 years before the birth of Christ; 380 years after Christ Ammianus Marcellinus described the Alans who were of the Gothic family, with manners exactly similar to those of the Huns, and the same sword-worship which had been described as used amongst the Scythians by the father of profane history; and in the following century we find Attila the Hun, obtaining great reverence by means of a like sanctified sword, and making the very Scythian sacrifices described by Herodotus, and the Huns and Goths still called promiscuously Scythians by the Greek writers. The Teutonic nations and the Huns had therefore during at least 900 years before the death of Attila been known under one common deno-

mination, and entertained the same habits and a similar religion; and it will not easily be proved that their languages had no affinity, by those who wish to establish the identity of the Huns and Hungarians.

§ 4. The Hunnish nation, says Ammianus Marcellinus in the fourth century, little known by ancient records, and dwelling nigh the frozen ocean beyond the Maeotian marshes, exceeds every known degree of savageness. From their very infancy * their cheeks are gashed so deeply with steel, that the growth of the beard is impeded by scars; they grow up, like eunuchs, without beards or manly beauty. The whole race have compact and firm limbs, and thick necks, a prodigiously square stature, like two-legged beasts or stumps coarsely shaped into human figures. They are so hardy, that they require neither fire, nor seasoned victuals, but live on the roots of wild plants, and the half-raw flesh of any sort of cattle, which they quickly warm by placing it under them on

* Ammianus was perhaps mistaken in this respect, for it is known by the testimony of many writers that they gashed their cheeks in grief and mourning, and it seems improbable that they should cicatrize their children in the same manner. That the Huns cut their faces in grief, see Jornandes de reb. Get. Agathias (*lib.* 5.) says concerning the Cutriguri, a Hunnish tribe, "a great barbarian wa long was heard, for gash "ing their cheeks with their daggers they uttered lamentations after "the fashion of their country." According to Menander (*Hist. lib.* 8. Turxanthus prince of the Turci told the Romans, that since they had come to visit him in the days of his mourning for his father just deceased, it behoved them to gash their cheeks with their swords, and conform with the prevailing law in honour of the dead, whereupon all his own people there present cut their faces, but it does not appear that the Romans were so polite as to accede to his suggestion. Sidonius Apollinaris in Pan. ad Avitum mentions the same custom, Vulnere vel si quis plangit, &c.

the backs of their horses. They never frequent any sort of buildings, which they look upon as set apart for the sepulchres of the dead, and, except in case of urgent necessity, they will not go under the shelter of a roof, and they think themselves insecure there, not having even a thatched cottage amongst them; but, wandering in the woods from their very cradle, they are accustomed to endure frost, hunger, and thirst. They are clothed * with coverings made of linen and the skins of wood mice stitched together, nor have they any change of garment, or ever put off that which they wear till it is reduced to rags and drops off. They cover their heads with curved † fur caps; their hairy legs are defended by goat skins, and their shoes are so ill fitted as to prevent their stepping freely, on which account they are not well qualified for infantry; but, almost growing to the backs of their horses which are hardy and ill-shaped, and often sitting upon them after the fashion ‡ of a woman, they perform any thing they have to do on horseback. There

* Jornandes says the Hunniguri are well known, because the trade in mouse-skins (under which name ermine and the like seem to be included) comes from them. Justin also quotes from Trogus, that the Scythians use no woollen garments, but skins of wild beasts and mice. Seneca (*epist.* 20.) says that the greater part of the Scythians are dressed in fox and mouse skins, which are soft to the touch and impenetrable to the wind.

† Hieronymus in Epitaph. Nepot. speaking of the Huns, calls their head-dress a tiara.

‡ Agathias (*lib.* 3.) says that Gubazen king of the Lazi fought sitting in that manner; *ἐτύγχανε γὰρ ἐναλλάγδην ἔχων τῷ ποδὲ ὑπὲρ τὴν αὐχένα τοῦ ἵππου.* The feminine seat is not a modern refinement. Achilles Tatius (de am. Clit. et Leuc. l. 1.) says, the damsel sat on the middle of the back of an ox, not astride, but mounted upon it with both feet on one side.

they sit night and day, buy and sell, eat and drink, and leaning on the neck of the animal take their slumber, and even their deepest repose. They hold their councils on horseback. Without submitting to any strict royal authority, they follow the tumultuous guidance of their principal individuals, and act usually by a sudden impulse. When attacked they will sometimes stand to fight, but enter into battle drawn up in the figure of wedges, with a variety of frightful vociferations. Extremely light and sudden in their movements, they disperse purposely to take breath, and careering without any formed line they make vast slaughter of their enemies; but, owing to the rapidity of their manœuvres, they seldom stop to attack a rampart, or hostile camp. At a distance they fight with missile weapons, most skilfully pointed with sharp bones. Near at hand they engage with the sword, without any regard for their own persons, and while the enemy is employed in parrying the attack, they entangle his limbs * with a noose in such a manner as to deprive him of the power of riding or resisting. None of them plough, or touch any agricultural instrument. They all ramble about like fugitives without any fixed place of abode with the waggons in which they live, in which their wives weave their dark clothing, cohabit with them, bring forth their children, and in which they rear the boys to the age of puberty. Faithless in truces, inconstant, animated by every new suggestion of hope,

* The Huns are perhaps the only nation recorded in ancient times as having been skilled in throwing the noose, like the South American Indians. Many other features in this picture bring the South American Indians to mind. The account however of the capture of Sirmium by Attila in the fourth scene to imply that it was taken by throwing the noose.

they give way to every furious incitement. They are as ignorant, as irrational animals, of the distinction between honesty and dishonesty, versatile and obscure in speech, influenced by no religious or superstitious fear, insatiably covetous of gold, so fluctuating and irritable, that they often fall off from their companions without any sufficient cause, and reconcile themselves again, without any steps having been taken to pacify them. Such were the Huns when they burst into Europe about the year 374 after Christ, and such they had been from the earliest period of history.

§ 5. After the confusion of tongues in Sennaar * 2247 B. C. the Huns are said to have migrated into the mountains of Armenia and Georgia. Thence, emerging into the plain between the Tanais and Volga, they divided, part to the east, and part to the west. What became of those who travelled west does not appear, if the Huns are to be considered as distinct both from the Teutonic and Sclavonian races. We read in some writers of dark and white Huns; the former being undoubtedly the Huns proper, and the latter some of the yellow haired tribes like the Alans, who dwelt in their vicinity with habits very similar. The Huns who travelled eastward led a pastoral life, enclosed amongst the mountains, and had no intercourse with other nations, but perpetual warfare with the Chinese, from whom the only information concerning them is derived. The Chinese make mention of the Huns 2207 B. C. dwelling to the N. E. of China, feeding on the flesh of their flocks and dressed in skins. In their dealings with other people their

* Des Guignes, tom. 1. pt. 2. lib. 1.

affirmation held the place of an oath. They punished murder and theft, that is amongst themselves, with certain death. They accustomed their children to hunt and use arms. In their earliest years they shot birds and * mice with arrows; growing bigger they pursued hares and foxes. No one amongst them could be deemed a man, till he had slain an enemy, or was bold and skilful enough to do so. It was their custom to attack their enemies unexpectedly, and to fly as rapidly when it was expedient. The great speed of their horses facilitated this mode of warfare, and the Chinese, who were accustomed to standing fight, could not pursue and vanquish them: and the Huns, if defeated, retired unto desert places, where the enemy would find it very grievous to follow them. They were quite illiterate; their weapons were bows and arrows, and swords. They had more or fewer wives according to their means, and it was not unusual † for a son to marry his stepmother, or a brother the widow of his brother. The Hun who could rescue the body of a slain comrade from the enemy became ‡ heir to all his property. They were anxious to make

* Perhaps including the weazel tribe under that denomination, as well as rats.

† Des Guignes says that there was no prohibition to marriage amongst the Huns on account of relationship. This is probably a misapprehension. The cases here mentioned are not of incestuous union, but of the son inheriting the wives of his father, always excepting his own mother, and of the brother according to the Mosaic law raising up seed to his deceased brother. Indeed the account of the fatal loves of King Lieou-toung with the widow of his father, which is given by Des Guignes, contradicts the assertion. There is reason to apprehend that there was a difference between the wife proper who was queen amongst the Huns, and the subsidiary wives who were inherited as concubines.

‡ Des Guignes tom. 2. p. 1.

captives, whom they employed in tending their flocks. Thieves amongst other nations, they were faithful to each other. They lived in tents placed upon waggons. The ancient Huns adorned * their coffins with precious things, gold, silver, and jewels, according to the rank of the deceased, but they erected no tombs. Many servants and concubines followed the body at the funeral, and served it as if living; troops of fighting men accompanied it, and at the full moon they began combats which lasted till the change. Then they cut off the heads of many prisoners, and each of the fighting men was rewarded with a measure of wine made from sour milk.

§ 6. Teuman, who reigned after the death of Chi-Hoam-tio, 210 years before Christ, over the Huns between the Irtish on the west, and the Amur, which rises in the mountains to the east of lake Baikal, and flows into the sea opposite Kamtchatka, pressed the Chinese on his southern confines, which appears to be the earliest specific action of the Huns upon record. He was killed by his son Meté, who took the title of Tanjoo or Tanju, meaning son of heaven. Whatever be the etymology of the name Tanju, coming to us through the Chinese historians, we cannot rely upon it as being a Hunnish title expressed in the Hunnish language. Some of the names they give of the ancient Hunnish potentates are so decidedly and radically different from the names borne by Hunnish princes in Europe, that they must be looked upon as Chinese or Tartar versions of the names, rather than as the very appellations by which

* Des Guignes, tom. 2. p. 26, 7.

those persons were distinguished amongst their countrymen, unless their language underwent a complete change in the course of a few centuries after this period. It is certainly possible that the Huns, if they had originally some affinity to the Tartars, as their personal appearance seems to indicate, having after centuries of confliction with other Tartar races, been expelled by them from their seats, and having in their turn subdued their Gothic neighbours, may have gradually renounced much of the language of their invaders and adopted in great part the speech of the more humanized people who by conquest had become associated with them. The abode of the Tanjoos was in the mountains of Tartary. On the first moon of the year the grandees of the empire or principal officers, each of whom commanded ten thousand men, assembled to hold a general council at the court of the Tanjoo, which ended with a solemn sacrifice. At the fifth moon they met in another place, and sacrificed to Heaven, and Earth, and the Manes of their ancestors. In the autumn they assembled at a third place to number the people and cattle. The Tanjoo every day proceeded into the open plain to worship the sun, and every evening in like manner adored the moon. The title used by the Tanjoo, when he wrote to the emperor of China, was, * the great Tanjoo of the Huns, engendered by Heaven and Earth, established by the sun and moon. The tent of the Tanjoo was on the left hand, as the most honourable place amongst the Huns, and it faced to the west. We know from Priscus that, when he visited the court of Attila, the seats on his right hand were con-

* Des Guignes, tom. 2. p. 37.

l the most honourable, and those on his left of
lary consideration; by which it appears that even
ir highest ceremonials the Huns of his time had
ed from their ancient custom, and adopted that
prevailed amongst the Goths. Meté was a suc-
l prince, and extended the limits of his kingdom.
ɜ year 162 B. C. the Huns vanquished the people
Yue-chi, settled along the Gihon, who were after-
called Jeta or Yetan, and were identical with the
These adored Buddha, and carried the worship
den, who is the same Deity, into Europe; and,
of the Gothic race, they perhaps in some measure
ted their habits and language on those of their
ɔus conquerors. The empire of the Tanjoos having
ally increased, and having been maintained by
ɜnt contests with various success against the Chinese,
to decline about the time of the birth of Christ,
ı A. D. 93 it was entirely overthrown, the Tanjoo
defeated in battle, taken, and beheaded. The
ɔi Tartars occupied their territory, and many of the
mingling with them took the name of Sien-pi.
rest migrated westward into the country of the
kirs. This empire of the Huns, who are not men-
l by the Chinese as being a Tartar race, is said to
subsisted, from 1230 years before, till 93 years
the birth of our Saviour, but the succession of
ɔos is only known since 210 B. C. In 109 the Huns
ied Bucharia, and the country between the Gihon
:us, and the Irtish. In 120 they defeated the Iguri
e south, and killed the Chinese general who led
In 134 they were themselves defeated by the
, and in 151 they were driven further west by the

Sien-pis. In 310 * we are told that, Lieou-toung king of the Huns having fallen in love with the widow of his father, she answered his passion, but was so bitterly reproached by her own son, that she died of vexation. This circumstance, transmitted to us amongst the scanty records of Hunnish transactions, militates directly against the accusation made against them by some modern writers of utter indifference concerning all incestuous connections. It seems that the queen, mother of the heir to the throne, being dead, the king had taken to his throne another wife who had thereupon the rights of queen, and was not inheritable like the numerous wives of secondary condition who replenished the haram. Her submitting to the passion of her stepson was therefore probably regarded not only as an improper connection, but as a degradation from the rank and station she occupied as widow of the king. It is not improbable that the first wife enjoyed the rights of queen, on whose death the lady next espoused might succeed to her privileges; but we have no certainty that the wife, who was to have especial rights, and whose issue were to inherit, may not have been selected by the choice of her husband from the multitude of his wives. In 316 † Lieou-yao king of the Huns took prisoner a general of the Tsin Tartars, and invited him to a feast. On receiving the royal invitation, the captive warrior answered that he was so grieved by the disasters of his country, that he would rather die than survive them. Thereupon he was immediately accommodated with a sword and destroyed himself. Having failed in his first gracious intentions towards

his prisoner, the monarch next turned his attention to the widow of the Tartar, who had also fallen into his hands, and was very beautiful, and he proposed to marry her: but the lady rejected his kindness with the same Spartan repugnance as her husband, whom she declared herself unwilling to outlive. The Hunnish monarch was equally scrupulous of thwarting her inclinations, and he was reduced to the gratification of burying them both in the most pompous manner. In 318 the Topa Tartars gained possession of the country east of the Irtish. At this period the Tanjoo had his principal abode in the land of the Baschkirs, but his territory extended east to the Ili, and stretched westward to the Caspian. The Sien-pis confined them on the east, and the Topas driving the Sien-pis on the Huns, forced the latter further westward. On the south and south-west they were stopped by the Persians. From about the birth of Christ to the time of Valentinian the first (A.D. 364) the Alans had inhabited the lands between the Volga and the Tanais.

§ 7. Ammianus Marcellinus, who died soon after the Huns entered Europe, states that the Alans occupied in his time the immeasurable and uncultivated wastes of the Scythians beyond the Tanais, taking their name from that of a * mountain. The Neuri inhabited the midland parts near some abrupt hills, which were exposed to the north wind and severe frost. Next to them dwelt the Budini, and the Geloni, a warlike people who flayed their slain enemies, and made coverings of the human

* Ἀλανὸς ὄρος Σαρματίας, ἀφ' οὗ τὸ ἔθνος οἱ Ἀλανοὶ ἔοικεν ὀνομάζεσθαι. Eustathius in Dionys.

skins for themselves and their horses. The Agathyrsi bordered on them, who dyed both their bodies and their hair with blue spots; the lower classes with few and small marks, the nobles with thicker spots more deeply stained. The Melanchænæ and Anthropophagi were said to wander on the skirts of these nations, devouring their captives, and a large tract reaching to the north-east towards the Chinese was understood to be left unoccupied by the withdrawal of various tribes from the vicinity of those ferocious marauders. The Alans * had spread themselves very widely towards the east, where they had many populous tribes, who reached even to the banks of the Ganges. Like the Huns they had neither plough, nor cottage; they lived on flesh and milk, in waggons with curved coverings of bark. When they arrived at a grassy district, they arranged their waggons in a circle, and as soon as the grass was consumed, they shifted their quarters. The plains which they frequented were very productive of grass, and interspersed with tracts that bore apples or other fruit, which they consumed when occasion required. Their tender years were passed in the waggons, but they were early habituated to ride, and esteemed it disgraceful to walk, and were all by instruction skilful and expert warriors. They were universally tall and well made, with yellowish hair, and remarkable by their eyes, in which ferocity was tempered with a more pleasing expression; swift in their movements, lightly armed, and much like the Huns in every thing, but more polished in their dress and mode of living, making inroads both to hunt and plunder, as

* Ammianus Marcellinus

far as the Cimmerian Bosporus, and into Armenia and Media. Perils and warfare were their delight; the slaughter of a man their highest boast; and they reviled with bitterness those who lived to old age or died by accidents, esteeming it blessed to fall in battle. They fastened the hairy scalps of their enemies to their horses for trappings and ornament. They erected no temples, but planted a naked sword with barbarous rites in the ground, and worshipped it as the protector of the district round which they had arranged their waggons. They had a singular mode of divining by collecting together a number of straight twigs, and after a time separating them again with some sort of incantation. Slavery was unknown amongst them; and the whole nation was considered to be of noble blood. Their judges were chosen on account of the prowess they had shewn in warfare.

§ 8. Upon these nations the Huns were driven by the inroads of the Tartars, who continued to force them towards the west. In the interval between the years 318 and 374, advancing northward of the Caspian, they subdued the Alans, associating numbers of them with themselves, and forcing the rest to take refuge in Europe. In 374 they crossed the Mæotian swamp, or at least the river Tanais, into Europe. They had long considered the marshes to be an impenetrable girdle, till one of their nation, named Baudetes, having adventured* more than usual in pursuit of a stag, succeeded in penetrating through them, and on his return communi-

* Sozomen says they followed a cow which was driven by a gadfly, and that the herdsmen, who crossed the swamp, reported the land beyond to be very fertile.

cated the important intelligence to his countrymen. Bishop Jornandes* says that the stag led on the hunters by occasionally stopping to entice them, till it had conducted them into European Scythia, which he verily believes the foul spirits from whom they were descended devised out of enmity to its inhabitants. The Huns profited immediately by the discovery of this passage, which opened to them a new world, and, whether they really crossed the Mæotis stagnant and choked with reeds or the Tanais higher up,† they soon pushed their victorious arms to the banks of the Danube. They immediately attacked and reduced the Alipzuri and several other tribes, not omitting to sacrifice ‡ a due proportion of the first captives they made, according to the Scythian custom, to the Sword-God whom they worshipped. The hideous appearance of their swarthy and cicatrized faces, their short, stout, and erect figures, the swiftness of their steeds, and the skill of their archers, spread dismay on all sides, and they came like a hurricane upon the several nations who were peaceably depasturing the European banks of the Tanais. The Alcidzuri, Itamari, Tuncassi, and Boisci, were subdued

* *De reb. Get.* c. 24. Jornandes does not name the hunters, and a confusion has been made between Baudetes and the king Balamer.

† Des Guignes supposes them to have passed the Mæotis in 376, while the emperor Valens was fighting the Isauri in Lycia and Pamphylia; but according to the account of the cotemporary Ammianus, other nations had been subdued by them in Europe before they attacked the Goths, which was in 376. Erasmus Froelich places their passage in 374, which year they spent in reducing the Alipzuri and other tribes, and in 375 they beat the European Alans.

‡ Jornandes says they sacrificed the first captives they made to Victory.

on the first inroad; and the following season was fatal to the liberty of the European Alans, excepting such as preferred to migrate westward, and seek the protection or extort the toleration of the Romans. Every conflict was a source of increased power to the Huns, who compelled the nations they subdued to join with them in further invasions, and with the sword of the Alans, united to their own, they now attacked the Goths. Ermanric was at that time sovereign of the Goths, a man of very advanced* years, who was then lingering under the effects of a wound received from Sarus and Animius, brothers of Saniella or Sanilda, whom he had caused to be torn asunder by wild horses, to avenge himself on her husband, a chieftain of the Roxolani, who had revolted from him. The conjuncture was favourable to the invaders, and their king † Balamer attacked the broad and fertile lands of Ermanric, who after vainly attempting to defend them, put an end to his own life. The Ostrogoths were subdued, having been previously weakened by the secession of the Visigoths, who had applied to the Roman emperor Valens to give them a part of Thrace or Mœsia, south of the Danube, preferring a nominal dependance on the Romans, to the heavier yoke of the Hunnish invaders. The request was granted, and they were baptized into the creed of Valens, who was an Arian. Ermanric having perished, the Ostrogoths remained subject to the Huns, under the administration of Winithar‡ or Withi-

* Upwards of a hundred years old. † Ammianus Marcellinus.

‡ Jornandes and Sigebertus call him Winitharius. Ammianus names him Withimerus, which is evidently the same name as Widemir, one of the Gothic kings under Attila, and probably the right name.

its circumstances seems referable to the period when the Huns first occupied Pannonia, seven or eight years before the death of Balamer. Bela, Cheve, and Cadica, pitched their camp upon the Teiss. Maternus, being at that time præfect of Pannonia, administered the affairs of Dalmatia, Mysia, Achæa, Thrace, and Macedonia. He solicited the aid of Detricus (Dietric or Theodoric), who then ruled over a part of Germany, and having collected a great miscellaneous force to resist the common enemy, they encamped at Zaazhaloo in Pannonia, not far from the southern bank of the Danube, and remained posted near Potentiana and *Thethis. The Huns crossed the Danube below the site of Buda, surprised the allied army in the night, and routed them with great slaughter, and encamped in the vale of Tharnok. There the Huns were attacked in their turn, when the allies had rallied their scattered

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* Hoffius makes Potentiana identical with Theteo in the German, Adam in Hungarian, two miles from Buda.

cavalry were routed by the first charge of the Goths, and left the infantry completely exposed to the enemy. The attack of the horse was supported by a shower of arrows, in the use of which the Huns were particularly skilful, and the Roman infantry was completely routed and cut to pieces by the swords and billhooks of the barbarians. Valens* took refuge in a house, where he was burnt alive by his pursuers, a practice not uncommon amongst the Scandinavian nations. Gratian, receiving intelligence of this disaster, immediately recalled from Spain Theodosius, who in the following year repaired the falling fortunes of Rome, and, both by successful conflicts and by conciliatory offers and presents, † put an end to the war. The pacification was however of short duration, and in 380 Gratian, being molested by the Huns, obtained the assistance of the Goths ‡

* There is an odd tale related by Ammianus Marcellinus, Socrates, Zonaras, and Georgius Cedrenus, Hist. Compend. p. 225, with some variation in the words of the verses, that in pulling down an old wall of Chalcedon, a square stone was found in the middle with eight Greek hexameters inscribed thereon, prophesying an irruption of barbarians simultaneous with the better supply of Constantinople with water, which was afterwards effected by Valens. In the Florentine MS. of A. Marcellinus the barbarians are termed in the verses Hunnish tribes, but there only; a variation made to suit the event.

† For the account of these transactions see Orosius, lib. 7. c. 33, and 34. Ammianus, lib. 31. c. 16. P. Diaconus, lib. xi. Zonaras, Ann. l. xiii. Jornandes de reb. Get. and de regni Succ. Prosp. Aquit. Adon. Chron. A.D. 379. Sozomen. l. 4.

‡ Whether these were Visigoths, or whether Winithar assisted the Romans at this period is not clear. Sigebertus in Chron. says Ostrogothis in patrio solo remorantibus sub Hunnorum dominio præerat Winitharius.—Eis ab hoc anno usque ad mortem Attilæ per annos plùs minùs octoginta præfuerunt reguli gentis suæ. Jornandes says, Winithario tamen Amalo principatûs sui insignia retinente.—*De reb. Get.* c. 28.

whom he took into his service. It was probably at this time, that Balamer king of the Huns violated the treaties he had made with the Romans, and laid waste many towns and much of their territory with his armies, stating that his subjects were in want of the necessaries* of life. The Romans sent an embassy to him, and promised to pay him nineteen pounds weight of gold annually, on condition of his abstaining from a renewal of such incursions. Whether the Ostrogoths had taken part with the Romans or not in 380, Winithar soon after attempted to throw off the Hunnish yoke, and his efforts were eminently successful. In the first encounter he captured a Hunnish king called † Box, together with his sons, and seventy men of distinction, all of whom he crucified, to terrify the rest of their countrymen. Nothing else is known concerning this Hunnish prince, but it seems that from the time of the invasion of Europe in 374 till the murder of Bleda by his brother Attila, the Huns were never governed by a sole king. For a short time Winithar the Goth reigned independent; Balamer, with the assistance of Sigismund the son of Hunnimund the Ostrogoth, who continued faithful to the Huns, attacked him, but was discomfited in two successive engagements. In the third battle on the banks of the river Erac, Balamer killed him, having

* Priscus, *pt.* 2. *c.* 9. *Bonnæ* 1829. *p.* 217. without any date to the transaction. Pray Ann. Hung. refers it to A.D. 380. See also P. Mart. Szentivanyi e Soc. Jes. Chron. Hung. A. D. 380. The compiler of the index to Priscus, &c. in the Byzantine Historians, 1829, has referred these circumstances erroneously to Walamir the Ostrogoth under Attila. Priscus calls him a Scythian, by which name he always designates the Hunno-Gothic empire.

† Jornandes de reb. Get. c. 48. He uses the name Box undeclined.

wounded him surreptitiously in the head with an arrow, as they were approaching to each other. The defeat of his partisans was complete. Balamer married his granddaughter Waladamarea, and possessed the whole empire, a Gothic prince however ruling over the Ostrogoths under the authority* of the Huns. Hunnimund the son of Ermanric succeeded to Winithar, and fought successfully against the Suevi. His son Thorismond reigned after him, and in the second year after his accession gained a great victory over the Gepidæ, but was killed by the fall of his horse. The Goths greatly lamented him, and remained forty years after his death without a king, Berismund his son having followed the Visigoths into the west to avoid the Hunnish ascendancy. Balamer died in 386, soon after his marriage, probably leaving no children, and it is not known who immediately succeeded him.

§ 9. The first king mentioned by the Roman writers after this period is Huldin, but nothing is detailed concerning him before the year 400. It seems probable that the three kings Bela, Cheve, and Cadica, named by the Hungarians as having reigned simultaneously, belong to the reign of Balamer, and perhaps Bela was the real name of the king who was styled by the Romans Balamerus. Under them was said to have been fought a great battle at a place called † Potentiana, which from

* Jornandes says, quamvis Hunnorum consilio.

† No such place as Potentiana is mentioned by Strabo, Ptolemy, or the Peutingerian tables which were made in the reign of Theodosius the great. Timon (Imag. ant. Hung.) thinks there never was such a place. Desericius says it should have been printed Mogentiana, Mentz, which is an utter absurdity, the battle having taken place close to the Danube.

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* Hoffman makes Potentiana identical with Theten in the German, Adam in Hungarian, two miles from Buda.

forces, and after a severe contest the Huns were compelled in the evening to recross the Danube and return to their former position, but the victorious army was too much weakened to pursue them, and, fearful of a fresh attack, retired to Tulna, a town of Austria in the neighbourhood of *Vienna. It seems extremely improbable that a narrative so circumstantial and apparently impartial, though discredited by some modern writers, should be entirely fabulous, and the persons mentioned in it fictitious. It is evident, that it must be referred to the period when the Goths and Romans were acting together, that is the year 380, when, according to the Latin writers, the Goths asked the assistance of Gratian against the Huns, and when, according to Priscus, Balamer violated the treaties and laid waste much of the Roman territory; Balamer (perhaps identical with Bela) being the chief sovereign, Box, Cheve, and Cadica, inferior kings over portions of the Huns.

§ 10. To Balamer probably succeeded immediately Mundiuc,† the father of Attila, but nothing is known of

* Such is the account given by Nicolas Olaus, and to the like effect is the statement of other Hungarian writers. He says that the Huns lost 125,000 men, amongst whom was Cheve; the allies 210,000, which is probably a great exaggeration. Abraham Bakschay, in his Chronology of the kings of Hungary, *(apud Bonfinium)* says that Attila was buried by the marble column called Kaiazo, where Bela, Cheve, and Cadica lay entombed. Nicolas Olaus calls it Cheveshaza, and says that it means Cheve's house. He adds to the account above given, that the Huns afterwards attacked and defeated the Romans at Tulna, where Maternus was killed, and Detricus severely wounded, but 40,000 Huns with their three kings Bela, Cheve, and Cadica fell in the battle.

† Callimachus says that the Huns subdued the Goths with difficulty, and that in this war, their king Velamber (the same as Balamer elsewhere called Balamber) died, and was succeeded by Mundruth, otherwise

the particular actions of his life, and he is never named as concerned either with or against the Romans, in any military operations. In 388 the Huns were employed by Gratian * against the Juthungi in Bavaria, and destined to act against Maximus in Gaul. In 394 † they sent auxiliaries to Theodosius mixed with Alans and Goths under Gaines, Saules, and Bacurius. In 397 it seems that Theotimus, bishop of Tomi or Tomiswar in Bulgaria, converted some Huns to ‡ Christianity, and it is not improbable that these converts were the persons whom Rhuas and Attila redemanded and crucified. From about the year 400 till 411 § Huldin commanded the Huns in immediate contact with the empire, but we have no reason for supposing him to have been sole

called Mamch. Calanus also says that he succeeded Balamer, calling him variously Mandluch and Madluch. The Hungarian chronicles call him Bendeketz, Bonfinius Mundiuicus, Nicephorus Numidius, Theophanes Omnudius, Jornandes Mundzuccus. Priscus, who visited the court of Attila, and is therefore paramount authority, names him Mundiuch, Μουνδιοῦχος. It is here again observable that this name appears to be Teutonic, and exactly analogous to that of the Burgundian king Gundiuc, being a compound of Mun the moon, and diuch conquerer. Gioca is to conquer in Anglo-saxon. Yoke *Anglice*, jugum *Latine*, are from the same root. The name of Gunka king of Burgundy is the word simply, Gun-diuc is the same compounded. Mun-diuc as he is named by Jornandes, agrees with the appellation given by Priscus. Bendeketz is perhaps a translation of the name, bendis being said to mean the moon in the tongue of the Thracians. See Strabo.

* St. Ambrose, who upbraids him for using the sword of the Huns.

† Sigonius, lib. 9.

‡ Sozomen, Orosius, and Hieronimus who says, Hunni desunt post terrum.

§ Bulus in his notes to Juvencus Calanus, says that Mundiuch associated Huldin to his throne, and Valesius (*Rer. Franc.* l. 4) adopts the same opinion.

monarch of the Hunnish nation. In 400 he killed Gaines, and sent his head to Arcadius. In conjunction with Sarus who was king over a portion of the * Goths, Huldin and his Huns afforded assistance to Rome in 406, when Radagais had invaded Italy. Radagais † is said to have been the most savage of all the barbarian monarchs. So strangely were the various nations blended, who were set in motion by the irruption of the Huns, and the pressure of the Asiatic Alans and other tribes upon the pastoral nations of Europe, that it is not known of what people this mighty commander was originally the ruler. Probably he was king of the Obotritæ, or some other nation in the neighbourhood of Mecklenberg, where he was worshipped as a ‡ God after his death.

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* Olympiodorus.

† Paulus Diaconus, l. 13. Orosius, l. 7 .c. 37. n. 3.

‡ Gibbon (citing Mascou. Hist. of the Germans, 8. 14.) mentions that Rhadagast was the name of a local deity of the Obotrites in Mecklenberg, and adds that a hero might naturally assume the appellation of his tutelary God, but that it is not probable, that the barbarians should worship an unsuccessful hero. This is one of the vague assertions which are frequent in Gibbon's history, but he would have found it impossible to have brought any proof of the previous worship of such a deity. For the same reason he might with equal truth have denied the well-known apotheosis of Julius Cæsar. Radagais, before he attempted the invasion of Italy and the extermination of the Roman name and authority, must have been a most successful conqueror, and have extended his sway over a great part of Europe, probably over all that remained unsubdued by the Huns east of the Rhine, and north of the Danube. Prudentius, a cotemporary writer, calls him "the Getic tyrant coming from the Danube, with the nation of Pannonia which had been thirty years destructive to the empire." He probably meant Savian Pannonia south of the Danube, which the Goths had occupied. A print of the idol Radagais may be seen in Schedius, *de Diis Germanis, p.* 720. *Halæ,* 1728. It is there said, that amongst

He has been styled by most writers king of the Goths, because a great part of his force was Gothic, but there is no reason to suppose he was a Visigoth, and he certainly was not an Ostrogoth. Orosius calls him a pagan and Scythian, which conveys no distinct information, and it is even not unlikely that he may have been a Sclavonian. Whatever was his own nation, he had been a most successful adventurer, swelling his army with

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the Obotrite a huge statue was erected to that Radagaisius, who *afterwards* deserved the honour of a divinity at Megalopolis. A shield, on which was impressed the black head of a bull, covered his breast. His hand was armed with a military axe; a small bird sat on his head. See also *Helmold Chron. Slav. lib.* 1. *c.* 3. & *c.* 21.—*Albert Cranz, l.* 2. *c.* 21.—*Ludovicus de idol. Selav.* 2. § 17.—*Mesius Diss. Acad. p.* 1003.—*Stedowsky in sacrâ Moraviæ hist. p.* 37. A temple was erected to Radagais, and the river which washes Raxeburg was called Radagaisius. *Nicol. Thurius de Herulis.* He adds, after many splendid exploits, such was the end of Rhadagas, whom his people held so dear while living, that after his death, they venerated and worshipped him as a God. Mascou threw a doubt on the identity of Radagais with the person worshipped as a Deity by the Obotrites, (taking the notion from H. G. Mesius *de Diis Obotr.* and Teutzel *Monathl. Unterr.* 1086) which led to the silly observation of Gibbon. M. Adamus, a writer of the twelfth century, (in his Hist. Eccl.) says, dwelling amongst the Slavi, the most powerful are the Retharii. Their city, called Rethra, was the seat of idolatry; a temple was constructed there to the demons, the chief of whom was Radegast. His image was of gold, his bed decorated with purple. The city has twelve gates, and is surrounded on all sides by a deep lake; a wooden bridge affords access to those only, who come to sacrifice or to consult the oracle. To this temple the distance is said to be four days journey from Hamburg. Helmold, who lived in the eleventh century, has the same account nearly in the same words. He calls Radegast the God of the Obotrites, that is the Mecklenburgers. Rethra was probably Ratzburg, in the duchy of Saxe Lunenburg, and the name Ratzburg a corruption of Radagastesburg. In the chronicle of M. Theod. Engelhus, edited by Mader, p. 1020, it is said that the king of the Danes destroyed a noble Sclavonian town

the fighting men of the tribes which he successively overthrew, and drawing others to his camp by the renown of his name, till he had collected an immense confederated army of Vandals, Sueves, Burgundians, Alans, and Goths. With this force he entered Italy, and laying waste the whole country north of the Po, he prepared to besiege Florence at the head of * 200,000 soldiers; threatening that he would raze the fortifications of Rome,

called Myneta, near Mecklenberg. There was a temple there to many Gods, of whom the chief was Radegast. Reimar Kock in his Chronicle (Lubec M.S. cit.) says there were statues and temples to Radegast at Gadesbusch. Over his head, according to Helmold (l. 1. c. 2.) was a bird with extended wings; on his breast a black bull's head, which he held in his right hand. A battle-axe was in his left, and his body was naked. The only objection which Mesius offers to those who had asserted that this Deity was the royal Radagais of the fifth century, is that the bull's head belonged to the Vandals rather than the Goths, though he admits that the Goths, Vandals, Slaves, and Obotrites, were very much intermixed. The objection is utterly futile, for there is no proof whatsoever that king Radagais was a Goth; he was very possibly a Vandal or a Sclavonian, but the bull's head with the Mithriac radiating sun on its forehead, was found also in the sepulchre of Childeric, king of the Francs, at Tournay. See *Chiffl. An.* Adam of Bremen (Hist. Eccl. l. 4. c. 12.) further says, that John bishop of Mecklenberg, was taken by the pagans of that city, beaten with clubs, dragged through the various Sclavonic towns, and, as he refused to abjure Christianity, his hands and feet cut off, and his body cast on the road. His head on a pole was offered in sacrifice to the God Rhadegast in Rethre, the metropolis of the Slavi. Mesius (p. 45.) says that the river which washes Gadesbusch is called Radegast, and (*p.* 48, *et seq.*) he admits the general opinion, that the idol took its name from the king in the fifth century, and expresses his own belief that it did derive it from *some* king with the same appellation. This is carrying scepticism to the utmost pitch of absurdity, for no man can shew that such a God had been worshipped or such a name had existed amongst mankind before the time of that Radagais, who died in the year of our Lord 406.

* Orosius, l. 7. c. 37.

and burn her palaces; that he would sacrifice the most distinguished patricians to his Gods, and compel the rest to adopt the mastruca,* or garment of skin dressed with the hair on, that was worn by some of the barbarous nations. The approach of this formidable enemy filled the Roman capital with dismay: the pagans thought that under the protection and with the assistance of the Gods, whom he was said to conciliate by daily immolations of human victims, it was impossible for him to be overcome, because the Romans † neither offered to the Gods any such sacrifices, nor permitted them to be offered by any one. There was a concourse of heathens in the town, all believing that they were visited with this scourge, because the sacred rites of the great Gods had been neglected. Loud complaints were made, and it was proposed to resume immediately the celebration of the ancient worship, and throughout the whole city the name of Christ was loaded with blasphemies; but the degenerate Romans were more disposed to curse and offer up sacrifice, than to fight in defence of the empire. A very small force was collected under Stilicho, and the defence of Italy was entrusted to Huldin with a Hunnish, Sarus with a Gothic, and Gosar with an Alan, force of hired auxiliaries. The prudent measures of Stilicho ensured their success. The invading army was camped on the arid ridge above Fæsulæ, ill furnished with water and provisions. Stilicho conducted his approaches with such skill, that he blocked up all the avenues, and rendered it impossible for the enemy to draw out his army in line against him. Without the

* Prudentius contra Symmachum.

† St. Aug. [illegible]

uncertainty of a hazardous conflict, without any loss to be compensated by victory, the army defending Rome ate, drank, and were merry, while the invaders hungered, and thirsted, and pined away without hope of extricating themselves from their calamitous situation. Radagais despairing abandoned his army, fled, and was intercepted. The conqueror has been accused of sullying the glory of this achievement, by the deliberate murder or execution of his prisoner. A third part of the army surrendered, and the captives were so numerous, that herds of them * were sold for single pieces of gold, and such was their misery, that the greater part of them perished after having been purchased. The entire credit of the discomfiture of the invaders, is given by the writers † of that age to the troops of Huldin and Sarus, and the Roman forces are not mentioned. There were twelve thousand noble Goths whom the Latins called *optimati* ‡

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* Orosius, lib. 7.

† Orosius, lib. 7.—Prosper Aquit. Chron.—Prosper Tiro Chron.—Preculphus Chron.

‡ Olympiodorus. Gibbon completely misunderstood the passage in Olympiodorus, and says that 12000 distinguished warriors "glittered in the van," and adds "Olympiodorus calls them *ὀπτίματοι* which does not convey any precise idea;" whereas in truth Olympiodorus writes that the head men (*κεφαλαιῶται*) of the Goths, amounting to 12000, were called *ὀπτίματοι*, meaning were called optimati by the Latins, and that Stilicho after the defeat of Radagais associated these to himself. Gibbon again misconstrued the latter words, which are in the original *οὓς καταπολεμήσας Στελίχων Ῥοδογάϊσον προσηταιρίσατο*, and fancied that Stilicho defeated the 12000 nobles, whom he therefore calls a glittering van, and that he associated Radagais to himself after their discomfiture, whereupon he states incorrectly that Radagais "confided in the faith of a capitulation or in the clemency of Stilicho;" and he adds, "the word *προσηταιρίσατο* would denote *a strict and friendly*

in the army of Radagais, and with these, after the disaster of their leader, Stilicho entered into confederacy. It appears by the chronicle of Prosper, that the army of Radagais was separated in three divisions under distinct chiefs; one * division only perished at Fæsulæ; the other two were untouched, and his remaining Goths were afterwards diverted by Stilicho into Gaul. It seems that there must have been treachery in the invading army, which was not unlikely to occur, seeing that it consisted principally of Goths, and that he was besieged by Goths under Sarus. Supposing the two other divisions of the army of Radagais to have been faithful to him, it could scarcely be doubted that, when he quitted the troops who were surrounded at Fæsulæ,

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alliance, and render Stilicho *still more criminal*." Such errors may appear strange from a man of high literary fame, but he too often sacrificed the consideration of truth to the desire of rounding a period; as for instance where he states that Attila "lay encamped at the place where the slow-winding Mincius is lost in the foaming waves of the lake Benacus!" though in fact the lake Benacus is a receptacle of Alpine waters, out of which the celebrated Mincius flows into the Po. The English of the Greek words is, *whom Stilicho having defeated Radagais associated to himself*. Olympiodorus meant either that Stilicho enlisted the 12000 noble Goths into his army, while the rest of the captives were sold, as we know from Orosius and Marcellinus, or that the 12000, instead of being the van as Gibbon calls them, were part of the untouched divisions of the great army of Radagais, with which after his death Stilicho made alliance, diverting them into Gaul.

* Insigni triumpho exercitum *tertiæ partis* hostium circumactis Hunnorum auxiliaribus Stilicho usque ad internectionem delevit. *Prosper*. Gothorum exercitus fame potius quàm ferro consumptus. *Isidor. Chron.* Huldin et Sarus Hunnorum Gothorumque reges Radagaisum continuo devicerunt, ipsius capite amputato captivos ejus singulis aureis distribuerunt. *Marcellinus Chron. A. D.* 406.

he was attempting to rejoin them, for the purpose of leading them on to raise the blockade, and was intercepted in that undertaking: but a due consideration of the subject will lead us to suspect that the account given by Aventinus is correct, that Huldin and Sarus had entered Italy in concert with Radagais, but were seduced from his authority by Stilicho. Their force must have been part of the two divisions which remained uncaptured, and the Goths of Sarus a portion of the very troops which Stilicho afterwards persuaded to remove their quarters into Gaul; for it is impossible otherwise to explain how a sufficient power of Huns and Goths could be at hand to oppose an army of 200,000 men, which had already overrun and laid waste all the north of Italy, and had placed itself between Stilicho and the dominions of the Huns. The probability is therefore strong, that Stilicho * discomfited Radagais

* Neither Prosper, nor Orosius mention any Romans under Stilicho. See *Prosp. Tyro, A.D.* 405 or 406. *Orosius, lib.* 7. *c.* 37. Without any disposition to give praise to Stilicho, who was a treacherous subject and a false Christian, like Aëtius, we may question the justice of the abuse which has been lavished upon him for executing Radagais. It must be recollected that the barbarian had advanced with the declared intention of destroying Rome, of sacrificing the patricians at the altar, and putting to death all who would not worship his idols and adopt the dress of his people; and that he had made daily immolations of his prisoners in sacrifice. Stilicho had probably sufficient authority for hanging him on the first tree, and there can be no question as to the moral justice of the execution; the tale of a capitulation and treaty being a blunder made by Gibbon. It is by no means certain that the execution of Radagais was the deliberate act of Stilicho, who probably had but a very qualified authority over the Huns and Goths, by whom the capture was made, and the Huns could not have forgot the crucifixion of their king, who had been captured about twenty years before by the Ostrogoths. Marcellinus attributes it to Huldin and Sarus.

by means of his own auxiliaries, having by negociation drawn off from him two-thirds of his army, and surrounded the remainder, which might have consisted of sixty or seventy thousand men nominally, but probably was already reduced by the rude invasion of a hostile country.

§ 11. From this period during some years the Huns do not appear to have manifested any decided hostility to the Romans. In 409 * a small force of Hunnish auxiliaries assisted them to defeat Ataulfus, and in 410 † Honorius appears to have hired a body of Huns to oppose the progress of Alaric, which is not surprising, as the Huns were certainly not united under any sole monarch, and both they and the Goths seem at that time to have been ready to assist the highest bidder. The peaceable demeanor of the Huns towards the empire is probably the reason that so little has reached us concerning their kings at this period. No mention of Huldin occurs after the campaign against Radagais, and, although we are told that the Hunnish satellites or auxiliaries of Stilicho were destroyed when he himself was killed, we hear of no Hunnish king, till the brief mention which is made by Photius, in detailing the contents of the work of Olympiodorus, of Charato, chief of the Hunnish petty kings. The circumstances mentioned by him are certainly referable to the period between the usurpation of Jovinus in 411 and his death in 413. Olympiodorus was sent on an embassy from Constantinople to Donatus and the Hunnish princes, whose marvellous skill in archery struck him with astonishment. Who Donatus was is not known, but he must have been

* Zosimus, lib. 5. † Sigonius, [illegible]

either a Hunnish king, or a chieftain of some nation closely connected with them. Donatus was ensnared by an oath, probably of safe conduct, and unlawfully and treacherously put to death by the Romans. Charato the chief of the Hunnish kings was greatly exasperated, but the Romans contrived to appease his resentment by presents. Nothing further is known of Charato; he may have been the chief ruler of the Huns, or which is more probable, only the first of the * petty kings under Mundiuc.

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* Olympiodorus calls him ὁ τῶν ῥηγῶν πρῶτος. The barbarous word ῥήξ which is here used by Olympiodorus, appears to signify what the Latins called regulus, a petty king. He only uses such terms where the Greek language did not furnish one of the precise signification he wanted. He calls Sarus ῥήξ of a division of Goths, but he styles Alaric and Walia φύλαρχοι. George Pray (in his Annales Hungariæ) being from nationality always anxious to distort historical truth, so as to establish the antiquity of the Hungarian monarchy, and make it appear that the Huns were governed by a sole king, and finding it convenient for that purpose to fill up the gap between the death of Balamer in 386 and the mention of Huldin in 400, with the reign of Charato, suppresses the fact that Olympiodorus speaks of the Hunnish kings in the plural, and incorrectly asserts that the narrative is immediately followed by that of the death of Maximus in 388, from which he takes occasion to refer the reign of Charato to 386. Photius details the contents of the lost work of Olympiodorus in regular chronological order. He states that Olympiodorus related the usurpation of Jovinus (which took place in 411); that he then took up the narrative concerning his own embassy to Donatus and the Hunnish kings, and their excellent archery; that he gave a lamentable account of his wanderings and danger by sea; how Donatus was deceived by an oath and butchered; how Charato the first of the Hunnish kings (ῥηγῶν) was incensed, and how he was afterwards softened and appeased by presents. That he next related the death of Jovinus, (which occurred in 413) and how his head was exposed outside of Carthagenc, "where those of Constantine and Julian (who was his younger son) *had been before* cut off, and those of *Maximus*

§ 12. From the year 413 no true historical competitor appears to contest the occupation of the Hunnish throne with Mundiuc, though a false king has been conjured up by Pray in his Hungarian annals, in the person of Rugas or Rhâlus. At this period the celebrated Roman Aëtius was a hostage in the Hunnish court,* having been previously three years a hostage to Alaric the Goth. It is most probable that he was given as surety to the Huns for the safe return of the auxiliary force which they sent in 410 against Alaric. He was the son of Gaudentius, by birth a Scythian or Goth, who had risen from the condition of a menial to the highest rank in the cavalry. His mother was a noble and wealthy Italian, and at the time of his birth his father was a man of prætorian dignity. Aëtius, having passed his youth as a hostage at the courts of Alaric and the Hunnish king, married the

and Eugenius who being traitors in the reign of Theodosius came to the same end. It is evident that Olympiodorus interrupted his narrative concerning Gerontius to relate what happened in the interval in another quarter. The embassy to Charaton therefore certainly took place between [illegible] which Pray assumes most inaccurately, in 386. Olympiodorus does not mean that the heads of Maximus and Eugenius were cut off in the same place, for Maximus was killed by his soldiers before Aquileia in 388, and Eugenius beheaded near the same place by the orders of Theodosius in 394. Sebastian's head was sent to Honorius at Ravenna in 411, and his brother Constantine was sent alive to the same city, but was put to death before he reached Ravenna. Carthagena must have been in the north of Italy, perhaps the site of one of the gates of Ravenna or of some public building in it, where the heads of traitors to the court of Ravenna were usually exposed. The Latin translation of Photius's epitome the name Καρθαγένη Carthage, which are commonly mistaking to have thought that the heads were cut off and exposed at Africa, though Καρχηδών is the Greek name of Carthage. Niebuhr thinks Carthagena is an error of the scribe for Ravenna, which seems very improbable.

* Gregory of Tours.

hter of Carpileo, was made a count, and had the intendance of the domestics and palace of Joannes. vas a man of middle size, of manly habits, well , neither slight nor heavy, active in mind and limbs, d horseman, a good archer and poleman, of conate military skill, and equally adroit in the conduct il affairs; neither avaricious, nor covetous, endowed great mental accomplishments, and never swerving his purpose at the instigation of bad advisers; very t of injuries, desirous at all times of laborious ation, regardless of danger, bearing without inconce hunger, thirst, and watchfulness; to whom it is to have been foretold in his early youth that he lestined to rise to great authority. Such is the ter given of him by * a cotemporary writer; to all might have been added, that he was † a consum-

* Renatus Frigeridus cited by Gregory of Tours.

: praises which Gibbon has lavished on this guilty man, whose were the proximate cause of the destruction of the Roman are very revolting. He speaks of this hypocritical traitor as a upported by the consciousness of his merit, his services, and per- innocence;" and he is styled "a hero and a patriot, who supear twenty years the ruins of the empire," and although he admits made "a hostile declaration against his sovereign," we are told death was the "unworthy fate of a hero." Let the following w of some of the evil acts of his life declare his merits and his m. He called the Huns into Italy to support the usurper John, his death obtained the command in Gaul as the price of the f his pagan auxiliaries. By his unexampled villainy towards ress and Boniface he threw Africa into the hands of the , from whence they soon after invaded and sacked Rome. slain Boniface he had again recourse to the Huns, and again from the empress through their means the command of the my. He is believed to have tampered severally with Attila,

mate villain, a treacherous subject, a false Christian, and a double dealer in every action of his life. In 423 his patron Joannes, known by the name of John the tyrant, (which title only implies that he possessed himself of unlawful authority) seized the opportunity of the death of Honorius to assume the sovereign power, and sent ambassadors to Theodosius, who threw them into prison. In order to strengthen himself against the attack which he had reason to expect, he dispatched Aëtius, who was then superintendant of his palace, with a great weight of gold to the Huns, with many of whom he had become

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Meroveus, and Torismond, after the battle of Chalons, and to have purposely avoided following up the success of that day. He is accused by Prosper of taking no steps to oppose the invasion of Italy, and he advised Valentinian to evacuate Italy and take refuge in Gaul, which would have left him master of Rome. He educated one son Carpileo in a heathen court, destining him for a heathen throne, while the younger Gaudentius was intended to wear the imperial purple. He is accused by Marcellinus of having procured the murder of Attila, who had been his friend and protector, as well as his antagonist in the field; and his presents of two successive confidential secretaries to the Hunnish monarch will be duly appreciated by those who consider the whole tenor of his life. A coin which may be seen in J. Strada Epit. Thess. 1553, p. 211. has on the reverse Etius imperator Cæsar, and appears to testify that he had actually declared himself emperor before he was killed by Valentinian. In the same page is a coin of John the tyrant inscribed Joannes Cæsar. See Prosp. Tyr. and Prosp. Aquit. from whom it appears that a marriage was in agitation between one of the sons of Aëtius and one of the daughters of Valentinian, the words conjunctione filiorum, meaning certainly the marriage of their children, for Valentinian had no son: his two daughters were carried to Africa by Genseric with Gaudentius the son of Aëtius to whom one of them was betrothed. See also Sidon. Apoll. Carm. 5. v. 204. where it appears that the other son Carpileo, who inherited the name of his maternal grandfather, was destined for a Getic throne. See also the notes of Savaro, *Paris*, 1609, Cassiodorus, and Idatius.

by close ties of personal * friendship, while he hostage at their court. In 425 † the Huns entered ınder the guidance of Aëtius. Their number has estimated at ‡ 60,000. It is not known by whom rere commanded, though it has been asserted that was then twenty-five years old § and headed the ition. At this critical moment Joannes was killed, ıe subtle Aëtius immediately made his peace with tinian, who was glad to receive the traitor into ', on condition of his removing the formidable army aders from Italy. Having advanced in compliance he request of Aëtius, and already received the gold ınnes, they were easily prevailed upon to withdraw n who had conducted them, and they appear to have ıed home without committing any outrages, which ; the great influence that Aëtius had acquired over leaders.

3. It seems however most probable that they were ıanded by Rhuas, who in the succeeding year tened that he would destroy Constantinople, and ıbly made an incursion into the territory of the ern emperor, though the marvellous account which ren of the expedition by cotemporary writers is a and palpable falsehood, which must be detailed to be confuted. Theodoret, who lived at the time this event is said to have taken place, after speak- f the destruction of pagan temples and the general rintendance of Providence, says, "for indeed when hoilus the leader of the Nomad Scythians both

* Greg. Turon. lib. 2. c. 8.

† Cassiodorus Chron. ad xi. Theodosii et prim. cons.

Anon. Epit. Hist. Byz. § Bonfinius—Desericius.

" crossed the Danube with an army of the greatest " magnitude, and laid waste and plundered Thrace, " and threatened that he would besiege the imperial " city, and take it by main force, and utterly destroy it, " God having struck him with * lightning and bolts of " fire from above, both destroyed him by fire, and " extinguished the whole of his army." Socrates, also cotemporaneous, writes to the following effect.† " After " the slaughter of John the tyrant, the barbarians, whom " he had called to his assistance against the Romans, " were prepared to overrun the Roman possessions. " The emperor Theodosius, having heard this, accord- " ing to his custom, left the care of these things to the " Almighty; and, applying himself to prayer, not long " after obtained the things which he desired; for what " straightways befell the barbarians, it is good to hear. " Their leader, whose name was Rhugas, dies, having " been struck by lightning, and a pestilence super- " vening consumed the greater part of the men who " were with him; and this struck the barbarians with " the greatest terror, not so much because they had " dared to take up arms against the noble nation of the " Romans, as because they found it assisted by the power " of God." Well indeed might the Huns have trembled, and all Europe have quaked even to the present day at the recollection of such a manifest and terrible interposition of the Almighty, if the Hunnish king with an immense army had been so annihilated, and, as Socrates proceeds to say, in pursuance of an express prophecy:

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* σκηπτοῖς καὶ πρηστῆρσι. The passage is literally translated from the Greek. † Socr. Eccles. Hist. l. 7. c. 43. Literally translated.

but it is easy to demonstrate the falsehood of the narrative. Theodoret immediately subjoins to the passage cited from him, that the Lord did something of the same kind in the Persian war, when the Persians, having broken the existing treaty and attacked the Roman provinces, were overpowered by rain and hail; that in a former war, Gororanus having attacked a certain town, the archbishop alone broke his lofty towers and engines to pieces and saved the city; that on another occasion a city being beleaguered by a barbarian force, the bishop of the place put with his own hands an enormous stone on a balista or engine called the apostle Thomas, and firing it off in the name of the Lord knocked off the head of the king of the barbarians, and thereby raised the siege. The fellowship of such tales takes away all faith from that which concerns the Huns. But according to Socrates, the event was prophesied by Ezekiel, and the prophecy applied previously by the bishop of Constantinople; and here we arrive at the clue to explain how such a marvellous relation came to be credited. "Archbishop Proclus" (continues Socrates) "preached on the prophecy of Ezekiel, and the prophecy was in these words—And thou, son of man, "prophesy against Gog the ruler, *Rhos*, Misoch, and "Thobel; for I will judge him with death and blood, "and overflowing rain and hailstones; for I will rain "fire and brimstone upon him and all those with him, "and on the many nations with him; and I will be "magnified and glorified, and I will be known in the "presence of many nations, and they shall know that I "am the Lord." This prophecy is put together from the second verse of the 38th ch. of Ezekiel, "Son of

" man, set thy face against Gog, the land of Magog, " the chief prince of Meshech and Tubal, and prophesy " against him," and the 22d and 23d verses, " I will " plead against him," &c. The word Rhos upon which the application of this prophecy to the Hunnish Rhuas rested, occurs in the Septuagint, though it is not in the Vulgate, the word having been rendered by St. Jerome *head*, and applied to the following word, signifying the head or chief prince of Meshech. The archbishop was wonderfully praised for this adaptation of the prophecy, and, according to Socrates, it was the universal topic of conversation in Constantinople; and doubtless this adaptation gave birth to the marvellous history. Rhuas had threatened to destroy Constantinople; while the people were expecting his attack, the archbishop assures them that God had expressly denounced by his prophet that he would destroy Rhuas and his people with fire and brimstone from heaven. Rhuas never came near Constantinople: the archbishop's prediction was confirmed in the important part that concerned the safety of its inhabitants, and the story became current that it had been entirely fulfilled, and that Rhuas and his army had perished accordingly. The story is confined to the Greek divines; not one of the Latin chronicles of that age mentions any expedition of the Huns under Rhuas against the Eastern empire. Bishops Idatius, Prosper, and Jornandes are silent; Cassiodorus and Marcellinus are silent; but if such a manifestation of the Almighty had occurred, or any thing that could give colour to such a belief had really taken place, Europe would have rung with the rumour of it to its very furthest extremities. Procopius relates the death of John the tyrant, but

nothing concerning Rhuas. To complete the refutation of the tale we learn from Priscus, who was sent on an embassy to the Huns from Constantinople, only twenty-two years after the date of the supposed catastrophe, that Rhuas was alive after the consulship of Dionysius which took place in 429, that is three years after the time when the divine vengeance is said to have overtaken him; and the chronicle of Prosper Tyro says that Rhuas died in 434. The Hungarian annalist, Pray, carrying absurdity to the highest pitch, and aware that Rhuas was alive in in 429, asserts that there must have been two kings, one Rugas killed by fire from heaven, and another by name Rhuas his successor; and he accuses all foregoing writers of having confounded them, though there is not the slightest reason for imagining that there were * two such kings, except the inconvenient circumstance of his being found alive long after the time when he should have been exterminated, to fulfil the prediction of the Byzantine prelate.

§ 14. It is known from Jornandes that Rhuas and Octar were brothers of Mundiuc and kings of the Huns before the reign of Attila, but that they had not the sovereign authority over all the Huns. The date of their accession is no more known than that of Mundiuc.

* The word Rhos in the prophecy which is applied to him, shews that Rhuas was the person meant, and not Rugas as a distinct name; but the variations in his appellation are of no moment. The Greeks and Romans were very loose in rendering the names of the barbarians. Prosper Tyro calls Rhuas Rugila, Nicephoras writes Rhougas, and his translator Langus puts Roïlas; Epiphanius Scholasticus styles him Rhoïlas, and Jornandes Roas, which comes nearer the word Rhos. Priscus names him Rhouas, which in Latin orthography would be Rhuas.

Pray, who is always expert in distorting the truth to support his own theory, assumes inaccurately from Jornandes that, on the death of Mundiuc, Attila his son was a minor, and that Octar and Rhuas his uncles had been appointed by his father to be his guardians. There is no authority for the supposition, excepting that Calanus says Mundiuc commended his sons with their portion of the kingdom to his brother Subthar. Octar, otherwise called Subthar, and Rhuas were probably kings in conjunction with their brother. We do not know that Attila was not also a king during their life-time, which the expression of Calanus seems to imply, and even during his father's reign, for his own son had regal authority during his life-time. Octar and Rhuas did not reign over all the Huns, yet after their death and the murder of his brother Bleda, Attila was sole monarch, which seems to imply that Attila and Bleda were the kings who had reigned over those not subject to their uncles. The very circumstance of the joint reign of Attila and Bleda, till the latter was removed by murder, shews that brothers had a concurrent right of sovereignty amongst the Huns, and would lead us to conclude that Octar and Rhuas were associated with Mundiuc, and Calanus expressly says that Subthar (otherwise called Octar) did reign in conjunction with Mundiuc. Pray argues that if they held the throne in their own right, and not as guardians, Œbarses, who is mentioned by Priscus as another son of Mundiuc, should have been a king also, which he does not appear to have been; but this is quite erroneous, for Œbarses is not said to have been by the same mother; and it is clear, that although the Hunnish kings were allowed to indulge in polygamy,

there was one queen with superior rights, whose children alone were entitled to succeed. Attila had a legion of wives and a host * of children, but Priscus only mentions by name three sons,† who were children of Creca whom he calls especially his wife and not one of his wives, and they alone succeeded to his dignities, though the other sons wished the kingdom to be equally divided amongst them.

§ 15. In the obscure period of Mundiuc's reign, the first collision of the Huns with the Burgundians must have taken place, which led to events celebrated in the romantic legends of almost the whole of Europe north of the Danube, of which it is however very difficult to unravel the real history. The Burgundiones (supposed to be the Frugundiones of Ptolemy) had their earliest recorded kingdom near the Vistula, on the borders of Germany and Sarmatia. At that time Born-holm or Burgundar-holm in the Baltic seems to have been their sacred place of deposit for the dead, an island perhaps consecrated like Mona or Iona. From the Vistula they appear to have advanced to the Oder, and having approached the Rhine in 359, as early as 413 ‡ they established themselves, 80,000 in number, on the Gallic side of that river. Athanaric § is the earliest of their chiefs who is recorded to have reigned near the Rhine, marrying Blysinda daughter of Marcomir, who was the

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* Filii Attilæ, quorum per licentiam pene populus fuit, &c. *Jornandes de reb. Get.* c. 50. † Priscus, p. 197. *Bonnæ*, 1829.

‡ Ammianus Marcellinus, lib. 18. c. 1. Prosp. et Cassiod. Chron. A.D. 413. De Usone in regionem Francorum, Burgundionum 80 ferè millia, quot nunquam anteà, ad Rhenum descendunt. *Cassiod. Chron.*

§ Wolfgang Lazius.

sire of Pharamond. His eldest son * Gondegesil succeeded him, and dying, left the crown to his brother Gundioc or Gondaker, who had three sons, Gondegesil, Gondemar, otherwise called Gunnar or Gunther, and Gondebod. The royal family of the Burgundians were called Nibelungian or Nifflungian, and were supposed to have brought with them a great treasure of gold which was probably removed from Born-holm. During the reign of Mundiuc † the Huns made successful incursions into the territory of the Burgundians, plundered their towns, and reduced them to a state of dependence. The Arian priests took advantage of their miserable and depressed state to inculcate their doctrines amongst them, representing idolatry to be the cause of their reverses; whereupon the Burgundians embraced a qualified sort

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* Gond-gesil i. e. aureus socius. Gondioch or Gonde akher, i. e. bonus aut aureus ager. Godomar or Gondemar, i. e. bonus aut aureus dominus. Gondeboden, i. e. aureus nuncius. Gunt-tram aureus somniator, the son of Clotaire. *Wolfgang Lazius.* The word Gond, which implies gold, runs through all their appellations. Burgundy itself means Cote d'or, being a compound of berg, a hill, and gond, gold. The name Gondaker is very similar, meaning a golden-field, but the termination *ioch* probably means conqueror, whether written giuk, dioc, zuch, or euck. Joch is a yoke, jochen to conquer; gaiukan to conquer in the Gothic gospel of Ulphilas. Hence Gond-ioc is called in the Scandinavian legends Giuka, which is a prolongation of the last syllable without the preceding gond or golden. The Burgundians are said to have been called Nibelungians from Neefil, one of the nine sons of Halfdane and Alfrica princess of Holmgard, who was the great grandfather of Giuka. See note in Cochlæi Vita Theodorici, p. 532.

† I apprehend that the old man Melias king of the Huns mentioned in the Scandinavian Wilkina saga as having been succeeded by Attila, is Mundiuc. Attila is there called the son of Osid prince of Friessland, but a successful adventurer amongst the Huns, who became king after Melias.

of Christianity, and were baptized into the Arian faith. Octar,* after the death of his brother, proceeded in the year 430 with a large army of Huns into Burgundy to chastise their apostate and rebellious vassals; but he was defeated with great slaughter, and perished in the expedition, though probably not in battle. Elated by this success, the Burgundian king seems to have thought himself strong enough to fight single-handed against all opponents, and, instead of courting the alliance of any one of the great powers, disposed himself to make head against them all.

§ 16. When the unexpected death of John the tyrant had rendered abortive the invasion of Italy by the Huns under the guidance of Aëtius, that skilful negociator made his terms with Valentinian and Placidia, and the chief command of the army in Gaul was the reward which he immediately received for the dismissal of the Huns. In the very next year he delivered † Arles from the Visigoths, and in 428 he recovered from Clodion‡ king of the Francs the parts of Gaul near the Rhine which had been occupied by him, and in the following year he overpowered the § Juthungi in Bavaria. Having brought to an end the Vindelician or Bavarian war, in the autumn or the following spring he defeated the Bur-

* Called Subthar by Calanus, Uptar by Socrates, and Octar by Jornandes. The date is fixed by the death of Barbas the Arian bishop, who died at the time of Octar's expedition, in the thirteenth consulship of Theodosius and third of Valentinian, which was the year 430. See Socrates, lib. 7. c. 20. The dates therefore given by Sigonius 428, by Sigebertus Gemblacensis 433, by Callesius 434, and by Tillemont 437, are all erroneous. † Prosper Tyro, A.D. 426. Idat. Chron. O. 312.

‡ Prosp. Aquit. A.D. 428. Cassiod. Chron. 428.

§ Prosp. Tyro, A.D. 429.

gundians who were pressing sorely on the Belgians, and on that * occasion the Huns, Herulians, Francs, Sauromatians, Salians, and Gelons fought against him. This conflict must have taken place immediately before the disaster of Octar's army, when the Huns and their auxiliaries were probably invading some part of the Belgic territory, and the check they received on that occasion may have encouraged the Burgundians to revolt and overpower them. In the year 432 Bonifacius his rival, who had been urged to acts of treason, and betrayed by the perfidy of Aëtius, returned from Africa to Rome, and obtained the dignity † of Master of the forces. A personal conflict took place between them, in which Aëtius was worsted, but his antagonist died a few days after from the effects of a wound which he had then received. Aëtius retired to his villa, but an attempt having been there made upon his life by the partisans of Bonifacius, he fled into Dalmatia, and from thence he proceeded to the court of ‡ Rhuas king of the Huns in Pannonia. The great influence, which he had obtained amongst them, had suffered no diminution, and at the head of a Hunnish army he once more threatened the throne of Valentinian. The Romans called the Visigoths to their assistance, but no engagement took place on this occasion; Placidia and her son

* Sidonius Apollinaris Paneg. Avit. v. 238.

† Magister militum. Gibbon calls this title "Master General of the Roman armies" improperly, for Marcellinus mentions Asper, Anatolius, and John the Vandal, as bearing at the same time the rank of Magister Militum. It was perhaps a title analogous to the modern field-marshal, giving rank and command over all generals of the empire of senior grade.

‡ Prosp. Tyro. A. D. 433. Prosp. Aquit. A.D. 432. Sigeb. Gembl. 435.

submitted to the demands of Aëtius, and he returned again with accumulated honours to command the army in Gaul. His antagonists were now the Burgundians, who must have provoked the Romans by making inroads or attempting to establish themselves on the territory of the empire; and * in 435 he completely routed them with exceeding great slaughter, and forced their king to throw himself upon his mercy.

§ 17. In the mean time immediately after the restoration of Aëtius to favour, his protector † Rhuas had died, and Attila had succeeded ‡ to the throne in Pannonia. His brother Bleda reigned over a portion of the Huns, apparently § nearer to the confines of Asia. It is not known with certainty which was the eldest, the fact not being stated by any author of decisive authority; but as Priscus, whenever he mentions them in conjunction, places the name of Attila first, and Jornandes states that he succeeded to the throne with his brother Bleda, the presumption is very strong that Attila ‖ was the eldest. The Hungarian writers ¶ who have attributed to

* Prosp. Tyr. A. D. 436. Prosp. Aquit. 435. Idat. Chron. 436. Cassiod. Chron. 435.

† Aëtius in gratiam receptus; Rugila rex Chunorum, cum quo pax firmata, moritur; cui Bleda successit. *Prosp. Tyro, A.D.* 434.

‡ Priscus, c. 2. §. 1.

§ Nicolas Olaus says from the Tibiscus (Teiss) to the Tanais. Calanus says that Bleda was the eldest.

‖ The opinion entertained by some, that Bleda was the eldest, seems to have arisen from the words of Prosper Tyro, who writes that Bleda succeeded Rhuas, though immediately after he mentions the two kings Attila and Bleda; whereas Priscus says that Attila succeeded, the truth being that both had kingly power. If the two statements were not compatible, the authority of Priscus would be preferable.

¶ Nicolas Olaus, Thurocz, and others.

Attila the extraordinary age of 124, state also that he was born and died on the same days of the year as Julius Cæsar, and that he was seventy-two years old when he was made king, considering that he acceded to the throne in 402, and that he was an efficient commander of the troops, when the Huns entered Europe in 374. This monstrous absurdity is only surpassed by the assertion, that, after his death, a son, said to have been borne to him by the Roman princess Honoria, fled to the father of Attila, who was still living in extreme old age and debility. The words of Priscus, who was personally acquainted with Attila, afford a decisive refutation to those who attribute to him extraordinary longevity and a protracted reign. He states on the authority of Romulus the father-in-law of Orestes, the favourite of Attila,* with whom he conversed in the presence of Constantius who had been secretary to Attila, and of Constantiolus a native of Pæonia which was subject to him, that no king, either of the Scythians or of any other country, had done such great things in so short a time. The date of Attila's † accession to the supreme

* Priscus, p. 185-190. *Bonnæ*, 1829.

† Descricius and others consider that Attila acceded to the throne after the fall of Bela, Cadica, and Chere, a very questionable passage in the Hungarian writers, and which, if not altogether fabulous, must be referred to the year 380, which would give 74 years for the reign of Attila. The Scandinavian romances assert that Attila fought with and conquered Ermanric the Goth, who was subdued by the Huns on the Balamer soon after they entered Europe, and doubtless such false histories gave rise to the notion of his longevity. The same legends make Theodoric, king of Italy, who was born after the death of Attila, his coadjutor against Ermanric in the previous century, but it is probable that the writers of such legends having taken Attila and Theodoric for their heroes, have attached to their names the brilliant achievements of other days.

power, at least over that portion of the Huns, which was in contact with the Romans, is fixed with great precision by comparing the words of two cotemporary writers. Priscus says that Rhuas, being king over the Huns, had determined to wage war against the Amilsuri, Itamari, Tonosures, Boisci, and other nations bordering on the Danube, who had entered into confederation with the Romans. Thereupon he sent Eslas, who had been accustomed to negociate between him and the Romans, to threaten that he would put an end to the subsisting peace, unless the Romans would deliver up to him all those who had fled from the Huns to their protection. The Romans, desirous of sending an embassy to Rhuas, fixed upon Plinthas of Scythian, and Dionysius of Thracian, extraction, both generals and men of consular dignity. It was however not thought expedient to despatch the ambassadors before the return of Eslas to the court of his sovereign, and Plinthas sent with him Sengilachus, one of his dependants, to persuade Rhuas to treat with no other Roman than himself. "But (continues Priscus) Rhuas having come to his end, and "the kingdom of the Huns passed unto Attila, it "seemed fitting to the Roman Senate, that Plinthas "should proceed upon the embassy to them." Dionysius was not consul till 429, and the chronicle of Prosper Tyro fixes the death of Rhuas in 434. In that year therefore it appears that Attila succeeded to the throne of his uncle in conjunction with his brother Bleda, who ruled over a considerable distinct force of Huns, but may perhaps have * resided near Attila in Pannonia. The

* See Priscus, Bonnæ, 1829. p. 225, where he states that Attila could not tolerate the buffoon Zercon, but that Bleda delighted in him, &c.

manner of the death of Rhuas is not recorded, the relation of his destruction by fire from heaven before Constantinople being disproved; but the language of Jornandes throws a strong suspicion upon Attila of having removed him by murder, for after mentioning his succession to his uncles, and relating that he slew his brother, to obtain an augmentation of power, he adds that he had proceeded* by the slaughter of all his relatives. We have no reason to believe that any other relative stood between him and the supreme authority, and it is not credible that Jornandes should represent a single act of fratricide as the murder of all his family. It is barely possible, that, although Rhuas did not die by lightning before Constantinople, as alleged by the Greek ecclesiastics, it may have been given out by his murderers in 434, that he was struck by lightning, and that he may even have been destroyed by some explosion of chemical fire, as was probably the case with the emperor † Carus, who is universally said by old historical writers to have been struck by lightning while lying sick in his tent; though it cannot be reasonably

and p. 184, where he mentions one of the widows of Bleda residing near the abode of Attila.

* Tendens ad discrimen omnium nece suorum. *Jornandes de rebus Get. c.* 35. This has not been observed by any later writers. The words of Priscus τελευτησαντος δε Ρουα do not at all negative the suspicion. In the preceding chapter, which is lost, he had perhaps related the mode of his death. Speaking of something which occurred after the murder of Bleda, he uses the same expression, μετα δε [illegible] τελευτην, "after his end." Mama and Atakam, whom Attila cruelly put were perhaps amongst the number of his relatives, to whom Jornandes alludes.

† See Gibbon, c. 12. A.D. 283.

doubted, on reading the letter of his secretary, that he was murdered by his chamberlains.

§ 18. The age of Attila at the time of his accession cannot be ascertained. Rejecting as absurd the accounts of his great age, we cannot assent to such an abridgement of his life as Pray has made, in order to accommodate his notion of an undivided and hereditary monarchy. Assuming that he must have been a minor when his father died, and forgetting that, if his uncles had occupied the sovereign authority merely as guardians, they would have been bound to resign it when Attila arrived at manhood, and that he was not of a character to live until twenty-six years of age, if unjustly excluded, without making any attempt to possess himself of his hereditary rights, he assigns twenty years to him, as the maximum of his age in 428, when his father died, and twenty-six when he succeeded Rhuas in 434. But he has entirely overlooked a circumstance which shews the inconsistency of this calculation; which is, that, if Attila by the Hunnish laws could not have reigned under the age of twenty-one, his son could not have done so; yet in 448 Priscus, having been at the court of Attila, relates the elevation of the eldest son of Attila and Creca by his father's directions to the throne * of the Acatzires and other nations near the Euxine. If barely twenty-one in 448 he must have been born in 427, and Attila must have been married to Creca at least as early as 426, two years before the death of Mundiuc, at which period according to Pray's calculation he could have been but eighteen years old; and it

* Priscus, p. 197. Bonn. 1829.

would not be easy to shew that the Hunnish monarch was likely to establish his son by marriage to that woman who amongst his numerous wives was to give heirs to the throne, while it was still deemed necessary to hold him in tutelage. That Attila must have been married to Creca before the year 427 is all that we can ascertain; if barely twenty-one at that time, he must have been born as early as 406, and would have been twenty-eight when he succeeded Rhuas, but it is most likely that he was older. Creca was perhaps his first wife, and her children on that account heirs to the throne, and it is most likely that he was raised to the rank of a petty king during the life of his father. The old Scandinavian legends, concerning which more will be said hereafter, speak much of his residence at the court of Gundioc or Giuka king of Burgundy, (calling Attila by the name of Sigurd) and of his intimacy with Gundaker or Gunnar the Burgundian prince. In all these accounts he is described as the greatest warrior of his age. It is very probable that Attila was employed in the first subjugation of the Burgundians, and, while they remained in vassalage under the Huns, the young prince of Burgundy must, in the natural course of things, have served under Attila in his campaigns against the petty chieftains of the neighbouring countries.

§ 19. In consequence of the death of Rhuas,* by a decree of the senate which was approved by the emperor Theodosius, Plinthas was despatched to the court of Attila without Dionysius, and at his special request it was decreed, that Epigenes, who had served the office of quæstor, a man much considered on account of his

* Priscus.

learning, should accompany him. They proceeded to Margus a town of Mœsian Illyria near the Danube, opposite the fortress Constantia which was on the northern bank, whither the two Hunnish kings had resorted. Attila and Bleda advanced without the walls on horseback, not choosing to receive the Roman embassy on foot. The Roman ambassadors, consulting their dignity, mounted their horses also, that they might be on equal terms with the Huns; but, notwithstanding their momentary exaltation, they proceeded immediately to sign a most disgraceful treaty, which was ratified by the oaths of either party, according to the customary ceremonials of their respective countries. The Romans bound themselves to send back to the Huns all those who, at however distant a period, had fled from their dominion and taken refuge under Roman protection, and also all Roman prisoners who had escaped from captivity without paying ransom, and in default of the restoration of any such prisoner, eight pieces of gold were to be given for each head to their former captors. They further promised to give no assistance to any barbarian nation, that should wage war against the Huns. It was agreed that trade should be carried on between the two powers on equal terms, and that peace should continue between them so long as the Romans failed not to pay seven hundred pounds weight of gold annually to the Huns, the tribute exacted until that time having been no more than three hundred and fifty pounds. Thereupon the fugitives were actually given up, amongst whom were two youths of the blood royal, Mama and Atakam, who were immediately crucified in Carsus a fortress of Thrace, as a punishment for their flight.

§ 20. In this year the Roman princess Honoria, having disgraced herself by an illicit connexion with her chamberlain Eugenius, and her pregnancy having been detected, was expelled from the palace at Ravenna, and sent by her mother Placidia to Theodosius at Constantinople, where she was placed under the superintendance of his sister Pulcheria, who lived under a religious vow of celibacy, to which she adhered even when, after the death of her brother, she espoused Marcian as a support to the throne, but excluded him from conjugal rights. The * princess, not less ambitious than devoted to pleasure, secretly excited Attila against the Western empire by the tender of her hand. He does not appear to have accepted the proposal at the time, and the offer was perhaps repeated at a later period, † when it suited his plans to demand her in marriage. Having concluded peace on such advantageous terms with the

* A.D. 434. Ariobindo et Aspare cos. *Marcellinus, Chron.*

† Pray argues that if Attila had been seventy, as represented by some Hungarian writers, Honoria, a licentious young woman, would not have wished to marry him; but Honoria wanted freedom from confinement and enjoyment of power, and whether Attila was old or young, he certainly was notoriously ugly, so that this argument is [illegible] for whether he were seventy or twenty, she could not [illegible] his person, though she might well have been dazzled by the splendour of his renown. Jornandes states that Honoria, having been kept [illegible] up by her brother Valentinian to preserve her from incontinence, [illegible] sent an eunuch to Attila to ask his protection against her brother, and adds that it was "a most unworthy deed, that she might [illegible] to gratify her desires at the expence of public [illegible]." Jornandes mentions this previous occurrence, when stating Attila's threat on his evacuation of Italy, that he would return with greater force, if Honoria was not immediately sent to him; and subsequent writers, knowing that he meant Honoria had then applied to Attila, which [illegible] stated, have improperly referred her application to the last year of Attila's life.

Romans, Attila with his brother Bleda marched against some tribes of Scythians, who had either not yet submitted to the authority or had presumed to shake off the yoke of the Huns, and they immediately attacked the * Sorosgi in the east of Europe. This expedition was undoubtedly attended with the success that usually crowned the arms of Attila, but the particulars of it have perished with the lost work of Priscus. Having reduced his Scythian adversaries, he turned his thoughts to avenge the overthrow of his uncle by the Burgundians, and in 436 he vanquished them with great slaughter and the loss of their † sovereign. In the year 437 the Romans, undoubtedly through the influence of Aëtius, obtained the assistance of a body of Hunnish auxiliaries, who were conducted by the Roman general Litorius against the Visigoths then laying siege to Narbonne. The two armies were drawn up in line against each other, and shewed the most determined countenance, and it seemed as if the fortunes of Theodoric must depend upon the issue of that day, but the collision of these formidable armies was suspended by negocia-

* Pray erroneously places this expedition at a later period after the adjustment of the differences between the Huns and Azimunthians, because Priscus says that having concluded peace they moved against the Sorosgi; though the words immediately follow the details of the peace of Margus in 434.—*Priscus*, 2. § 2.

† Prosper Aquitanicus says that the Burgundian monarch did not long enjoy the peace which had been granted to him by Aëtius, since the Huns exterminated him together with his people and family. This account is however an exaggeration, for his son undoubtedly succeeded to the throne, but it tends to uphold the account given in the Scandinavian and old German legends of the slaughter of his sons Gunther and Hagen, though at a later period.

tion, the Goths and the Huns shook hands upon the field of battle, and Attila was appeased by the concessions of the Visigoths. What advantages he obtained by this bloodless victory and the dereliction of the Roman interests, we are not informed by Jornandes who relates the circumstance, but he styles Attila at this period the sole ruler of almost the whole Scythian nation throughout the world, and of marvellous celebrity amongst all nations, a statement which very ill accords with the suggestions of Pray, who makes him a novice just emerged from the tutelage of his uncles. Two years after however Litorius appeared again in the field against Theodoric at the head of an army of Huns, who seem to have been subsidized by the Romans. The Huns fought with their usual valour, and the victory was for awhile doubtful, but the unparalleled rashness and imprudence of Litorius rendered the exertions of his troops unavailing. He was taken by the Goths, and led ignominiously through the streets of Narbonne; the Hunnish auxiliaries were completely routed, and we do not hear of their ever again having acted in concert with the Romans. From this time we have no account of any proceedings of the Huns in Gaul, till the year of the great battle of Chalons, and the attention of Attila appears to have been principally directed against the Eastern empire.

§ 21. It is exceedingly difficult to adjust the dates and particulars of the several events that are mentioned by different writers. The capture of Margus and Viminacium, which seems to have been the first act of hostility against Theodosius, has been referred by Belin to the year 434, immediately after the reduction

of the Sorosgi, but it is not credible that Margus should have been captured by the Huns, immediately after the peace concluded there. On the contrary, the account of Priscus * makes it evident that those events directly preceded a more important attack on the dominions of Theodosius, and they are clearly referable to the year 439, following immediately the disaster of Litorius in Gaul. During the security of a great annual fair in the neighbourhood of the Danube, the Hunnish army fell unexpectedly on the Roman, seized on the fortress which protected them, and slew a great number of their people. Remonstrances were made concerning this flagrant breach of faith, but the Huns replied, that they were by no means the aggressors, because the bishop of Margus had entered their territory, and pillaged the royal domain; and that, unless he was immediately delivered into their hands, together with all the fugitives whom the Romans were bound by treaty to give up, they would prosecute the war with greater severity. The Romans denied the truth of their complaint, but the Huns, confident in their assertion, declined entering into proofs of their accusation, and, having crossed the Danube, carried war and devastation into the forts and cities of their enemies, and, amongst others of less importance, they captured † Viminacium, a Mysian city in Illyria. So fallen was the spirit and vigour of the Roman empire, that, notwithstanding the alleged innocence of the bishop of Margus, it began to be pretty

* Priscus, 1. § 1.

† Margus was situated on the southern bank of the Danube at the confluence of the Morava a little below Belgrade: Viminacium on the northern bank in the Banat a little lower.

loudly suggested that he ought rather to be delivered up to the vengeance of the barbarians, than the whole territory of the empire exposed to their atrocities. The bishop, aware of his perilous situation, secretly passed over to the enemy, and offered to deliver up the town, if the Scythian princes would enter into terms with him. They promised him every possible advantage, if he would make good his proposal, pledging their hands and confirming the agreement by oaths; whereupon the bishop returned into the Roman territory with a great force of Huns, and having placed them opposite the bank of the river in ambush, in the night time he arose at the appointed signal, and delivered up the town to its enemies. Margus having been thus taken and sacked by the Huns, they became daily more formidable, and waxed in strength and insolence. In the following year (441) Attila collected an army consisting specially of his own Huns, and wrote to the emperor Theodosius concerning the fugitives in the Roman territory and the tribute which had been withheld from him on occasion of the war, demanding that they should be instantly delivered up, and ambassadors sent to arrange with him concerning the payments to be made in future; and he added that if they made any delay or warlike preparations, he should not be able to restrain the impetuosity of his people. Theodosius shewed no disposition to submit: he peremptorily refused to yield up the refugees, and answered that he would abide the event of warfare, but that he would nevertheless send ambassadors to reconcile their differences, if possible. Thereupon Senator,* a man of consular dignity, was sent by the

* Priscus, 2. § 2.

emperor to treat with Attila; he did not however venture to traverse the territory of the Huns even under the protection of the character of an ambassador, but sailed across the Euxine to Odessus, the modern Odessa, situated near Oczakow on its northern extremity, where the general Theodulus, who had been despatched on a like mission, was at that time abiding, without having succeeded in obtaining an audience. In what quarter Attila was then stationed, is not recorded, but he had probably advanced with his army, before the negociator reached his destination; for on the receipt of the answer of Theodosius, being greatly incensed, he made an immediate and sanguinary irruption into the Roman dependencies, and, having taken several fortresses, he overwhelmed Ratiaria, a city of great magnitude and very populous, which stood near the site of Artzar, a little below Vidin on the Danube. He was accompanied by his brother on this inroad, and they laid waste * a great part of Illyria, demolishing Naissus, (Nissa) Singidunum, (Belgrade) and other flourishing towns. Seven years after, the sophist Priscus † on his embassy to the court of Attila, passed by the desolated site of Naissus, and saw the ruins of that exterminated town, and the country strewed with the bones of its inhabitants.

§ 22. The succeeding campaign was ushered in by the appearance of a comet ‡ of great magnitude, which

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* A.D. 441, Cyrus being consul, the Hunnish kings invaded Illyria, and took Naissus, Singidunum, &c. *Marcellin. Chron.* See also Priscus, 1. § 2. † Priscus, 2. § 3.

‡ Marcellinus Chron. A.D. 442. Dioscoro et Eudox. coss. and Idatius Chron.

added to the terror of the Hunnish arms, and a fatal pestilence* raged throughout Europe. The brothers renewed the ravage of Illyria, and stretched their victorious course to the extreme shores of Thrace. In this expedition only we hear of Persians † serving under Attila together with Saracens and Isanrians, but it is certain that no part of Persia was reduced under his dominion, though the Bactrian king of the Caucasean Paropamisus is said to have been amongst his military vassals. Arnegisclus ‡ was entrusted by Theodosius with a great army to stop the progress of the invader, but he was completely routed on the shore § of the Chersonese; the enemy approached within twenty miles of Constantinople, and almost all the cities of Thrace, except Adrianople and Heraclea,‖ submitted to the conqueror. The army, which was quartered in ¶ Sicily for the protection of the eastern provinces, was hastily recalled for the defence of Constantinople, and Aspar and Anatolius, masters of the forces, were sent to negociate with the invaders, whose progress they had small hope of arresting in the field of battle. A treaty or

* Idatius Chron.

† Marcellinus.—Calanus also says that he was supported by almost the whole East. ‡ Sigonius de imp. occ.

§ Priscus.—The battle is supposed to have been fought near Gallipoli at the northern mouth of the Dardanelles. Belius in his annotations seems to assert that it appears by the fifth book of Agathias that Bleda fought at the Chersonese, and at the same time Attila encountered Arnegisclus at Marcianople. No mention of the transaction is however discoverable in the fifth book of Agathias, and the suggestion seems to rest on no foundation. ‖ Valesius.

¶ Prosper Aquitanicus, A.D. 442.

rather a truce for a year * was concluded with the Huns by Anatolius, according to which the Romans consented to give up the fugitives, to pay 6000 pounds weight of gold for the arrears of tribute, and the future tribute was assessed at 2100 pounds of gold; twelve pieces of gold were to be the ransom of every Roman prisoner who had escaped from his chains, and on default of payment he was to be sent back to captivity. The Romans were also compelled to pledge themselves to admit no refugees from the dominions of the Huns within the limits of the empire. The ambassadors of Theodosius, too haughty to acknowledge the grievous necessity to which they were reduced, of accepting whatever terms the conqueror might think fit to impose, pretended to make all these concessions willingly; but, through excessive dread of their adversaries, peace upon any conditions was their paramount object, and it was needful to submit to the imposition of such a heavy tribute, though the wealth not only of individuals, but of the public treasury, had been dissipated in unseasonable shows, in reprehensible canvassing for dignities, in luxurious and immoderate expenditure, which would not only have been misbecoming a prudent government in the most prosperous affluence, but was especially unfitting for those degenerate Romans, who, having neglected the discipline of war, had been tributary not only to the Huns, but to every barbarian that pressed upon the several frontiers of the empire. The emperor levied with the greatest rigour the taxes and assessments

* Priscus, 2. § 3.—Missi sunt contra hos Anatolius et Aspar magistri militiæ, pacemque cum his unius anni fecerunt.—*Marcellin. Chron.*

which were necessary to furnish the stipulated tribute to the Huns, and those even whose lands, on account of the destructive inroads of the barbarians, had been for a while discharged from the payment of taxes, either by a judicial decision, or by imperial indulgence, were compelled to contribute. The senators paid into the treasury the gold which was required from them beyond their means, and their eminent situation was the cause of ruin to many of them; for those, who were appointed by the emperor to levy the rate, exacted it with insolence, so that many persons, who had been in affluent circumstances, were forced to sell their furniture and the trinkets and apparel of the women. So grievous was the calamity of this peace to the Romans, that many hanged themselves in despair, or perished by voluntary starvation. The treasury being immediately emptied, the gold and the fugitives were sent to the Huns, Scottas having arrived at Constantinople from the court of Attila to receive them. Many however of the fugitives, who would not surrender to be delivered up to their inexorable countrymen, from whose hands they would have suffered a cruel and lingering death, were slain by the Romans to propitiate the enemy; and amongst those were some of * the blood royal of Scythia, who, refusing to serve under Attila, had fled to the Romans.

§ 23. Attila was not however contented with these severe exactions, but proceeded to summon the Azimunthians to surrender the captives they had taken from the Huns and their allies, and the Roman refugees whom

* Jornandes perhaps alludes in part to the massacre of these princes, when he accuses Attila of the destruction of all his relatives.

they harboured, as well as those whom they had retaken from them. Azimus was a fortress of great strength, not far from the Illyrian frontier, but appertaining to Thrace. The inhabitants of this formidable post had not only resisted the attacks of the Huns within their walls, so that no hopes were entertained of reducing them, but had successfully sallied out against the invaders, and discomfited in many rencounters the numerous forces and most expert commanders of the barbarians. Their scouts traversed the country in every direction, and brought them sure intelligence of every movement of the enemy; and, whenever the Azimunthians received information that they were returning from an inroad laden with the plunder of the Romans, they concerted measures for intercepting their passage, and falling unexpectedly upon them, though few in number, by the most resolute and enterprizing valour, aided by a perfect knowledge of the intricacies of the country, they were usually successful, and not only slaughtered many of the Huns, but rescued the Roman prisoners and gave shelter to the deserters from the pagans. Attila therefore declared that he would not withdraw his army, nor consider the conditions of the treaty fulfilled, until the Azimunthians should have dismissed all their captives, and delivered up to him the Romans who were in the fort, or paid the stipulated ransom. Neither Anatolius by negociation, nor Theodulus by the array of the army which was entrusted to him for the protection of Thrace, could divert Attila from this determination, for he was enhardened by success, and ready in a moment to recommence his operations, while they were dejected and discouraged by the recent

disaster. Letters were therefore sent to Azimus, requiring them to liberate their captives, and to send back the Romans who had been rescued, or twelve pieces of gold in lieu of each of them. The Azimunthians replied that they had suffered the Romans, who had fled to their protection, to depart at their pleasure, but that all the Scythian captives had been slain; excepting two whom they retained, because the Huns, after having for a while besieged their fortress, had placed themselves in ambush, and carried off some children who were tending the flocks at a short distance from the walls, and that, unless those were restored, they would not give up the captives they had made in war. Enquiries were instituted concerning these children, but they were not forthcoming, and, the Hunnish kings having made oath that they had them not, the Azimunthians set free their captives, and swore likewise that the Romans had departed from amongst them; but they swore falsely, the Romans being still in the fortress, while they held themselves absolved from the guilt of perjury by the countervailing merit of having saved their countrymen. It appears from this account, which is detailed by Priscus, that the Azimunthians were a hardy race in possession of an impregnable mountain hold, where they rendered a very qualified allegiance to the emperor, and probably closed their gates against his tax-gatherers.

§ 24. About this period, probably in the campaign of 442, Attila asserted that he had possessed himself of the ancient iron sword, which from the earliest recorded time had been the God of the Scythians. A herdsman, tracking the blood of a heifer which had been wounded in the

leg, was said to have discovered the mysterious * blade standing erect in the sod, as if it had been flung forth from heaven, and carried it to Attila, who received it as

* Concerning the sword-god see in p. 66 the note to Attila, b 3. v. 507. The Greek name Candaon for the war-god and the sword itself is also written Candaor in Lycophron. In the latter form its derivation seems evident from *canthos*, the felloie of a wheel, and *aor* a sword, with reference to the cherubic sword that wheeled every way at the entrance of Eden, the blade being the spoke, the circle described by its point the felloie, of the wheel. It was pretended, though without the slightest probability, that this sword, which had been wielded by Attila, was in the possession of the Hungarian sovereigns several centuries after his death. The following statement is made by Lambertus Schaffnaburg (see Pistorii script. rer. Germ. Francf. 1613. tom. 1. p. 185.) A. D. 1070 the king in his progress reached Herveldia. On the next day he digressed to a place called Utenhusen to dine. There it happened that one Leopold de Merspurg, a person much beloved by the king, to whom he was an habitual attendant and counsellor, fell from his horse, and died on the spot, being transfixed by his own sword. It was observed that this was the identical sword which Attila, the celebrated king of the Huns, had formerly wielded to the death of Christians and devastation of Gaul. For the queen of the Hungarians, mother of their king Salomon, had given it to Otho duke of Bavaria, when the king at his instigation had reinstated her son in his paternal dominions. Otho had given it to Dedus the younger son of the marquis Dedus; when he was slain, it came by chance into the hands of the king, and from him into those of Leopold. On this account most of the partisans of duke Otho were of opinion that he was killed through a divine judgment by that sword which had belonged to Otho, because he was considered to have been the person who had chiefly instigated the king to persecute him and banish him from the palace. He goes on to say that the sword had been originally found stained by the blood of a heifer, and was said by the augurs to have been destined for the destruction of the world. The king here mentioned seems to have been the emperor Henry the fourth. According to Abr. Bakschay Chron. reg. Hung. king Salomon son of Andreas the first came to the throne of Hungary in 1065 by the help of the emperor Henry. Concerning the sword of Attila see Priscus, Bonnæ, 1829, p. 201. and Jornandes de reb. Get. c. 35.

a fresh revelation of the sword of Ares or Areimanius which had been worshipped by the ancient Scythian kings, but had long disappeared from earth. He accepted it as a sacred badge and evidence that the power of the spirit of war was committed to him, and a certain presage of the approaching universality of his dominion. The prevailing expectation of the advent of the Messiah, mankind being greatly ignorant of the true character of Him who was to come, had encouraged Octavius Cæsar to assume the title of Augustus, and pretend to divine honours; and it was perhaps not merely the flattery of his courtiers, but the real opinion of those who expected a divine revelation at that period, that represented him as a present God. The æra of Attila was marked by a very general expectation of the revelation of Antichrist. It has been already mentioned that it was prophesied to Aëtius in his youth that he was to be some great one; by which expression is meant a divine incarnation. Symmachus * in his panegyric of Gratian amongst his orations discovered and edited by Maius, stated about sixty-five years before that he heard the prophets of the Gentiles were whispering, that the man was already born, to whom it was necessary that the whole world should submit; that he believed the presage, and acknowledged the oracles of the enemy. There seems to have been a strong opinion entertained in Italy that the fortunes of Rome could only be upheld by making her the head of the barbarous nations and of all paganism, and in this

* Audio jampridem fatidicos obmurmurare gentium vates, hactenus nomen stetisse barbaricum, jam genitum esse, jam crescere, cui necesse sit cum toto orbe servire.—Credo hostium responsis, credo præsagiis.

spirit Symmachus had pleaded before Valentinian in 384 against Christianity, and, as his oration is styled, on behalf of his sacred country. The great object of this party in Rome was to give a Roman ruler to the Gentiles, instead of receiving an emperor from them. With this view the traitor Stilicho, a nominal Christian,* educated his son in paganism and the most bitter animosity against the Christians. When Radagais invaded Italy, the people looked to Stilicho for salvation, and it was carried by acclamation in Rome, that the neglected rites of their ancient Deities must be immediately renewed. After Honorius had cut short the traitor, dispersed his barbarian satellites, and driven into banishment his panegyrist the poet Claudian, who was a decided pagan, and probably died at the court of some heathen king, Aëtius became the head of this party, with like views and deeper villainy. To him it had been prophesied that he was the great one whom the nations were expecting. His son Carpileo was sent to be educated amongst the heathens; he had, by long residence both at the Gothic court of Alaric and amongst the Huns of Attila, familiarized himself with all the leading characters of Europe. The pious and eloquent Prudentius was too remote from these odious machinations to have suspected the sincerity of Stilicho, and saw in him only the saviour of the empire and defender of Christianity; and it is probable that with like hypocrisy Aëtius, whose wife was certainly a Christian, imposed on the credulity of Leo, who ap-

* Jam a puero Christianorum persecutionem meditantem.—*Paul Warnefrid.* l. 13. p. 910. Eucherium filium suum paganum, et Christianis insidias molientem, cupiens Cæsarem ordinare.—*Jornandes de regn. succ.*

pears to have highly regarded him; which is the least creditable circumstance known concerning that pontiff. Exerting his great military talents no further than suited his hidden views, and balancing all the powers of Europe with the nicest artifice, that no one might obtain the universal dominion which he expected ultimately to snatch from them all, he proceeded steadily in his object, till Valentinian cut him short at the moment when the death of Attila had probably determined him to declare himself. The minds of all men both in the Roman empire, and amongst the heathen nations of Europe, being thus strongly tinctured with the expectation of the revelation of a predestined and distinguished person, who was to establish a new and prevailing theocracy, the importance of assuming that character to himself could not escape the penetration of Attila; and it is not impossible, that, educated as he was in the cradle of superstition, he may have believed that the great destinies to which he pretended were really awaiting him. We learn from Jornandes, who quotes the authority of Priscus, that he acquired very great influence by the acquisition and production of the venerated sword. The title which he assumed is said to have been, * Attila, grandson or rather descendant of the great Nembroth or Nimrod, nurtured in Engaddi, by the grace of God king of Huns, Goths, Danes, and Medes, the dread of the world. He is represented on an old medallion † with teraphim or a head on his breast.

* Nicolas Olaus. Calvisius Crom. Petrus de Rosa.

† See the frontispiece to Attila di Decollagello, evidently taken from an old medal. Below [illegible] Hunnus Scythi [illegible] a medal with a

We know from the Hamartagenia of Prudentius that Nimrod with a snaky-haired head was the object of adoration of the heretical followers of Marcion, and the same head was the palladium set up by Antiochus Epiphanes over the gates of Antioch, though it has been called the visage of * Charon. The memory of Nimrod was certainly regarded with mystic veneration by many, and by asserting himself to be the heir of that mighty hunter before the Lord, he vindicated to himself at least the whole Babylonian kingdom. The singular assertion in his style that he was nurtured in Engaddi, where he certainly never had been, will be more easily understood on reference to the twelfth chapter of Revelation concerning the woman clothed with the sun, who was to bring forth in the wilderness, "where she hath a place "prepared of God," a man-child, who was to contend with the dragon having seven heads and ten horns, and rule all nations with a rod of iron. This prophecy † was at that time understood universally by the sincere Christians to refer to the birth of Constantine who was to

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head not the least like Attila, and certainly not a Hunnish coin; round it Attila rex; a head on his shoulder and another on his breast.

* Prudentius calls the Head worshipped by Marcion both Nembrod, and Charon mundi. Laius (teletes kai mustikos kai teratoergates) made the prosopeion Charonion for Antiochus Epiphanes. Tzetz. Chil. Joh. Antioch.

† "It is certain that the Christians in the time of Constantine "thought this prophecy to be so plainly fulfilled by the great event of "Constantine's advaucement to the throne of the empire, that this "emperor's statue was set over his palace gate, trampling on the "wounded dragon; and Constantine himself in his epistle to Eusebius, "calls his conquest of Licinius, the falling of the dragon and the "restoration of Christian liberty to all."—*Pyle, cited in Mant's Bible.*

overthrow the paganism of the city on the seven hills, and it is still so explained: but it is evident that the heathens must have looked upon it in a different light, and have regarded it as a foretelling of the birth of that great one, who should master the temporal power of Rome. The assertion therefore that he was nurtured in Engaddi, is a claim to be looked upon as that man-child who was to be brought forth in a place prepared of God in the wilderness. Engaddi means a place of palms and vines in the desert; it was hard by Zoar, the city of refuge, which was saved in the vale of Siddim or demons, when the rest were destroyed by fire and brimstone from the Lord in heaven, and might therefore be especially called a place prepared of God in the wilderness, like the garden of Amalthea, in which Bacchus was fabled to have been brought up. That such a title was either actually assumed by Attila, or given to him by those who favoured his pretensions, may be established by the total ignorance of the historians who have recorded it of its meaning, and the extraordinary fact being stated by them without any comment. Engaddi was also the seat of the Essenian cenobites, that remnant of the inhabitants of Sodom, who before the advent of our Saviour had set the example of the most profligate abominations under the mask of holiness and austerity; and a fitter cradle could hardly have been devised for an Anti-christian adventurer. He was certainly not king over the Medes, but the title was probably assumed when he had been on the point of undertaking an expedition to reduce them, which Priscus ascertained to have been his intention, and would probably have been carried into execution, if his life had been prolonged. Notwith-

standing the vague accounts of early Danish history, which have been put together from Scandinavian legends, the name of Danes appears to have been scarcely known before this period. Servius, whose commentary on Virgil had perhaps been then written a little more than twenty years, probably makes the first mention of the name,* saying that the Dahæ, a people of Scythia adjoining to Persia on the north, were called also Dani. Picrius writes concerning the same passage, that the Dahæ and Dacians were the same people. Jornandes a century after the time of Attila, first names the Danes in Denmark, stating them to be a distinguished race of superior stature amongst the Codani, with whose name that of the south of the Baltic, called Sinus Codanus, is identical. Procopius gives an account of the migration of the Herulians from the vicinity of the Danube through the tribes of the Danes into Thule,† the modern Thylemark. Nicolas Olaus says that he found it stated in an old Hungarian chronicle that the Danes formerly inhabited the region of Hungarian Dacia, and betook themselves to the maritime parts of the north of Europe through fear of the Huns. If the Dacians who had migrated northwards bore at that time the name of Danes on the coast of the Baltic, they were not of sufficient importance in themselves to have merited such a particular mention in the title of the great monarch, unless because he actually occupied Dacia. It is however exceedingly probable that the particular mention of Danes, had re-

* Virg. Æneid. 8. 728.

† Absurdly stated by Adam of Bremen and others to have been the island of Iceland, which was not inhabited or discovered till the ninth century. The error was afterwards pretty generally adopted.

ference to the prevailing opinion that Antichrist was to be of the tribe of Dan, founded upon the prophecy of Jacob in the 49th chapter of Genesis, "Dan shall be a "serpent by the way, an adder in the path, that biteth "the horse's heels, so that his rider shall fall backward. I "have waited for thy salvation, O Lord," which last words seem to imply that the posterity of Dan would not await it, as Jacob had done, and from the circumstance of the tribe of Dan not being sealed in Revelation. We are informed by several writers that in the reign of Attila, a certain mysterious person, who is called * a second Moses

* Gotofredus Viterbensis in his Pantheon, part 16. p. 375, gives the following account. "His diebus Attila Hunnorum rex occiso fratre suo Bledâ Thraciam et Illyriam cepit vastare. Cui Theodosius datis 7000 libris, promissis etiam singulis annis 1000 libris, a suis finibus exire persuasit. Ipse verò Theodosius . . . diem suum finivit an. imp. sui 41, post mortem patrui sui 21.

Sub specie Mosis loquitur nunc dæmon Hebræis,
Devotè qui suscipitur satis ex Pharisæis,
Qui dare dona Dei pristina spondet eis
Insula Creta fuit, cui prædicat ille futura
Omnia quæ narrat, promittit eis valitura,
Spondet eis patriam conciliare suam.
Per mare transite, sicco pede,' dixit, 'abite
' Atque Hierosolymam me præcedente redite
' Omnia quæ scribi vultis, habetis ibi '
Quumque per æquoreos fluctus conducit Hebræos
Turba simul sequitur, spes magna fovet Pharisæos
Impetus æquoreus quum cito claudit eos
Parsque reservata, quam non maris obruit unda,
Fit quoque Catholica, Christi baptismate munda
Cætera, quæ perit, piscibus esca fuit

Anno 453 Martianus . . . imperium accepit adhuc regnante Valentiniano in occidente . . . Martianus igitur et Valentinianus imperantibus, Attila rex Hunnorum in Macedoniam, ac pervagatur

The following extract is from the Annuals of Saint Gallen . . . Mirac-

in Crete, that is coming in the spirit of Moses, deceived the Jews in that island, pledging himself to lead them back through the sea with dry feet to the land of promise. Those who linked themselves together by the hair, and sprang off a cliff into the sea at his suggestion, all perished; a few were converted to Christianity and escaped. The Rabbis and rabbinists assure us that there cannot be a second Moses, coming in the power of Dan, unless his soul be an emanation of Cain the fratricide. Postel * states that the Moses in Crete was such an one as Antichrist. Werner Rolewink in his *fasciculus*

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est, et ad exemplar vanæ superstitionis vitandæ conducibile, quod scribunt quidam, Cælestini pontificatu in Cretâ insulâ cacodæmonem Mosis prophetarum vestustissimi personam induisse, obversatumque ante oculos Judæorum qui in eâ insulâ habitabant pollicitumque se sicco pede eos in terram promissionis redacturum stantibus utrinque aquis, ut in Rubro olim." He adds that all who yielded rashly to these illusions were drowned, save a few, who were converted.—*Lib.* 1. *Ennead.* 8. *p.* 323. *ed.* 1538. He then proceeds to describe the battle of Chalons, and speaks of "the authors whom he follows," but does not name the sources of his information. Sozomen who died two or three years before Attila, relates the circumstance in his Ecclesiastical history, stating that the Moses in Crete ordered all the Jews to jump off a cliff into the sea, having previously fastened themselves together by twisting the hair of their heads. It cannot therefore be doubted that some delusion was practised on the Jews in Crete, and with every allowance for exaggeration, the tale, circulated as it was at that period, shews the excitement which prevailed concerning the expected advent of some important personage.

* "Nullum enim sunt unquam habituri ducem præter Antichristum, qui more Mahumedis conjunget opes et scelera omnium gentium sub authoritate et divinitatis prætextu. Talis fuit uterque Barcoziba, et dux futurus in mari, dictus alter Moses in Cretâ."—*Postell de orbis concordiâ, l.* 2. *p.* 201. In another place he says "Barcozibas, . . . Julianum apostatem, . . . et falsum Mosem qui innumeros aquis in Cretâ lusit et mersit."—*Ib. l.* 4. *p.* 418.

temporum makes the second Moses synchronize with Patric's voyage to Ireland. Father Colgan, in his Trias thaumaturge, says that the magic wand, which was transmitted by Adam and Nimrod to Moses, passed into the hands of Jesus Christ, and from him was transmitted to Patric; who spent forty days and forty nights in a mountain, fasting and conversing with God, saw God in a burning bush, and died at the same age as Moses, (viz. 120) and his eye was not dim, nor his natural strength abated; and from these and other coincidences, he is called the second Moses. St. Patric is also said to have summoned all the serpents and venomous creatures to the top of a mountain over the sea and bade them jump down, and they were all drowned. It cannot be overlooked on reading the several passages relating to the second Moses, that the story appears to have a more intimate connexion with the affairs of Attila, than is stated on the face of any one of the extracts; for the writers proceed immediately from the narration of Attila's acts to this strange account, and again from it to Attila's invasion of Gaul. Whether such a man as Patric actually existed, and was sent on a secret mission by Attila to prepare the way for himself as Antichrist, as we read in the Scandinavian sagas that Attila sent Herburt on a mission to king Arthur in Great Britain, or whether Patric was merely a fictitious name used by those in Ireland, who looked to the coming of Attila as Antichrist, to represent his power and his kingdom, it may be difficult to determine; but the Cretan tale seems to be connected with the legend of St. Patric, and that legend to have reference to the expectation that Attila would establish an universal antichristian dominion. When we

are told that a person deceived the Jews with the expectation of leading them back to the land of promise, coming as a second Moses, and such an one as Antichrist, that no second Moses could come in the power of Dan, except an emanation from the soul of Cain the fratricide; that Attila affected particularly the title of king of the Danes, and that he did murder his brother like Cain, and attempt to establish an antichristian universal empire, we have some reason to conclude that Attila did pretend to come in the power of Dan, and in the spirit of Moses as a lawgiver.

§ 25. Having thus arrayed himself with superhuman pretensions, as predestined to overthrow that empire, which, in compliance with the predictions of the Sibyl, Romulus was said to have consecrated * with the blood of Remus, Attila proceeded soon after † to murder his brother Bleda. The exact mode of his death is not known; he is said to have been slain and cast into the Danube; according to one account a dispute arose concerning the name to be given to the new town of Sicambria, which either brother wished to call after his own, and the modern Buda is said to be a version of the name Bleda. The tradition of the twelve birds seen by Romulus and the six seen by Remus, bears a strong appearance of having been founded on some true prophecy concerning the duration of the ever memorable Roman empire, and it is very remarkable that Attila murdered his brother Bleda, and may be supposed to

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* ——— tremulæ cortina Sibyllæ
Dixit Aventino rura pianda Remo.—*Propertius.*

† A. D. 445.

have consecrated by his blood the new city of Sicambria, which he intended to make the seat of a new empire to supersede that of Rome, exactly twelve centuries after the alleged revelation of the twelve birds to Romulus; 755 being the years of Rome before Christ, and 445 after Christ, the date of the murder of Bleda, making exactly twelve centuries from his death to that of Remus. If we add six single years for the six birds of Remus, it brings us to the year 452 on which Attila, master of nearly all Italy, was expected to enter Rome; if instead of six single years we add six lustra or periods of five years by which the Romans were wont to number the lapse of time, it brings us precisely to the year 476 in which the Roman empire was finally extinguished by Odoacer. It is not easy to believe that such wonderful coincidences are accidental, especially when we recollect that this is not a subsequent interpretation of the augury, built upon the events that actually took place, but it had been thus explained in the oldest times; and, as the period drew near, the most learned men, both heathen and Christian, were looking for its accomplishment, and it is not unlikely that Attila used for his ensign a vulture bearing a golden crown with reference to the birds of Romulus. Varro, as cited by * Censorinus, had written that he had heard Vettius a distinguished augur and a man of great genius and learning say, that if the facts related by historians concerning the foundation of the city by Romulus and the twelve vultures were

* De die natali, c. 17. Censorinus lived above two hundred years before this period, but Varro whom he quotes lived when Rome was in the height of her power.

true, the Roman state would endure twelve hundred years, since it had already survived the 120th year. The pagan poet Claudian * who was cotemporary with and involved in the ruin of Stilicho, had stated that the people dreading the invasion of the Goths counted the years numbered by the twelve vultures, and from the expiration of the twelfth century anticipated the overthrow of Rome. Sidonius Apollinaris bishop of Clermont, who wrote a few years after the death of Attila alluded † in two passages to the fate prognosticated to Rome by the twelve vultures. It is therefore quite certain that Attila must have been aware of this prediction, and of the interpretation which was given to it by Christians and pagans at this period, and had been handed down from remote antiquity; and it is as certain that such a circumstance must have had great weight with a man attempting to establish an empire which was to supersede that of Rome, and to be built in like manner upon the worship of the sword-god Mars; and it can scarcely be doubted that this prediction and a consideration of the received history of Romulus had its share in exciting him to murder his brother Bleda. Aiming at the establishment of universal dominion by the influence of superstition and religious awe, as well as by the force of arms, he could no more have overlooked the fact, that the twelve cen-

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* Claudianus de bello Getico, v. 265, et antecedentibus.

Tunc reputant annos, interceptoque volatu
Vulturis, incidunt properatis sæcula metis.

† Quid, rogo, bis seno mihi vulture Thuscus aruspex
Portendit?—*Carm.* 7. v. 55—and afterwards
Jam prope fata tui bis senas vulturis alas
Complebunt; scis namque tuos, scis, Roma, labores.—*Ib.* v. 363.

turies of Romulus were actually expiring in the year when he followed his fratricidal * example, than it had escaped the flatterers of Augustus that in his time the seventy weeks of Daniel were expiring amidst the intense expectation of the nations.

§ 26. The same year that witnessed the elevation of Attila to the sole power amongst the Huns by the removal of his brother, brought a fresh attack † upon the Eastern empire, though neither the causes which led to the renewal of hostilities, nor the events of the campaign have been handed down to posterity. After a pause of one year, probably obtained by fresh concessions from Theodosius, the war was renewed on a greater scale than ever in 447. The forces of the Western empire afforded no assistance to their Eastern brethren, and not less than ‡ seventy cities were taken and ravaged by the Huns. It was a fierce contest, and greater § than the former wars of the Huns; the castles and towns of a large tract of Europe were levelled to the ground. Arnegisclus made a memorable stand against Attila and fought valiantly, but fell in the battle, and the total discomfiture of his army left the whole of Thrace at the mercy of the conqueror. In this campaign the celebrated ‖ Arderic king of the Gepidæ distinguished

* Cardinal Deericius has not scrupled to employ a [illegible] passage of his voluminous work in attempting to justify or palliate Attila's murder of his brother by the example of other villains to whom the world has given birth.

† A.D. 445. Thracia Hunnorum incursione concutitur. *Prosp. Tyro*, who postpones the murder of Bleda to the following year.

‡ Prosper Tyro, A.D. 447. ‖ Marcellin Chronic. A.D. 447.

§ Jornandes de regnis succ.

himself under Attila, who was supported by the Ostrogoths and a portion of the Alans, and various other nations serving under their respective kings. The whole extent south of the Danube, from Illyria to the Black Sea, was ravaged by the Huns, whose army swept a breadth of five days journey as they advanced. Jornandes * says that Arnegisclus fell at Marcianopolis, close to Varna near the shores of the Black sea. Marcellinus says the conflict took place on the banks of the Utus, which flows into the Danube a little to the east of Sophia, a place very far in the rear of Attila's advanced position, which Marcellinus himself states to have been at Thermopolis, supposed to mean Thermopylæ. The probability is therefore, that the battle was fought near Marcianopolis. If it was fought near the Utus, Attila must have pursued his uninterrupted course afterwards through † Macedonia and Thessaly. Theodosius in this dilemma attempted to tamper with the kings under Attila, and excited against him the princes of the Acatzires on the northern side of the Euxine. Attila ‡ is said to have been alarmed at this intelligence, and to have been fearful that the territory which he had ravaged to the south of the river, would be unable to support his immense army, and was induced by prudential motives to listen to the negociators of Theodosius. The immediate danger to the empire was averted by the conclusion of a truce, and Attila now turned his

* Jornandes de regni succ.—Blondus (Hist. Dec. 1. l. 2.) says that Arnegisclus first defeated Attila at Marcianopolis, but pushing on rashly was surrounded, and killed, but he does not quote the source from which this information is derived.

† Freculphus Chron. t. 2. l 5. ‡ Blondus Hist.

arms against the Acatzires,* a Hunnish race dwelling on the borders of the Black sea, who were governed by a number of petty kings. Theodosius had offered them bribes, to induce them to withdraw from confederation with Attila. The messenger however, who was charged with the imperial presents, did not distribute them according to the estimated rank of the several princes, so that Curidach who was the senior king, received only the second present. Incensed at this, and considering himself to have been slighted and deprived of his due, he called in the aid of Attila against the other princes of the Acatzires. Attila without loss of time, sent a considerable force against them, slew some, and reduced the rest to subjection. He then invited Curidach to partake in the fruits of the victory, but he, suspecting some design against his person, and adroitly adapting his flattery to the pretensions which Attila had lately advanced, on the production of the divine sword, made answer, that it was a formidable thing for a man to come into the presence of a God; for if no one could stedfastly behold the face of the sun, how should he without injury look upon the greatest of divinities. By these means, Curidach retained his sovereignty, while the power of the rest was yielded up to the Hun.

§ 27. Attila† now sent ambassadors to Constantinople, to redemand the fugitives from his territory. He seems to have been at all times particularly irritable concerning those who withdrew themselves from subjection to his authority by flight to the Christians, and the certainty of their execution, if recaptured, rendered their protec-

* Priscus, Bonnæ, 1829. p. 197. † Priscus, 1. § 4.

tors very unwilling to surrender them. On this occasion his legates were received with great courtesy, and loaded with presents, but they were dismissed with assurances that there were no refugees at Constantinople. Four successive embassies were despatched to Theodosius, and enriched by the liberality of the Romans; for Attila, aware of the gifts by which his ambassadors were conciliated through fear of an abrupt infringement of the truce, whenever he wished to confer a benefit upon any of his favorites or dependants, found some excuse for sending them on a mission to enrich themselves. The Romans obeyed him as their lord and master, and submitted to all his demands, not only dreading the renewal of hostilities by the Huns, but harassed by the warlike preparations of the Parthians, the maritime attacks of the Vandals in the Mediterranean, the inroads of the Isauri, and the repeated incursions of the Saracens who laid waste the eastern parts of the empire. They humbled themselves therefore towards Attila, and temporized with him, while they were preparing to make head against their other enemies, and levied troops, and made choice of generals to oppose them.

§ 28. In the following * year (A.D. 448.) Edécon, who is called a Scythian, a man highly distinguished by his military exploits, was sent to Constantinople by Attila, together with Orestes, who was of Roman extraction, dwelling in Pæonia near the Savus, which had been ceded to Attila by a treaty concluded with Aëtius the commander of the forces of the Western empire. Edecon proceeded to the imperial palace, and delivered the

* Priscus, 1. § 5.

question him closely according to his custom, what gifts and how much money he had obtained from the Romans; nor should he be able to conceal the truth easily, on account of the numbers who were with him. Chrysaphius assented to this, and when his guest had withdrawn, he proceeded to disclose the treacherous scheme to the emperor, who immediately sent for Martialius, the master or warden of the palace, to whom by virtue of his office all the counsels of the emperor were necessarily confided, as he had the superintendence of the letter-carriers, the interpreters, and the soldiers who kept guard in the palace. It seemed good* to the emperor and these his advisers to send Maximin with Bigilas, under the existing circumstances, to the court of Attila: that Bigilas in the character of interpreter should obey the instructions he might receive from Edecon, but that Maximin should have charge to deliver the letter of the emperor, remaining entirely ignorant of the infamous conspiracy which was to be carried on under the cover of his mission. Theodosius wrote in the credentials of the ambassadors that Bigilas was the interpreter, but that Maximin was a man of much greater distinction and very much in his confidence. He exhorted Attila not to infringe the treaty, inasmuch as he then sent to him seventeen refugees in addition to those who had been already delivered up, and assured him that there were no more in his dominions. Maximin was instructed to use his endeavours to persuade Attila not to require an ambassador of higher rank, as it had been customary for his ancestors and the other kings of

* Priscus, [illegible]

permission of his lord; whereupon the insidious eunuch asked him if he had free access to Attila, and influence in the Hunnish court. Edecon replied that he was a confidential attendant, and took his turn with other chosen and distinguished individuals to watch in arms over his safety upon the days allotted to him. Thereupon Chrysaphius said, that if he would pledge himself to the Romans, he would promise him great advantages; but that leisure was necessary to make arrangements, for which purpose he proposed to him to return to supper without Orestes and the rest of the embassy. Edecon having undertaken to do so, and having returned according to agreement, Bigilas acting as interpreter between them, they pledged their right hands and swore, the one that he would speak of things the most advantageous to Edecon, the other that he would not reveal their discourse, whether he might assent to the proposals or not. The eunuch, satisfied with this promise, proceeded to assure the Scythian that if on his return he would murder Attila and make his escape to the Romans he should enjoy great wealth and luxury. Edecon assented, but stated that money would be necessary to distribute amongst the soldiers under him, that they might assist him without reluctance, for which purpose he required fifty pounds weight of gold. Chrysaphius would have disbursed the money immediately, but Edecon represented the necessity of his returning first to render an account of his embassy, and of his being accompanied by Bigilas who might bring Attila's answer concerning the refugees, and at the same time a communication from himself to state when and how the gold might be remitted to him; for that Attila would

question him closely according to his custom, what gifts and how much money he had obtained from the Romans; nor should he be able to conceal the truth easily, on account of the numbers who were with him. Chrysaphius assented to this, and when his guest had withdrawn, he proceeded to disclose the treacherous scheme to the emperor, who immediately sent for Martialius, the master or warden of the palace, to whom by virtue of his office all the counsels of the emperor were necessarily confided, as he had the superintendence of the letter-carriers, the interpreters, and the soldiers who kept guard in the palace. It seemed good * to the emperor and these his advisers to send Maximin with Bigilas, under the existing circumstances, to the court of Attila: that Bigilas in the character of interpreter should obey the instructions he might receive from Edecon, but that Maximin should have charge to deliver the letter of the emperor, remaining entirely ignorant of the infamous conspiracy which was to be carried on under the cover of his mission. Theodosius wrote in the credentials of the ambassadors that Bigilas was the interpreter, but that Maximin was a man of much greater distinction and very much in his confidence. He exhorted Attila not to infringe the treaty, inasmuch as he then sent to him seventeen refugees in addition to those who had been already delivered up, and assured him that there were no more in his dominions. Maximin was instructed to use his endeavours to persuade Attila not to require an ambassador of higher rank, as it had been customary for his ancestors and the other kings of

* Priscus, 2. § 3.

Scythia, to receive any military or civil envoy; and suggest the expediency of his sending Onegesius to arrange the matters which were under discussion; and represent the impracticability of Attila's conferring with a man of consular dignity at Sardica which had been demolished by the Huns. Maximin persuaded the sophist and historian Priscus to accompany him on this expedition; and if the eight books which he afterwards wrote had not unfortunately perished, those extracts only being preserved which relate to the embassies, we should not have to lament the insufficiency of our materials for some parts of the history of Attila. They set forth therefore in company with the barbarians, and proceeded to Sardica, thirteen days journey from Constantinople. Here they tarried, and thought it advisable to invite Edecon and his companions to take their meal with them. The natives furnished them with sheep and oxen, which they slaughtered and prepared for their repast. During the banquet the barbarians exalted the name of Attila, and the Greeks that of the emperor, whereupon Bigilas said that it was not just to compare a God with a man, intimating thereby that Theodosius was the divinity and Attila a human potentate. The guests took great offence at the insinuation, and grew very warm on the subject, but the ambassadors exerted themselves to change the subject and pacify them, and after the supper Maximin presented Edecon and Orestes with silken apparel and oriental jewels. Orestes outstaid Edecon, and observed after his departure to Maximin, that he acted well and wisely in not imitating the conduct of those about the emperor; for some had invited to supper Edecon alone, and had loaded him

with gifts; but the ambassadors, not being aware of the circumstance to which he alluded, asked him in what respect he had been neglected and Edecon honoured, to which he made no reply, but withdrew. The subject being discussed in conversation the next day, Bigilas observed that Orestes ought not to have expected to receive the same honours as Edecon, inasmuch as Orestes was the follower and scribe of Attila, but Edecon was very distinguished in warfare, and being of Hunnish blood was in higher estimation; after which he addressed Edecon in his own language, and subsequently informed the ambassadors, that he had told him what had been said by Orestes, and with difficulty had allayed his anger on the subject, but the historian does not rely implicitly on the veracity of the interpretation. Arriving at Naissus five days journey from the Danube, they found it demolished by the Huns, but some sick persons were abiding in the ruins of the temples. The party sought for a clear place to unyoke their beasts of burden, for the whole bank of the river was strewn with the bones of those who had fallen in the war; an incident which furnishes a horrible picture of the desolating atrocity of Hunnish warfare, by which the whole population of a distinguished town had been exterminated, and as yet after the lapse of several years, there had been none to bury their remains. On the following day they visited Agintheus who commanded the forces in Illyria, and had his quarters not far from Naissus, that they might deliver to him the injunctions of the emperor, and receive from his hands five refugees who were to make up the complement of seventeen, concerning whom he had written to Attila, and who were to be delivered up to his

relentless indignation. Agintheus, as he was ordered, surrendered the ill-fated fugitives, softening the harshness of the act towards them by the expression of his unavailing regret.

§ 29. On the succeeding day they continued their journey from the mountains of Naissus towards the Danube, passing through some woody and circuitous defiles, so that those who were unacquainted with the country and imagined they were travelling westward, were astonished in the morning at seeing the sun rise opposite to them, and fancied it was a prodigy portending the subversion of all established order, till it was explained to them that on account of natural impediments, that part of the road was necessarily turned towards the east. From the mountainous passes they issued into a level and woody district, where barbarian ferrymen received the whole party into canoes which they had themselves scooped out of solid stems, and conveyed them across the Danube. It seems that they had travelled night and day, excepting when they halted at Sardica, at Naissus, and after the interview with Agintheus. The boats had not been prepared for the ambassadors, but to ferry over the river a multitude of Attila's people, whom they met on the way, for Attila had made a pretence of desiring to hunt in the territories wrested from the Romans, though in fact it was a preparation for war, which he meditated under the pretext that all the refugees had not been delivered up to him. Having crossed the Danube, and proceeded about 70 stadia or a little more than eight English miles, they were made to halt on a plain, while the attendants of Edecon carried the news of their arrival to Attila. In the evening, while

they were at supper, two Scythians arrived at their quarters, and ordered them to proceed to Attila, but having been requested to alight from their horses, they partook of the meal, and on the following morning served as their conductors. About the ninth hour of the day they reached the numerous tents of Attila, and being about to pitch their own on a knoll, the barbarians forbad it, because those of Attila were on the level ground. The Romans having therefore established themselves where they were directed, Edecon, Orestes, Scottas, and others of the principal men, intruded themselves, and began to make enquiries into the objects of the embassy. At first the Romans looked at each other with surprise and gave no answer to the unbecoming questions, but the barbarians were troublesome and urgent in the enquiries, whereupon they were told that the message of the emperor was unto Attila, and no other person. Scottas answered angrily that they were sent by their leader to make this enquiry, and had not come to gratify their own curiosity. The Romans represented that it was nowhere customary for ambassadors without entering into the presence of the person to whom they had been sent to be called upon to declare the objects of their mission through the intervention of other persons; that the Scythians who had been on missions to the emperor well knew this, and that, unless admitted into the presence, as the ambassadors of Attila had always been, they would not communicate their instructions. The messengers of Attila returned to him, and soon after coming back without Edecon, declared to the Romans all the particulars concerning which they were sent to treat by the emperor,

and ordered them, if they had nothing further to communicate, to take their departure as speedily as possible. The Romans were amazed, and, being unable to conjecture through what channel the secrets of the emperor had been divulged, thought it prudent to decline giving any answer, unless admitted to the royal presence; whereupon they were ordered to depart instantly. While they were preparing for the journey, Bigilas blamed them for the answer they had given, saying that it would be better to be detected in a falsehood, than to return without accomplishing their purpose; and asserted that if he could have come to the sight of Attila, he should easily have persuaded him to recede from his dispute with the Romans, having become well acquainted with him, when he had accompanied the mission of Anatolius; whence Edecon was also well disposed towards him; so that, under pretext of the embassy, by speaking truth or falsehood, as occasion might require, they might complete the arrangements touching the conspiracy against Attila, and the transmission of the gold which Edecon had stated to be necessary, that it might be divided amongst the satellites: but he little suspected, that he had been betrayed, for Edecon, whether his promises, as is most probable, had been deceitful from the first, or he had taken alarm, lest Orestes, indignant at what had passed at Sardica, should report to Attila that he had had separate and private conferences with the emperor and Chrysaphius, had divulged the whole conspiracy to the Hun, both the quota of gold that had been required, and the points concerning which the Romans had been instructed to negociate. The orders of Attila had been

peremptory, and although it was night, the ambassadors, hungry and cold, were under the necessity of making ready for their departure, when a second message from the great king enjoined them to tarry till a more seasonable hour; and at the same time he sent them an ox and some river fish, on which they supped and retired to rest, hoping that he might be more favourably disposed on the morrow; but in the morning the same messengers returned, ordering them to depart, if they had nothing else to communicate. They prepared therefore once more for the journey, notwithstanding the earnest suggestion of Bigilas, that they should answer that they had other things to set forth. The historian Priscus, through friendship to Maximin, who appeared very much dejected at the disgraceful issue of his mission, taking with him Rusticius,* who understood the Hunnish language, for an interpreter, went to Scottas, and promised him ample presents from Maximin, if he would obtain for him an interview with Attila; assuring him that the subject matter of the embassy was not only important to the two nations, but personally to his brother Onegesius who was then absent from the court; and he adroitly added, that he understood he had great weight with Attila, but that he should better know how to estimate his importance, if he could prevail in this point. Scottas replied, that he had quite as much influence as Onegesius, and would prove it; and he mounted his horse immediately, and rode to the tent of the monarch. Priscus returning to Maximin found him and Bigilas

* Rusticius had accompanied them on private affairs to see Constantius, whom Aëtius had recommended as secretary to Attila, and probably designed for a spy into his counsels.

lying on the grass, and, having declared what he had done, and recommended to Maximin to look out the gifts for Scottas and consider what he should say to Attila, was much applauded, and those amongst the retinue, who were actually starting, were called back, and their departure was suspended till the result of the application of Scottas should be known. While they were thus employed, they were summoned by Scottas to the presence of Attila. Entering they beheld the monarch seated on a wooden throne, and guarded by a numerous circle of barbarians. Maximin alone approaching saluted him, while the rest of the Romans stood aloof; and, having delivered the letter of Theodosius, he said that the emperor prayed for the health and prosperity of him and his people. Attila answered, "May it be to the Romans, as they wish to me," and immediately turning his discourse to Bigilas, he called him a shameless beast, and asked how he presumed to come before him, knowing what terms of peace had been concluded between himself and Anatolius, and that no ambassadors should have been sent to him before all the refugees had been delivered up. Bigilas having replied, that there was no refugee of Scythian blood remaining in the empire, for that all had been given up, he waxed more angry, and exclaimed with loudness and violence, that he would crucify him, and give him for food to the birds, if he were not scrupulous of infringing the laws concerning ambassadors by awarding to him the just punishment of his impudence, and the rashness of his speech; for that many refugees were still amongst the Romans, whose names he ordered the secretaries to read from a tablet. After that had been performed, he

commanded him to depart immediately, and Eslas to accompany him and bear a message to the Romans, that every fugitive, since the time when Carpileo the son of Aëtius had been sent to Attila as a hostage from the Western empire, must be forthwith delivered up; inasmuch as he would not suffer his own servants to bear arms against him, however little they could avail for the protection of the Romans: "for," he added, using nearly the language of Sennacherib, "which of all the cities or "fortresses that I have thought fit to capture, has been "successfully defended against me?" He further directed them after having delivered his message concerning the fugitives, to return and inform him whether the Romans chose to surrender them, or to await the war which he should wage against them; but he commanded Maximin to stay for his answer to the letter of Theodosius, and enquired for the presents of the emperor, which were given to him. The ambassadors retired to their tents, where Bigilas expressed his surprise at the violent demeanour of Attila towards him, who had been formerly received with so much gentleness. The Romans imagined that the conversation at Sardica, in which Bigilas had called him a mortal and Theodosius a divinity, must have been related to him by some of the guests, who were present at that banquet; but Bigilas, who had intimate acquaintance with the Hunnish court, would not credit the suggestion, saying that no one excepting Edecon would dare to enter into discourse with him on such matters, and that he would undoubtedly be silent, not merely on account of his oath, but through fear that he might be condemned to death for having been present at, and lent himself to, secret counsels

against the life of his sovereign. While these matters were under discussion, Edecon returned, and, drawing Bigilas aside, renewed the subject of the gold which he required for distribution, and, after giving directions concerning its payment, he withdrew. Priscus, the friend of Maximin, who was kept in ignorance of the atrocious conspiracy, having enquired into the subject of that conversation, Bigilas who was himself deceived by Edecon, eluded the enquiry by saying that Edecon had complained that he was brought into trouble on account of the detention of the fugitives, and that all of them should have been delivered up, or ambassadors of the highest dignity sent for the purpose of pacifying Attila. A further command was presently issued by the monarch, that neither Bigilas nor any of the Romans should buy any Roman captive or barbarian slave, or any horse or other article except necessary provender, until the differences should be adjusted; and this he did with subtlety, that Bigilas might have no excuse for bringing the gold which was promised to Edecon; and, under pretence of writing an answer to Theodosius, he required the Romans to await the return home of Onegesius, that they might deliver to him the presents sent by the emperor. Onegesius was at that time absent, having been sent to establish the eldest son of Attila and Creca on the throne of the Acatzires, whose reduction has been already mentioned. Bigilas was therefore despatched alone with Eslas to bring back the answer concerning the refugees, but in truth to afford him an opportunity of fetching the gold, and the rest were detained in their tents, but after one day's interval they were made to proceed together with Attila towards the north of Hungary.

§ 30. The ambassadors had not travelled far in the suite of the Hunnish monarch, when their conductors directed them to follow a different road, for Attila thought fit to tarry in a certain hamlet, where he had determined to add his daughter Eskam to the number of his wives. We are informed by Priscus that this marriage was conformable to the law of the Scythians. His expression is somewhat remarkable, and literally rendered is, "where he purposed to marry daughter "Eskam, having indeed many wives, but espousing this "one also according to Scythian law." Some writers have taken occasion from this passage to assert that there was no prohibition amongst the Huns to any marriage, however repugnant to propriety on account of relationship, and St. Jerome has made a similar declaration, probably with no better foundation, concerning the Persians, amongst whom incest was no more generally permitted, than polygamy was amongst the Jews. The instances of two wives recorded in the case of Lamech, and of Jacob,* and Elkanah, are evidently particular cases departing from the established practice, and the permission given to the kings of the Jews to possess many wives and concubines, was the consequence of the Lord's having conceded to the Jews, as a punishment for their perverse entreaties, "a † king over them, "that they might be like all the nations;" a king therefore having all the privileges enjoyed by the adjoining potentates, namely that they could do no wrong and might take any number of wives, however nearly related

* Verse 18. c. 18. of Leviticus seems to have been written expressly to prevent the example of Jacob being used as a precedent.

† 1 Sam. xix.

to them in blood, notwithstanding the prohibition that had been given prospectively concerning them, that they should not * multiply their wives, a prohibition which was certainly respected by the generality of the Jews. The words of Priscus do not imply that either polygamy or incest were lawful to all the Huns, but that it was lawful to Attila, as it had been to Cambyses, on account of his prerogative. The Hungarian writers, indignant at the reproaches cast on the morals of their supposed ancestors on this occasion, have attempted to make it appear that the lady espoused by Attila was not his child, but the daughter of a man named Eskam, considering the undeclined name Eskam to be a genitive case, and rendering the preceding word *the daughter of* instead of his daughter. On a careful consideration of the construction of sentences in the Greek written by Priscus and others of that period, it will be apparent that the words † cannot mean to marry the daughter of Eskam.

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* Deut. xvii. 17.

† *Γαμεῖν θυγατέρα Ἐσκάμ.* Priscus would have expressed *to marry the daughter of Eskam*, by either *γαμεῖν Ἐσκὰμ θυγατέρα*, or *τὴν τοῦ Ἐσκὰμ θυγατέρα*, or simply *γαμεῖν τὴν τοῦ Εσκάμ*. The genitive, according to the Greek used by Priscus, could not be put without an article after its governing substantive, unless where the article could not be prefixed without altering the sense, as for instance *ὄψιν θεοῦ*, *the aspect of a God*, not *the aspect of God*, which would be expressed by *ὄψιν τοῦ θεοῦ*, and *εἰς ζήτησιν γῆς in search of land*, not *of the land*: nor was it put after the governing case even with an article except under particular circumstances, as for instance where it gives a distinguishing force to the genitive or the governing substantive, or to avoid the concurrence of many articles or genitives, or follows a numeral, an adjective, or participle, and in some other cases, which it is needless to enumerate. For instance *ἐν παρασκεύῃ τῆς ὁδοῦ* is *during the preparation for the journey*, *ἐν τῆς ὁδοῦ παρασκεύῃ* is *amongst the apparatus of the*

§ 31. While Attila was revelling with his new bride, the ambassadors were conducted onward across a level country, and traversed several rivers in canoes or boats used by the people who lived on their banks, similar to

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journey ; δι' ἀσθένειαν φύσεως, through the weakness of their constitution, διὰ τῆς φύσεως ασθένειαν through the weakness of nature generally. Τὴν εἰς τὸ ἱερον τῆς Ἴσιδος ἀνάβασιν is written to avoid the concurrence of τὴν εἰς τὸ τῆς and of the two accusatives ἱερον and ἀνάβασιν. The word Ῥωμαιος is a singular exception to which Priscus never puts an article except where it is coupled with a substantive having one. Where Malchus writes Θεοδερίχου τοῦ παιδὸς Βαλαμήρου it is on account of the confusion of genitives. He would have written Θεοδέριχον τὸν Βαλαμήρου παῖδα. In a fragment supposed to be from Priscus in Suidas which commences Ἀρδαβύριος υἱὸς Ἄρπαρος, the first period evidently consists of the words of Suidas followed by a citation from Priscus, who would have written Ἀρδαβύριος ὁ τοῦ Ἄσπαρος.

Gibbon, with singular inaccuracy, has stated that Attila married the daughter of Eslam, falsifying the name ; and the French author of the Conjuration contre Attila, though he makes her the daughter of Attila, with a tirade against the alleged incestuous habits of the Huns, calls her Esla, which he probably borrowed from the error of Gibbon. It is further to be observed that no such a man as either Eskam or Eslam is known to have existed, though it is certainly possible that such a name as Eskam might have occurred in the previous part of the lost history. There was an Eslas or rather Ayslas, Ἤσλας, in the court of Attila, but that name cannot in any manner be identified with Eskam. Eskam may with more propriety be compared with the scriptural name Iskah the daughter of Haran and sister of Lot, probably his wife also and mother of his incestuous progeny, for it does not otherwise appear for what purpose Iskah is named in Genesis ; the suggestion of commentators, that she was the same as Sarah, being distinctly negatived in c. 20, which states that Sarah was the daughter of Terah father of Abraham by another mother. An attentive perusal of the legends of the Teutonic and Scandinavian nations gives some reason to imagine that Eskam was not only the daughter of Attila, but of his sister Hilda, called by Latin writers Hildico, and that she is the same person occasionally styled in the Northern romances Aslang daughter of Sigurd, a name under which the Hunnish monarch is often designated.

those in which they had crossed the Danube. The next in size to that river were stated to have been the Drecon, the Tigas, and Tiphesas, which last is the Teiss, but it has not been found practicable to identify the two others. The lesser streams were passed in boats that were carried on waggons by the barbarians through the country which was liable to be flooded. Millet was brought to the Romans for food from the villages instead of wheat, and mead instead of wine, together with a sort of beer made from barley which was called by the natives * cam. After a long and weary journey, they pitched their tents at evening near a lake of clear water which the inhabitants of a neighbouring hamlet were in the habit of fetching for drink. A violent storm of wind and rain with exceedingly vivid lightning came on immediately after they had encamped, and not only overset their tents and laid all flat, but washed away their provisions and furniture into the lake. The Romans were so terrified, that they fled in various directions, floundering through the tempest in the dark night, to avoid the same fate as their chattels, till they fortunately met again in the village hard by, where they were very clamorous to be supplied with every thing they wanted. The Scythian cottagers ran out of their hovels and inquired into the cause of their vociferations, and being informed by the barbarians who were in company that they had been put to confusion by the storm, they invited them in, and kindled speedily a cheerful blaze with dry reeds. The mistress of the hamlet was a lady, who had been one of the wives of Bleda, and hearing of the misadventure of the Romans,

* Priscus.—The true name of Onegesius was perhaps Enekes or Oneges.

she sent to them a present of victuals, and also paid them the singular compliment, which however was a usual practice of honourable hospitality amongst the Huns, of sending them some beautiful Scythian women, who were enjoined to comply with all their wishes; but the ambassadors were either too decorous or too disheartened to be desirous of availing themselves of the offer, and declined the favours which were destined for them. The ladies were regaled with a portion of the supper and dismissed, and the ambassadors, having taken their repose in the cottages of the natives, proceeded at daybreak in search of their equipments, part of which they found on the spot where they had encamped, part on the banks of the lake, and part in the water; but the whole of their goods was recovered, and they tarried all day in the hamlet to dry them in the sun, which shone out brilliantly after that stormy night. When due attention had been paid to the beasts of burden, they proceeded to visit the queen, and, having saluted her, they returned thanks for her hospitality, and presented her with three silver vessels, some crimson fleeces, Indian pepper, dates, and other articles for desert, which not being found amongst the barbarians were valuable to them. Having thus returned her compliment, they took their leave and proceeded on their journey for seven days, till the Scythian conductors made them halt in a village on their way, because Attila was coming in that direction, and it was not allowable for them to travel before him. At this place they fell in with ambassadors from the Western empire, Count Romulus, Primutus præfect of Noricum, and Romanus general of a division. Constantius was with them, whom Aëtius had sent as a

secretary to Attila, and Tatullus the father of Orestes who was with Edecon, not being members of the legation, but having undertaken the journey through private motives, the former on account of his previous intimacy with them in Italy, the latter from relationship, his son Orestes having married the daughter of Romulus from the city Patavion in Noricum. Their object was to pacify Attila, who required that Silvanus, a Roman silversmith, should be delivered up to him, because he had received some golden vessels from another Constantius, a native of Western Gaul, who had also been sent as a secretary by Aëtius to Attila and Bleda. When the Huns were laying siege to Sirmium in Pæonia, those vessels had been delivered to Constantius by the bishop of the place for his own ransom in case he should survive the capture of the city, and to redeem others amongst the captives if he should have fallen; but Constantius after the taking of Sirmium was faithless to his trust, and pawned the vessels for money to Silvanus, to be redeemed within a given time, or the sale of them to stand good. Attila and Bleda, having suspected this Constantius of treason, crucified him, and Attila, hearing what had been done concerning the golden vessels, demanded Silvanus to be given up, as a robber of his property. The object of the embassy was therefore to persuade Attila that Silvanus was no thief, but that having taken the goods in pawn from Constantius, he had sold them as unredeemed pledges to the first priests who wished for them, because it was not lawful to sell them for the use of laymen, as they had been consecrated. The ambassadors were directed to try to prevail upon Attila to give up his claim to the vessels for this reason,

and, if he persevered, to offer him gold in their stead, but on no account to give up the innocent silversmith to be crucified. The two parties of Eastern and Western Romans followed the route of Attila, and, after crossing some more rivers, they arrived at a large village, where Attila had a fixed residence.

§ 32. It is not possible to gather, from the statement of the journey of the ambassadors, the exact situation of this place, but the number of days they had travelled makes it evident that it must have been in the north of Hungary. They had not however arrived at the Carpathian mountains. Tokay has been mentioned by Buat as the most probable site. It has been also * conjectured that the tents of Attila, which were first visited by the legation, were pitched opposite Viddin, and that Jasberin was the site of the royal village; but other † writers have been of opinion that it was in that part of Moldavia which produces neither stone nor wood, for Priscus states that there was none in the neighbourhood, and that the stone, with which the baths of Onegesius were built, was brought out of the land of the Pæonians. That they did not cross the Danube near Viddin is however evident, because it lies north-east of Nissa, and Priscus says their general course was westward of that place; and it seems that they must have crossed a little below Belgrade, and passed the Themes, the Bega, and the Theiss in the first instance, and afterwards the large tributary rivers which fall into the Theiss from the westward, and shaped their course towards Tokay. Jornandes calls the three

* Otrocosius Orig. Hung. p. 1. c. 4.

† Cantoclarus.—Timon Im. Ant. Hung. l. 2. c. 5.

rivers named by Priscus, the Tysia, Tibiscia, and Dricca. Tibiscus * is the known name of the Theiss, and † Tysia is probably a river falling into the Theiss which may have given to it the modern name. Nothing is known concerning the Dricca. To have reached Moldavia they must have traversed the rivers of Wallachia, shaping their course eastward after visiting the tents of Attila; but the only certain fact is that they did cross the Theiss, which lay in the contrary direction, and having done so they could only have reached Moldavia by recrossing that river, and threading one of the three passes through the mountains that separate it from Transylvania, neither of which suppositions is consistent with the narrative of Priscus. In another passage that writer ‡ states that the land of the Pæonians was by the river Säus, and it is certain from two passages in Menander, § that Säus was the Saave, which falls into the Danube from the opposite side a little below the Theiss, and the land in question was evidently the modern Sirmia near Belgrade, whence the stone might easily be carried up the river Theiss to Tokay in boats, but could not with any degree of probability have been conveyed to Moldavia. The facility of water-carriage probably induced Onegesius to procure the stone from Sirmia, for although there might be stone nearer in the mountains to the north, the conveyance of it would have been more difficult, and the Huns were probably from their habits impatient of labour in the quarries.

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* Tephisos, *Priscus*. † Tigas, *Priscus*. ‡ Priscus, 1. § 5.
§ Menand. Hist. § 14. and 30.

§ 33. In the same situation, or not far distant, on the right of the Theiss, was the strong hold and palace of the king of the Avar Huns, which was called the Hring and was destroyed by the armies of Charlemain in 796, and is said by the writers of that period to have subsisted many centuries. These stupendous works are mentioned by Jornandes, who says they were called Hunniwar by the Huns, but he does not describe them; and it is observable that the name of Ring by which they were known in the eighth century is also a Teutonic word, which probably had descended from the Huns of Attila, to the Avars who then occupied them. Priscus uses an expression equivalent to ring, when he speaks of the enclosure, which surrounded the dwelling of Attila, by the Greek word *peribolos*. In the reign of Charlemain, we find the marvellous fortifications of the Huns occupied by the Avars, who acquired the ascendancy at a period subsequent to the death of Attila, by whom they had been subdued, and afterwards were called Huns by the neighbouring nations. These works are particularly described by Notgerus Balbus, commonly called the Monk of St. Gall, in a passage of most difficult construction. He states,* that the land of the Huns was surrounded by nine circles; and that when, imagining the circles to be common hedges, he asked Aldabert, who had served under Charlemain, what was the wonder, he learned from him that one circle was as wide, or comprehended in itself as much, as the distance from Constance to a place called Castrum Turonicum, of which the site in all probability cannot now be ascer-

* St. Gall in Vitâ Caroli Magni, l. 2. c. 2.

tained. The abbot of Saint Gall was under the jurisdiction of the bishop of Constance, and Castrum Turonicum must have been some place in that neighbourhood not having a see. It does not mean Tours, which was Cæsarodunum Turonum. He goes on to state, that each circle was so constructed with stems of oak, beech, and fir, that it was twenty feet wide and twenty high; that the whole cavity was filled with hard stones, or tenacious chalk, perhaps meaning mortar. The surface was covered with sods. Between, bushes were planted, which (according to the probable meaning of the expression) were cut after the manner of clipped hedges. Between these circles, hamlets and villages were so placed, that the human voice could be heard from one to another. Opposite these buildings, narrow doors were fabricated in the strong walls. "Also (he adds) "from the second circle, which was constructed in like "manner as the first, there was an extent of twenty "Teutonic, which are forty Italian, miles unto the "third. In like manner even unto the ninth; although "the circles themselves were much more contracted "one than another; and from circle to circle tenements "and habitations were so arranged in every direction, "that by the sound of trumpets the signification of "everything could be comprehended at the distance "between each of them." From the very obscure passage of which the above is a close translation, we learn first that the distance between the two outer circles was equal to that of Constance from an unknown town; that the distance between the second and third was forty Italian miles of five thousand feet, equal to near thirty-eight English miles. The word *also* might seem to

imply that the distance between the first and second circle, or between Constance and Castrum Turonicum, was also about thirty-eight English miles, but that would give too great a diameter. It is much more difficult to explain what follows; it may imply that the spaces between the circles were invariably equal, adding the mere truism, that the circumference of the inner concentric circles was necessarily smaller than that of the outer; or it may imply that the walls were built in the same manner throughout, but that the inner spaces were narrower. If the former interpretation be adopted, which certainly appears more conformable to the words, and the spaces between the several rings, and between the inner ring and the centre be considered to have been similar, that is, thirty-eight English miles, the diameter of the outer circle would be six hundred and eighty-four miles, and would enclose a great deal more than the whole of Hungary, and is inconsistent with what we have reason to believe, that the rings were situated between the Danube and the Theiss. A circle of about one hundred and fifty miles diameter will enclose the greater part of Upper Hungary between those two rivers, the Morn, and the Krapac mountains, and such was probably the site and extent of those great works, supposing the space between the two exterior belts to have been less than between the second and third, perhaps sixteen miles, and the remaining twenty-one miles of the radius, or forty-two of the diameter, to have been divided amongst the seven interior. The inner portion would thus have consisted of seven concentric circles, like the town of Ecbatana, as described by Herodotus, to which two wider belts were superadded. The celebrated labyrinth

of Crete was perhaps a structure of the same kind. Eginhart,* notary of Charlemain, in his *Annales*, says that in 791 the emperor defeated the Huns upon the Danube, drove them from their fortifications, and penetrated to the mouth of the river Arrabon or Raab. That in 796 Eric duke of Friuli plundered the Ringus, and that later in the same year, Pepin having driven the Huns across the Theiss, and utterly demolished their palace, "which is Ringus, but is called by the Lombards Campus," sent their treasures to Charlemain. In his *Vita Caroli Magni*,† the notary says the wars with the Huns lasted eight years, and were so bloody that all the dwellings in Pannonia were destroyed, and not a vestige of a human habitation remained in the place where the palace of the chagawn had been situated. The anonymous ‡ annals of Charlemain say that in 791 he took the defences of the Avars, advanced to the Raab, and retired; and in 796 he received a message in Saxony, which informed him that Pepin was lodged with his army in the Ring. The unknown author of another *Vita Caroli Magni*,§ says that in 791 the Huns abandoned their works near the Danube, and he marched to the river Raab. In 796 Henry duke of Friuli (for Henry and Eric are different forms of the same name) having sent a force into Pannonia, plundered the Ring of the Avars, who were divided by civil war, the chagawn having been murdered by his own people; and he sent their treasures, which had been accumulated there during a long course of centuries, to Charlemain.

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* P. 24. edit. Duchesne. † Ib. p. 98. ‡ P. 37 and 39.
§ P. 57 and 58.

That in the same year Thudun came over to him with a great part of the Avars, and was baptized; and before the end of that year (796) a message was received by Charlemain, that Pepin had come to blows with the new chagawn and his nobles, and again a second message that Pepin was lodged in the Ring. Another author* who wrote about the year 858, says that in 796 Pepin arrived at the celebrated place which is called Ringh, where the Huns surrendered to him. An ancient Saxon poet,† who wrote in the reign of Arnolf, A. D. 888, gives a similar account, and says that Pepin beat the Huns beyond the Theiss, and levelled to the ground their royal residence called Hring. It is quite clear that the palace or royal residence in which the plunder of Europe had been then stored up for three or four centuries was the central ring or circle of the nine circumvallations which have been described; and, as they had existed for centuries, there is no reason to doubt that they were the identical fortifications which Jornandes states to have existed in the time of Attila under the name of Hunniwar. The central ring was perhaps in the neighbourhood of Gomor in Upper Hungary. It is observable that Eusebius, speaking of the six concentric walls to the Babylon of Nebuchodonosar, calls them by the same

* De rebus Caroli Magni cum Hunnis et Slavis. p. 230

† Hunis intulerat bellum, sic patre jubente,
Cum quibus eventu certamina prosperra laeto
Trans fluvium Tizan gessit, cunctisque fugatis
Hostibus, a Francis Hunorum regia tota
Est aequata solo, quam Hringum diximus ante. p. 1.

Modern historians, quite ignorant of the nature of these defences and of the meaning of the word, have said that Pepin took the town of Ring. See Gillard's Hist. of France.

word (periboloi) which is used by Priscus in describing the residence of Attila. A passage * concerning the abode of the Hunnish monarch in Sæmund's Edda, which has been entirely misunderstood by the Latin translator, and which the annotator calls one of the passages in the poem which cannot be solved, alludes to the concentric circumvallations as having existed in the time of Attila, and it was only difficult, because he knew not the nature of the defences to which it refers. It may be translated literally thus. "They saw the land of "Attila and deep towers; the fierce men stand in that "high bourg, the hall around the people of the South, "surrounded with set-beams, with circles bound to-"gether, with white shields, the obstacle of spearmen. "There Attila was drinking wine in his divine † hall. "The warders sat without, &c." The translator renders the word *sess-meithom* ‡ seat-beams, and explains it thus, that the hall had wooden seats round it, and that either a bundle of shields was hung over head above the seats, or single shields tied together suspended against the wall. On reference to the detailed account of the Hunnish fortifications, it is evident that the set-beams are the stems (stipites) with which the circumvallations were constructed; that the circles bound together are the concentric belts or rings; that the white shields are a figurative illustration of the same, white, because as the Monk of St. Gall says, they were made with chalk,

* Atla quida in Grœnlenska, st. 14.

† Val-haullo, called so after the hall of Odin, or rather because Attila was the Odin of the North.

‡ Cinctam sedilibus jugis, colligatis orbibus, albicantibus clypeis, obstaculo hastati ordinis.

(cretâ) and shields, as explained in the next line, because they were obstacles opposed to the attack of an enemy. The editors could not have found this easy solution of the passage in Scandinavian literature, and they looked no further. The conformity of these various and very ancient authorities gives strong reason for assuming that Attila had (to use the remarkable expression of Ammianus Marcellinus when speaking of the circular positions of the Alans) *circumcircated* the district of Upper Hungary, and that hither Priscus was conducted; not to the inmost ring, but the village situated perhaps on the outside of its eastern entrance near Tokay, as Sicambria the favourite abode of Attila near Buda was perhaps at its southern entrance; but it is possible that the exterior belts may not have been constructed till a later period. The dwelling of Attila, and that of Onegesius, are both described by Priscus, as being surrounded with a circular construction of wood, which he calls peribolos, not for security, but for ornament, which shews the affection the Huns had for the Ring in their architecture. The palace of Attila exceeded all the other structures in size and conspicuous appearance. It was built with massive timber, and beautifully polished planks, and adorned with towers. The dwelling of Onegesius was the next in importance, but not ornamented with towers, though in like manner environed by a wooden ring, formed of upright timber close * set in the ground. At a short distance were the baths which Onegesius, who had great wealth and influence amongst the Huns, had caused to

* Exactly answering the Scandinavian expression *at-beams*

be constructed of stone from the Sirmian quarries, by a captive architect who was a native of Sirmium, and had vainly hoped that his manumission would be the reward of his labours; but Onegesius, after the building was completed, made the unfortunate architect superintendant of the bath, and caused him to wait upon himself and his friends during their ablutions.

§ 34. As Attila made his entry into this village, a number of damsels advanced to meet him, arranged in ranks under white veils of exceeding fineness, which were of great length, and so extended and held aloft by the hands of the women, that under every one of them walked seven or more damsels, singing Scythian airs, and the rows of young women thus placed under the veils were very numerous. The way to the royal residence lay by the dwelling of Onegesius, and, as Attila was passing it, the wife of Onegesius came out with a multitude of servants bearing dressed fish and wine, which is the highest compliment amongst the Huns, and she saluted Attila praying him to partake of her liberality. He, wishing to appear gracious to the wife of his confidential friend, ate as he sat upon his horse, a table of massive silver being lifted up to him by the attendants; and, having tasted of the cup offered to him, he retired into his own palace, which was placed in a more elevated situation than the other buildings, and overlooked them. The ambassadors were invited into the house of Onegesius, who had returned together with the son of Attila, and they dined there, being received by the wife of Onegesius and the most distinguished of his relatives; for he had not leisure to partake with them, having been summoned to make a report of the trans-

actions of his mission to Attila, who had not before seen him since his return, and to detail the particulars of the misadventure of Attila's son, who had broken his right arm by a fall. When they withdrew from the hospitable board of Onegesius, the Romans pitched their tents in the neighbourhood of the palace of Attila, that Maximin might be at hand to confer with him or his counsellors. Early the next morning Priscus was sent by Maximin to Onegesius to present to him the gifts which he brought on his own part and that of the emperor, and to learn whether the favourite would grant him an interview, and at what time. The Huns had not risen so early as the Romans, and, the doors being all closed, the historian remained with the menials who bore the presents, waiting without the ring of timber that surrounded the buildings, until some person should happen to come out. While he was walking up and down to beguile the time, he was surprised on being addressed by a man habited as a Hun who bade him hail in the Greek language, which was rarely spoken by any amongst them, except captives from Thrace or the coast of Illyria, and those might be at once recognized by the miserable and squalid condition of their garments and hair; but this man appeared to be a Scythian in excellent plight, with his hair neatly cropped all round. Having returned his salutation, Priscus was informed that he was a Greek who had gone to attend the fair at the Mysian city Viminacium on the Danube, where he had married a rich wife and established himself; but, on the capture of that town by the Huns, he and all his wealth had fallen to the lot of Onegesius, in the division of the spoil amongst the principal followers of Attila. Some time after, having

fought valiantly in company with the Huns against the Romans and Acatzires, according to the Scythian law he had regained his liberty by surrendering to his master all the plunder he had made in the war; and, having a place at the table of Onegesius, he was well satisfied with his present condition: for that the Huns, when the labours of warfare were at an end, lived without any cares, enjoying their possessions without any molestation, and in perfect security. On the other hand he drew a melancholy picture of the state of the empire, of which the subjects were easily taken or slain in war, because the jealousy of their masters prevented their being entrusted with arms for their own defence, and that even those, who carried arms on behalf of the Romans, suffered grievously from the incapacity and inertness of their officers; but that in peace the case was even worse than in war, through the weight of taxes and the extortion of evil men in power, the laws not being equally administered to all, but transgressed with impunity by the rich and powerful, while strictly carried into operation against the indigent, if indeed they survived the period of a protracted and ruinous lawsuit; and so deeply rooted was the corruption of justice, that no man amongst them could hope for the protection of the laws, without conciliating by money the favour of the judge and his dependants. The historian according to his own account attempted to reply to the censures of the apostate Greek by a feeble panegyric on the system of Roman jurisprudence, without contradicting the facts that were alleged. This brought forth a brief observation, which appears to have been unanswerable and uncontroverted, that the constitution of Rome might be good, and her laws ex-

cellent, but that both were perverted by the corruption of those who administered them.

§ 35. The door having been at length opened accidentally, Priscus eagerly enquired for Onegesius, stating that he came from Maximin the ambassador of the Romans; but this application did not procure admission for him, and he was requested to wait till the Hun should come forth. Onegesius having appeared soon after, accepted the gold and presents, which he ordered his attendants to carry into the house; and he replied to the request which Maximin made for an interview, that he would visit the Roman in his tent. This he did soon after, and, having thanked him for the presents, enquired upon what account he had requested an interview. Maximin expressed an earnest desire that Onegesius should * personally proceed into the Roman territory, and enquire into and adjust the points in dispute favourably to the emperor. Onegesius rejected with indignation all tampering with his allegiance, asking if they imagined that he did not esteem servitude under Attila to be more honourable than independent wealth amongst the Romans; but added that he could be more useful to them by remaining where he was and softening the frequent irritation of his monarch, than by going amongst them and exposing himself to blame, if he should act in any respect against the opinion of Attila. Before he departed, Onegesius

* [illegible] Priscus [illegible]. In the Latin version of Priscus this expression has been misunderstood, and is rendered *in rem præsentem descendens*, i. e. enquiring into the business of the Romans. The answer of Onegesius makes it clear that he was asked to undertake a journey.

consented to receive the future communications of the ambassador through the intervention of Priscus, because the high dignity of Maximin would have rendered frequent and protracted interviews with him unbecoming and probably liable to suspicion. On the following day the historian penetrated the ring which enclosed the mansions of Attila, being the bearer of presents to Kreka * his principal queen, who had borne him three sons, of whom the eldest had been raised to the rank of king over the Acatzires and other tribes bordering upon the Euxine. The various buildings within the enclosure were of wood; some constructed with planks expertly fitted together and beautified with pannels or carvings † of insculpture; others of straight

* The Latin translators of Priscus render the name Cerca. In the Scandinavian legends Herca is mentioned as the queen of Attila; but the names and fate of her children as detailed therein do not accord with the account given by Priscus of the offspring of Kreka. The Latin commentators and some of the Hungarian writers have also expressed their opinion that Rekan who is mentioned in another passage by Priscus as wife of Attila, is the same person and the same name as Kreka. It is evidently the same as Regan, which occurs in the legend of king Lear; and the aspirate which precedes the R in Greek might be used with the guttural tone of Ch in the same manner, as Hilderic is written Childeric, Hilda Childa or Kilda, Louis or Hlouis Chlovis; but if Chrekan had been the actual Scythian name, in giving it a Greek inflexion Priscus would not contrary to his practice have rejected the final consonant, but he would have lengthened the name into Rhekanē or Chrekanē.

† The Greek account of these edifices is rather obscure, and seems to have been misunderstood. The first mentioned were ἐκ σανίδων ἐγγλυφῶν, of planks or pannels insculptured like the figures on a seal; the latter ἐμβεβλημμένων ξύλοις ἀποτελοῦσιν, overcast with finished logs, which appears to mean the application of polished mouldings and patterns in relief on the smooth surface of the building. The Latin

massive timber perfectly squared and planed, and ornamented in relief with highly wrought beams or mouldings. The visitors having been admitted by the Huns, who were standing at the door, found the queen reclining upon a soft counterpane, the floor of the room being delicately carpeted, and opposite to her were sitting upon the carpet damsels employed in embroidering veils or scarfs, which were worn by the Huns over their clothing for ornament. Having saluted her and presented the gifts, Priscus withdrew, and, waiting for Onegesius

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translators in the amended version say that the logs were bent into circles (ligna in circulos curvata) which is not stated in the original; confounding the sentence with that which follows, αἱ δὲ κύκλοι ἐκ τοῦ ἐδάφους ἀρχόμενοι ἐς ὕψος ἀνέβαινον μετρίως, i. e. "but the circles commencing from the groundsill rose gradually into altitude," which the translators not comprehending referred to the wooden ornaments, and supposed them on that account to be circular. In the preceding line Priscus had stated that the timbers of which the buildings were constructed were perfectly straight and square; therefore the buildings were not circular, neither could the mouldings on their surface be so, unless it be explained that they were like circular picture frames placed one above another from the bottom to the top of the wall. But when the historian wrote that the straight timbers were overlaid with fluted logs, *but* the circles beginning from the level and rose gradually in height, he could not have meant to express one and the same thing by *logs* and *circles*, or have considered that, by thus introducing the word *circles*, he had explained such extraordinary ornamental [illegible] In using the word *circles* (which is disjoined from the previous sentence by the word *but*) he evidently refers to the structures which he had just before called κύκλοι or rings, and he [illegible] what Herodotus had described before concerning Ecbatana, that the buildings were surrounded, not by a single ring, but by several concentric rings of which the outer was the lowest, and the several [illegible] rings rose gradually, as in the abode of Deioces, higher and higher. In a subsequent passage he mentions the circle or rings that [illegible] residence of Attila in the plural. [illegible] p. 190.

who was known to have entered the residence of Attila, he proceeded towards some of the other buildings, in which he then resided, without any interruption * from the guards to whom he was known. Standing amidst the crowd of people, he observed the multitude in motion, and a press and noise, as if the monarch was coming forth; and presently he saw him, accompanied by Onegesius, issue from his dwelling, bearing himself haughtily and casting his eyes † round on all sides. Many, who had controversies, came before him, and received in the open air his sentence on the points in dispute; and, after the close of his judicial labours, he re-entered the house and gave audience to the ambassadors of various barbarian nations. Priscus continued to await the leisure of Onegesius in the palace court, where he was accosted by the ambassadors from the Western empire, who inquired whether Maximin had received his dismissal, or was under the necessity of remaining. Priscus replied that he was waiting for Onegesius to ascertain that very point, and enquired into the success of their mission, but was informed by them that Attila was quite inexorable and denounced immediate war against Valentinian, unless either Silvanus or the golden vessels were delivered up to him. Priscus, having expressed his surprise at the arrogance of Attila,

* The Latin translators have written that he was not prevented from going into any part of the palace, which is an erroneous translation, and absurd.

† The Latin translators of Priscus have misunderstood this passage, mistaking the middle voice for the passive, and have rendered it "being looked upon on this side and that," or "the eyes of all being turned to him."

received some interesting information from Romulus, whose sources of knowledge were undeniable, his daughter being married to Orestes the follower of Edecon and scribe of Attila, whose father Tatullus was even then in the company. This information is very important, for we may rely upon it as the true statement of the power of Attila at that time, and the extent of his empire. He asserted that no king, either of Scythia or any other land had done such great things in so short a time; inasmuch as his rule extended over the islands in the ocean, and in addition to all Scythia, he had reduced the Romans to be tributary to him; and that, not content with his European conquests, he was meditating even then the subjugation of Persia. The Danish * historians, who are determined to shut their eyes against the fact, that Attila was master of the Danish islands and the south of Scandinavia which the Romans considered to be an island called by them Thule, and that in truth they have no authentic history previous to the time of Attila, who is mixed up under diverse names in their ancient legends, have asserted that Russia was looked upon as insular by the Romans, and was meant by the islands of the ocean upon this occasion. But the statement of Priscus is an unequivocal admission by an enemy to Attila, who had the means of knowing and could not be mistaken, that he did rule over the islands of the ocean generally, and whether part of Russia was supposed to be an island and included under the denomination or not, that single portion could not by any interpretation have been intended to the exclusion of the

rest. On the other hand the words may be interpreted to include Great Britain and Ireland, and it may be a matter of doubt whether even that was not intended, and whether, although Attila never set foot in Great Britain, the legends of St. Patric and Arthur, which are contemporaneous with and have evident reference to him, do not represent the influence and authority which he had acquired in the British isles through his emissaries and the weight of his Antichristian pretensions; but with respect to his dominion over the Danish and Scandinavian territory, which was more particularly called the islands of the ocean, the assertion of Romulus made in the presence of the father of Orestes would have been irrefragable, even if it had not been confirmed, as it is, by the concurring evidence of the Scandinavian sagas and Teutonic legends. The Eastern Romans, having enquired through what quarter he would be able to attack the Persians, were further informed by him that the dominions of Attila extended to the neighbourhood of the Medes, and that Bazic and Cursic, two Huns of the blood royal, who ruled over many followers and afterwards went to Rome to negociate an alliance, had actually penetrated into Media, the Romans being prevented by other wars at that time from interfering to prevent the inroad. The account given by those princes was that they had crossed a desert tract and afterwards a lake, which Romulus supposed to be the Mæotis, and after fifteen days journey surmounted a ridge of hills and descended into Media, which they began to ravage, but an immense host of Persian archers having come upon them, they were forced to fall back carrying with them only a small portion of the booty. Romulus there-

fore represented, that if Attila should determine to attack the Medes and Persians and Parthians, and render them tributary, he would find ready access to their territory, and had ample means to reduce them, against which no nation could make head successfully. The party of Priscus having said that it was a consummation greatly to be desired, that Attila should be pleased to attack the Persians, and leave the empire at peace, were judiciously answered by Constantiolus that after the reduction of the Medes, Persians, and Parthians, Attila would be found still more formidable, and would no longer bear that the Roman empire should continue distinct from his own, but would treat them openly as his slaves; whereas at present he was contented with the payment of gold in consideration of the dignity conferred upon him; for, as Priscus witnesses, the degenerate Romans had bestowed upon their most dreaded antagonist the title of commander in chief over the Roman forces; but the Hun, not contented with the title by which, at the expence of national honour, they had hoped to sooth his vanity, demanded an ample stipend in the character of commander in chief, and even at that time in his angry moments he was wont to say, that his servants were the commanders of armies and equal in honour with the emperors of Rome. "And yet" (he adds) "his power will erelong be greater, as the sword of Mars revealed by the God testifies, which being reputed sacred and worshipped by the Scythian kings as dedicated to the dispenser of battles, had disappeared in former times, but had been again found through the means of a heifer,' which had been wounded by it, and left a track of blood that led to its discovery.

§ 36. Onegesius, having at length come forth, delayed answering the enquiries of Priscus, till he had conversed with some barbarians, after which he desired him to enquire from Maximin what man of consular dignity the Romans intended to send to treat with Attila, a question which must have been insolently intended, inasmuch as Maximin was of high rank and appointed for that especial purpose. Priscus having made this report and consulted with his principal, returned to answer the insult by a compliment to Onegesius, saying that the Romans would prefer that he should proceed to their court to adjust the points in controversy; but, if that could not be obtained, they would send whatever person would be most acceptable to Attila. Thereupon Onegesius desired Priscus to request the immediate presence of Maximin, whom he conducted straightways to the monarch. Attila demanded that either Nomus or Anatolius or Senator should be sent to him, refusing to receive any other person in the character of ambassador. Maximin having represented to him, that by naming the persons with whom he chose to confer he could not fail to alarm the suspicions of Theodosius, he replied that unless they thought fit to do as he required, he would settle the controversy by the sword. On the return of the ambassador and historian to the Roman tents, they were visited by the father of Orestes, who brought them an invitation from Attila to a banquet at the ninth hour of the day. At the appointed time the legates from the Eastern and Western empire, having proceeded together according to the invitation, stood at the threshold of the banqueting hall of Attila. After the fashion of the Hunnish court, the cupbearers, who

were stationed near the door, placed a goblet in their hands, that they might drink a health to Attila before they took their places, to which they advanced after having tasted the cup. The seats were all placed against the wall on either side, but Attila sat on an elevated couch in the centre, another couch being placed behind him, from whence there was an ascent by means of steps to that on which he was seated. The historian states that the seats on the right hand of Attila were considered the most honourable, and those on the left were secondary situations, which however were allotted to the Roman ambassadors, Berich, a noble Scythian, being placed above them. Onegesius sat upon a seat on the right beside the couch of Attila, and opposite to him on another seat were two of the monarch's sons. The eldest of the three, who were all children of Kreka, sat on the very couch of Attila, not beside him, but on the furthest edge, looking on the ground out of respect to his father. When the whole company were arranged in the several places destined for them, a cupbearer approaching Attila handed a goblet to him. Each guest had a particular cupbearer, whose duty it was to place himself in rank with the others, when the king's cupbearer advanced. Attila, having taken the goblet, saluted the person who occupied the first place, and he who was thus honoured arose, nor was it lawful for him to sit down till having either emptied, or at least tasted, his own goblet, he had returned it to his cupbearer. In this manner Attila drank successively to the health of each of his convives, and, when he re-seated himself, they returned the salutation, tasting the liquor after having addressed him. When this ceremony was ended,

the cupbearers retired from the hall. Tables for three, four, or more guests, were placed behind that of Attila, where each person might help himself from the dish before him, but must not move from the place allotted to him. Then stepped forth the first attendant of Attila, bearing a dish filled with meat, and after him those who distributed bread and fish to the different tables. For the Romans and all the other guests a most sumptuous repast was furnished upon round silver plates, but the king himself ate nothing but flesh and that upon a wooden trencher, and shewed like moderation in every thing else, for the goblets of all his guests were of gold or of silver, but his own cup was also of wood. His dress was equally simple, being remarkable only for its perfect cleanness; and neither the formidable sword that hung beside him, nor the ligaments of his sandals, nor the bit of his horse was ornamented with gold and precious stones, like those of his followers. His personal appearance is recorded by Jornandes, extracting the description undoubtedly from Priscus, whom he cites immediately afterwards, but the original account is lost. His stature was short, with a wide chest, a head of unusual magnitude, and small eyes which he had a habit of casting to the right and left with a haughty aspect; his beard was thin with an intermixture of grey hairs, his nose flat, and his complexion very dark, indicating his origin, as we are told by Jornandes, but whether he means simply that he had the peculiarities of the Hunnish race, or alludes to the diabolical extraction which he attributes to them, does not perfectly appear. Having ate of the fish which was served on the first dishes, the whole company stood up, and no one might sit down

again before he had quaffed to the bottom a cup full of wine, wishing health and prosperity to Attila. Having rendered him this honour, each person re-seated himself, and proceeded to attack the second dish, which contained some other dainty; but after each dish had been finished, the same ceremony of standing up, and emptying a cup of wine to the monarch's health was repeated. When the day-light began to fail, torches were lighted, and two barbarians, standing opposite to him, recited verses which they had composed, celebrating his victories, and the virtues which adorn a warrior. The guests appeared to listen to them with earnest attention, some delighted with the poetry, some excited by the recollections of the battles that were described, and others melting even into tears, their warlike spirit having been reduced by age to languish within a body no longer apt for military exertions. When the songs were ended, a Scythian fool, uttering every sort of absurdity, made the whole court laugh. After him Zercon the Moor entered. He had come to the court, hoping by the good offices of Edecon to recover his wife, who, when he was a favourite with Bleda, had been given to him amongst the barbarians, but had been left by him in Scythia, when he was sent by Attila as a present to Aetius. He was ill-grown, short, hump-backed, with crooked legs, so excessively flat nosed, that there was scarcely any projection over his nostrils, and he lisped ridiculously. He had been formerly given to Aspar the son of Ardaburius, with whom he tarried some time in Lybia; but he was afterwards taken prisoner, when the Huns made an irruption into Thrace, and brought to the Hunnish kings. Attila hated to look on him, but Bleda took great delight in

him, on account of the absurd things which he said, and his whimsical manner of walking and moving his body; and he kept him in his presence both at banquets and in warfare, and in his military expeditions he made him wear armour as a laughing-stock. The ugly dwarf however contrived to make his escape with some other captives, but Bleda neglecting to pursue the others, ordered the most active search to be made after Zercon, and, when he was retaken and brought before him, he enquired why he preferred servitude under the Romans to his household; whereupon the Moor confessed his error, but attributed his flight entirely to the want of a wife. Bleda laughed exceedingly, and said that he should have one; and in fact so absolute were the Hunnish kings, that he gave him in marriage a woman of noble birth, who had been an attendant on the queen, but on account of some unseasonable act was no longer permitted to approach her. He continued thus with Bleda until his death, when he was sent by Attila as a present to Aëtius, who gave him back to Aspar. Having now returned to the court of Attila, he was disappointed in the hope of recovering his wife, because Attila was incensed at his having run away, when he had sent him as a present; but at this moment of festivity, by his look, his dress, and voice, and by the confusion of the words he used, blending in a ludicrous manner the language of the Goths and Huns with that of the Latins, he excited all the party, except Attila, to the most inextinguishable laughter; but Attila sat motionless, without the least change of countenance, and neither by word or sign shewed any semblance of hilarity; excepting that he pinched the cheek of his youngest son by Kreka, named

Ernas or Irnach, as he stood by him, and looked upon him with kindness. Priscus, having expressed his surprise, at his apparent preference for this child and neglect of the others, to a Scythian who sat by him and understood Latin, was told by him under promise of secrecy that it had been prophesied to Attila, that his race, which must otherwise be extinguished, would be upheld by this boy.

The carouse was prolonged far into the night, but the Romans, finding the potations inconveniently liberal, thought it advisable to withdraw; and on the following morning they visited Onegesius for the purpose of asking to be dismissed, and not kept wasting their time to no avail. They were informed by him that Attila desired their departure, and having left them for a short time he consulted with the select council concerning the wishes of Attila, and digested the letters which were to be sent to Theodosius with the assistance of certain scribes, and of Rusticius, who has been already mentioned, a native of Mysia who had been taken prisoner, and on account of his fluency in composition was retained in the epistolary department at the court of the Hun. The council being ended, the ambassadors applied to Onegesius for the liberation of the wife and children of Sylla, who had been captured in Ratiaria. He was not averse to set them free, but required an enormous ransom; whereupon they strove to move his compassion, by representing their former rank and condition, and their present misery. After having seen Attila again, he liberated the lady for 500 pieces of gold, and sent the children as a present to the emperor.

§ 37. In the mean time the ambassadors had re-

ceived an invitation from Rekan the wife of Attila, to sup at the house of Adam * the superintendant of her household and affairs; and having proceeded together with some of the principal Scythians, they were received with much courtesy, and fared sumptuously. Each of the guests paid them the singular compliment after the Hunnish fashion of standing up from the table and giving them a cup of wine, and, after they had drunk, embracing them and kissing them before he received back the cup. The supper was prolonged till it was time to retire to rest, and on the following day they were again invited to feast with Attila. The same forms were observed as on the former day, but instead of his elder son, Œbarsius or Œbars his uncle on the father's side sat on his couch. During the repast the monarch spoke kindly to them, desiring them to request the emperor to send a wife, as he had promised, for Constantius the secretary who had been given to him by Aëtius. This Constantius, having previously accompanied the ambassadors whom Attila had sent to Theodosius, had promised that he would exert himself to make the peace durable, if the emperor would bestow a rich wife upon him, which was granted, and the daughter of Saturninus a rich and distinguished Greek, was promised to him. But Saturninus was afterwards assassinated by the empress Eudocia, and the emperor was prevented by Zeno, a man of consular dignity, from

* Cantaclarus has strangely blundered in the Latin version of this account in Priscus, and the author of the Conjuration contre Attila following him has stated erroneously that Rekan superintended the affairs of Attila, and has also attributed to her some indelicate conduct which is founded on misapprehension of the Greek expressions.

fulfilling his promise. This man had led a great force of Isaurians to the protection of Constantinople during the war, and, having then the command of all the forces in the East, he had withdrawn the damsel from the custody in which she had been placed, and had betrothed her to Rufus, one of his own dependants. Constantius complained to the emperor of the insult and injustice done to him, and asked to have either the lady who had been thus abducted, or another bride of equal rank and opulence; on which account Attila enjoined to Maximin the care of the interests of his secretary, who undertook to give him a portion of the dowry, if he should succeed in obtaining one of the most wealthy Greek heiresses in marriage.

§ 38. Three days after, the ambassadors of Theodosius were dismissed with gifts, and with them Attila sent, on a mission to the emperor, Berich, who has been mentioned as having sat above them at the banquet. He was a member of the select council, and lord over many Scythian villages, and had been on some former occasion received by the Romans on an embassy. During the journey, while they were tarrying in a certain village, a Scythian was taken, who had been sent as a spy by the Romans into the territory of Attila, who forthwith ordered him to be crucified. On the next day, as they were passing through another village, they saw two men who had formerly been taken prisoners in war, and were conducted with their hands tied behind them, having been guilty of murdering the masters to whom they had been allotted; and these were also crucified, their heads having been fixed to two beams furnished with hooks. At the passage of the Danube, Berich,

who had until then been exceedingly familiar and friendly, became very hostile and exasperated in consequence of some futile differences between the servants. He shewed the first mark of resentment by redemanding a horse which he had given to Maximin; for Attila had ordered all the members of the select council to offer gifts to Maximin, and a horse had been sent by every one of them; Maximin however, wishing to get credit for moderation, had accepted only a few and sent back the remainder. Not content with requiring back his gift, Berich would no longer keep company with them on the road or eat with them; but having passed through Philippopolis and reached Adrianople, they came to an explanation with him, and a seeming reconciliation having taken place, they invited him to supper. On their arrival however at Constantinople it appeared that he still nourished the same resentment, alleging as a cause some offensive depreciation of Areobindus and Aspar by Maximin, detracting from their achievements in war, on account of the insignificance of the barbarians to whom they had been opposed, which he looked upon as an insult to himself and his countrymen.

§ 39. On the way they had met Bigilas returning from Constantinople, and had informed him of the result of their mission. When Bigilas reached the quarter where Attila was then sojourning, he was seized by persons who had received previous directions to that effect, and the money which he was bringing for Edecon was taken from him. Being brought before Attila, he was asked, for what purpose he had brought so much gold; to which he replied, that he had brought it to supply himself and his companions with horses and other

necessaries on the road, and with a view to ransom several captives, by whose relations he had been strenuously entreated; but Attila addressing him said, "Nevertheless, O malignant wild beast, thou shalt not "by thy sophistry escape judgment, nor will any pretext "be sufficient to screen thee from the infliction of "punishment, for the money which thou hast in store "is infinitely greater than necessary for thy expences, "or the purchase of horses and beasts of burden, or "even for the ransom of captives, all which moreover "I forbad thee when thou camest with Maximin." Having thus said, he ordered the son of Bigilas, who had been then for the first time brought to the Hunnish court, to be hewn down with the sword, unless he should forthwith declare unto whom and for what purpose he was bringing so much gold. But, when Bigilas beheld his son about to suffer death, he began to weep and lament, and cry out that justice demanded that he should be smitten with the sword, and not his son who was innocent of all offence; and without further delay he confessed all the things that had been devised between himself and Edecon, the eunuch Chrysaphius and the emperor, again imploring that he might be executed and not his son. Attila knowing from the previous report of Edecon that Bigilas had spoken the truth, directed him to be kept in chains, and threatened that he would not set him free, until his son should have been sent to Constantinople, and should have brought back other five hundred pieces of gold for their ransom. He therefore remained in custody, and his son was sent together with Orestes and Eslas to Constantinople.

§ 40. The purse,* in which the gold had been brought by Bigilas, was delivered to Edecon, and he was ordered by Attila to suspend it to his neck, and thus to enter the presence of the emperor, and having shewn it to ask Chrysaphius whether he recognized it. Eslas was ordered to state that Theodosius was indeed the son of a noble father, and that Attila was also of noble birth, and had well sustained the nobility inherited from his father Mundiuc, but that Theodosius had fallen from his dignified station by submitting to pay tribute to him, and was become his slave; and that he therefore acted ill in devising secret snares like a wicked domestic against his superior, whom fortune had given him for his master. That Attila would not forgive the offence committed by him, unless the eunuch Chrysaphius were delivered up to undergo condign punishment. The storm, which was soon to burst on Chrysaphius, threatened him from more than one quarter; on the one side Attila demanded his life, on the other Zeno, incensed against the minister on account of the act of his master, who had confiscated to the public treasury the property of the daughter of Saturninus, whom Zeno had married to his dependant. Theodosius had ordered the confiscation, being stung by the report of Maximin, who had stated that Attila had said that the emperor ought to fulfil his promise and give the lady to Constantius, for that no one amongst his subjects could have power to betroth her in contravention of his authority and engagements; that if the man who had dared to do so had not already suffered punishment for his temerity, the em-

* Priscus, 1. § 6.

peror was a slave to his own servants, and that he would willingly afford him assistance to emancipate him from their dominion.

§ 41. The party of Chrysaphius, however, being prevalent at the court of Theodosius, it was determined to despatch to Attila Anatolius master of the royal guard, who had proposed the terms of peace which had been concluded with the Huns, and Nomus having the title of master of the forces; both numbered amongst the patricians who had precedence over regular military rank. Nomus was sent with Anatolius, because he was very friendly to Chrysaphius, and Attila well disposed to receive him, and because he was also a man of great wealth, and was never sparing of money, when he had any object to accomplish. They were directed to use every endeavour to mollify Attila, and persuade him to adhere to the treaty which had been concluded; and to promise Constantius a wife in every respect as desirable as the lady of whom he had been disappointed: assuring him that the daughter of Saturninus had been averse to the alliance proposed, and was lawfully wedded to another; and that the Roman law did not authorise the betrothment of a woman to any man without her own consent. Chrysaphius sent a present of gold to pacify the offended monarch. The mission of Theodosius having crossed the Danube proceeded through the territory of the Huns as far as the Drencon or Drecon; for Attila, through respect for Anatolius and Nomus whom he esteemed, advanced towards them and met them on the banks of that river, to save them a further journey. At first he spoke to them in the most overbearing tone, but at length their gifts and conciliatory

language prevailed over his irritated temper, and he consented to keep the peace, and gave up to the Romans all the land he claimed to the south of the Danube, and waived his demands for the restoration of fugitives, on condition that the Romans should pledge themselves to receive none in future. He also set free Bigilas, having received the 500 pounds of gold which his son had brought with the embassy; and he further, to shew his kindness towards Nomus and Anatolius, liberated several captives without any ransom; and he dismissed the ambassadors with presents of horses and skins of wild beasts, such as were usually worn for ornament by the Scythian kings. Constantius was directed to proceed with them on their return to Constantinople, that he might obtain without further delay, the rich heiress promised to him by the emperor; nor was the secretary unsuccessful in this expedition, but consummated his nuptials with the widow of Armatius, the son of Plinthas, who had been a Roman general and consul. The lady was both rich and noble, and espoused Constantius at the request of the emperor. It is impossible to contemplate these transactions, of which Priscus, who was engaged in them, has left such minute particulars, without blushing at the perfidious villainy of the Christian court, and admiring the noble magnanimity and moderation of the pagan on this occasion; but it was perhaps the policy of Attila to represent his own life to be so protected by the great destinies for which he pretended to have been fore-doomed, that such attempts against it were very unimportant and certain of ending in discomfiture; and it might be more for his interest to treat them with scorn, than to attract attention to

them by a public execution. In the whole career of his life he was disposed to clemency when it did not militate against the success of his undertakings, but inexorable and remorseless where it was his interest to disarm opposition by the terror of his exterminating vengeance. The indiscriminate slaughter of the inhabitants of a town captured after an obstinate defence, might deter another from resisting, but he must have been aware that those, who had entered into a direct conspiracy against his life, must have done so with the certain expectation of crucifixion if they should fail; and that the punishment, if inflicted, would add nothing to the motives which necessarily existed to deter men from engaging in so desperate an undertaking; and that treating it lightly, as a vain and impracticable scheme which it was not worth his while to punish, might be the best mode of deterring the superstitious from attempting it. It is most remarkable that his personal respect and deference for Nomus and Anatolius should have won from him in the plenitude of his strength and at the very moment when he must have been most irritated by the treacherous and disgusting designs of Theodosius, concessions which would in vain have been sought for by an appeal to arms.

§ 42. The empire, however, though relieved from the immediate fear of Attila, was threatened with internal dissensions, and Zeno became a formidable rival to his master. The sword of Attila, though sheathed, was ever ready for fresh contests, and he appears to have been in the following year (A.D. 450) excited to new threats of invasion, in consequence of the non-payment of the stipulated tribute by the emperor. Apollonius,

brother to Rufus then defunct, to whom Zeno had given the daughter of Saturninus, friendly to Zeno upon that account, and bearing the rank of general, was despatched to pacify Attila; but, having crossed the Danube, he was denied access to him: for Attila was enraged at the retention of the tribute, which he said had been arranged and agreed upon by men better and more worthy to reign than Theodosius, and he therefore rejected the ambassador, to shew his contempt for the emperor; but, although he refused to admit his messenger, or to enter into any negociation, he nevertheless ordered the gifts of Theodosius to be sent to him, and threatened Apollonius with death if he should deny them. The ambassador however shewed a spirit worthy of the ancient fortunes of Rome, and replied, that it did not become the Scythians to ask for what they must take either as gifts, or as plunder; signifying that he was ready to give them if his embassy was received, but that the Huns must take them as booty if they thought fit to assassinate him. Attila, however, though he frequently indulged in such threats, appears in fact to have always respected the immunity conferred on ambassadors by the common consent of nations; and the high-minded Roman was dismissed without having been admitted into his presence.

§ 43. Theodosius did not live to feel the effects of the anger of Attila, from whom it is probable that he withheld the promised tribute in consequence of the exhausted state of his finances, rather than a determination to brave his animosity. A fall from his horse terminated the life of this inglorious and degraded emperor. His sister Pulcheria, was proclaimed empress

without opposition, although there had been no previous instance of a female succeeding to the throne; and the first act of her reign was the execution of Chrysaphius without a legal trial, before the gates of Constantinople. Fearful however of swaying the sceptre of the East without the support of a stronger arm at so critical a period, she immediately espoused the senator Marcian, a Thracian about sixty years of age, who had served with credit under Aspar and Ardaburius; but, though she invested him by this political union with the imperial purple, she compelled him in wedlock to respect the religious vow which she had made of perpetual virginity. As soon as Attila heard of the accession of Marcian to the throne, he sent to demand the stipulated tribute, but Marcian adopted a higher tone than his predecessor, and replied that he did not hold himself bound by the humiliating concessions of Theodosius; that he would send presents to him, if he kept the peace, but, if he threatened war, he would oppose to him arms and men by no means inferior to his own forces. At this period the intrigue of Honoria with Attila had been discovered, and had brought down upon her the indignation and vengeance of either empire. The extract, which is extant from the history of Priscus, relating to this subject, refers to a previous relation of the circumstances which had taken place, but, that being lost, their particulars can only be imperfectly collected or surmised from subsequent allusions. At the voluptuous court of Ravenna, that princess celebrated for her beauty and her incontinence, while she continued still under the guardianship of Placidia her mother and her brother Valentinian, in the very spring of her youth, sixteen years

before this period, had been found pregnant by her chamberlain Eugenius, and had been disgracefully sent from thence to Constantinople, to be immured in the secluded chambers of Pulcheria the sister of Theodosius, who had made a vow of singleness, and dwelt in a sworn society of holy virgins. Weary of the monotonous and hopeless mode of life in which her youth was thus passing away, under the tutelage of her harsh and sanctified relation, she had probably at a much earlier period, made a tender to Attila of her hand and pretensions to the throne of Rome, and that offer, to which on his first accession to the throne, he had paid little attention, had been renewed a little before this period, when his matured designs against the empire rendered such an alliance important, as a ground whereon to rest his claims. The message was carried to Attila by an eunuch despatched by the princess secretly from Constantinople with a letter and a ring, which he was instructed to deliver, but the exact date of the occurrence is not recorded. At the moment of the accession of Marcian to the throne, the correspondence of Honoria with the Hun was by some accident brought to light. The unfortunate and guilty princess was regarded with abhorrence by the Christians, and previously to her being sent back to Italy and placed in strict confinement at Ravenna, she was compelled to give her hand in marriage to some person who was selected for that purpose, in order to render her union with Attila unlawful and impracticable. The records are lost which would have informed us who and what the bridegroom was, but it is pretty evident that the ceremony only was performed, and that the marriage was not consummated;

and as it was certainly not intended that she should ever avail herself of the privileges of a married woman, the husband selected for her was probably an obscure and perhaps a blind old man, for the extinction of the eyes was the usual mode of disqualifying a man to wear the imperial purple of Constantinople. In the passage of Priscus which is preserved, and which evidently refers to a detailed account of the transactions, he says that when the things which had been done concerning her were reported to Attila, he immediately sent ambassadors to Valentinian emperor of the West, to assert that Honoria had been guilty of no unbecoming conduct, inasmuch as he had entered into an engagement to marry her, and that he would take up arms in her cause, unless she were admitted to hold the sceptre of the empire. The Romans answered that it was not possible for him to espouse Honoria, who had been given to another man, and that she had no right to the throne, for the Roman dynasty consisted of a succession of males, and not of females: an answer which singularly contrasts with the contemporaneous and undisputed elevation of Pulcheria to the sister throne of Byzantium, occasioned perhaps by some intrigues for the downfall of Chrysaphius. The rejection of the demands of Attila by Marcian had been softened by presents, and probably the refusal of Honoria's hand was accompanied by like appeasement. According to the Alexandrine or Paschal chronicle, and to John of Antioch * surnamed Malellas, Attila sent to either emperor a Gothic messenger, saying, "My lord and thine commands thee through

* Chronographia, pt. 2, p. 73.

me to make ready thy palace for his reception." Malellas mentions Theodosius, who was dead at this time; but the account is probably referable to the simultaneous summons which he sent to Constantinople and Rome immediately after the death of that emperor.

§ 44. The views of Attila extended to the subjugation of the Medes and Persians, the Eastern and Western empires, and the Gothic and Franc kingdoms in France and Spain, which would have left him without a rival between the boundaries of China, or at least of the Tartars, and the Atlantic ocean: but he was awhile doubtful against which of those powers he should first turn his arms. Genseric the formidable king of the Vandals, who had wrested from Rome her African possessions, excited him to attack Theodoric king of the Visigoths, whose capital was Tolosa, the modern Toulouse. The daughter of Theodoric had been married to Hunneric the son of the Vandal monarch, who was so savage in his disposition, and inhuman even towards his own offspring, that on a bare suspicion that she had mixed poison for him, he cut off her nostrils and sent her back mutilated to her father. Fearing therefore the vengeance of Theodoric, he exerted himself by negociation and ample presents to draw upon his antagonist the overwhelming armies of the Hun. The subsidy offered by Genseric probably determined Attila to commence his operations by the subjugation of Gaul, where he would have to attack the Francs of Merovëus, the Alans under Sangiban, the Gallic empire of Theodoric extending from his capital Tolosa into Spain, and the Roman province which was defended by the flower of the Roman army under the celebrated Aëtius. The

pretext for this invasion was the restitution of Alberon, the son and rightful heir of Clodion lately deceased, to the throne of his father in the north of France, from whence he had been expelled by the arts of the bastard Merovëus. Previous to his undertaking this memorable expedition, Attila held a plenar court or comitia in Thuringia at Erfurt, (for * Eisenach, which has been named as the place where they were held, is perhaps a town of later origin) probably for the especial purpose of hearing the plaint of Basina the widow of Clodion, who had fled with her sons to the court of her brother Basinus in Thuringia.

§ 45. Eudoxius,† a physician, had been drawn into a faction of rebels in Gaul, who, being pushed to extremities by the extortions of the nobles and clergy, had first re-

* Sagittarius (Epist. p. 14.) observes that he knows no authority for the comitia at Eisenach, except the old German annalist cited by Wolfgang Lazius, and asks, if Eisenach be so ancient, why the old Franc historians say nothing concerning it; which is however not a very conclusive objection. The passage to which he alludes in W. Lazius, (de gent. migrat. p. 643.) written in old German, asserts that after his campaign in Flanders and France, Attila put to death Ursula daughter of the king of Britannia with 11,000 virgins at Cologne on the Rhine, and then proceeded to hold a court at Eisenach. Calvisius in his Chronologicum Universale states that Attila held comitia at Eisenach in 449, which is the very year after the death of Clodion. A. D. 449. Attila ex oriente in occidentem fertur et in Thuringiam proficiscitur ubi Isnacl comitia agit, in quibus ducibus suis mandat, ut Normannos, Frisios, Cimbros, et alios suo imperio subjiciant. Habuit autem Attila quatuor suorum nunciorum stationes, primam Coloniæ Agrippinæ, (Cologne) alteram Jaderæ in Dalmatia, tertiam in Lithuania, quartam in Scythia ad fluvium Tanaim, unde ex toto orbe terrarum gestae cognoscere potuit.—*Constitutiones Imperiales et Cabasius Chron. p. 207.*

† See Salvianus De Dei Gubernatione, Prosper Tiro, and Aventinus Ann. B. I. 2. 227.

volted in the reign of Dioclesian under the denomination of Bagaudæ, and had since made head under the guidance of Tibato against the Roman authority. They were everywhere defeated and severely handled, and Eudoxius was the only man of importance amongst the movers of that sedition who escaped, and he took refuge at the Hunnish court. He is described as a bad, but able, man; and from him it is supposed that Attila received much information concerning the actual state of Gaul, and encouragement to attempt its invasion. It is observable, that the organization of the faction called Bagaudæ seems to have been the only popular attempt to vindicate civil rights under the domination of the Western emperors. Merovëus, against whom the arms of Attila were now directed, was the illegitimate son of Clodion, and his master of the horse. The dynasty of the Marcomirians ended with Clodion the son of Pharamond and grandson of Marcomir; and Merovëus, a traitor, an usurper, and alien to the blood royal, being illegitimate, founded a new dynasty. Fredegarius, (Greg. Turon. cit. Mem. des inscriptions, 30. p. 559.) writing in 641, says that the mother of Merovëus was bathing on the coast and was attacked by a sea-monster, who became the father of Merovëus. This fable has evident relation to his illegitimacy. The writer who there cites Fredegarius from Gregory of Tours considers the Marobudos or Maroboduus who lived in the time of Augustus and Tiberius to have been an earlier Merovëus, the former name being the Augustan, the latter the recent Gallo-Latin version of the Teutonic name Maerwu or Merwu. He also shews that the Merovingian kings called themselves by that title, (which makes it appear that they

affected to be a new dynasty, and not inheritors from Clodion) by authorities dating A. D. 641 as above, A. D. 645 and 720, the last being thirty years before the restoration of the rightful heirs by the elevation of Pepin. Mezeray states that Clodion left three sons (the eldest having died) Alberon, Regnault, and Rangcaire, who were too young to reign, and therefore the states elected Merovëus his bastard son. He boasts of his exploits in the Catalaunian victory, of which he attributes the principal honour to him, but entirely suppresses the cause of that war, which was to re-establish the rightful king whom he had expelled: and he adds incorrectly that, when firmly fixed in Gaul, he went to succour the sons of Clodion and establish them in Hainault, Brabant, and Namur; saying that on his return from that expedition he died in the tenth year of his reign in 458. The historian Priscus,* who was at the court of Attila on an embassy in 448, when Clodion was alive or on the point of death, never saw Alberon the rightful heir, who had not at that time had recourse to the Huns. At some antecedent period not ascertained, he had however seen

* Concerning the sons of Clodion, Gibbon simply states on the authority of Priscus that the eldest was in the camp of Attila, and the youngest, (Merovëus) whom Priscus had seen at Rome, had in concert with Aetius obtained possession of the throne. He does not appear to have known the name of the other son or any thing concerning the offspring of Clodion, but what he gathered from the few words of Priscus, and Foncemagne's paper in the Memoires des inscriptions, which he says settles the point that Merovëus was the younger son of Clodion. It is however a most crude paper, containing no information or references on the subject, but merely arguing to shew the identity of the nameless person designated by Priscus as the younger son of Clodion, and the King Merovëus who gave his name to the Merovingian dynasty, a point which may be readily conceded.

Merovëus on an embassy at Rome, a beardless youth with long yellow hair falling over his shoulders, and he says that Aëtius, having adopted him as his son and loaded him with gifts, despatched him to the emperor to acquire his friendship and enjoy his society in martial exercises. There is some obscurity however in the passage, for the word πρεσβευόμενος, *acting the part of a legate*, must apply to a mission from the Francs, and could not refer to his visit at the court of Valentinian under the recommendation of the Roman general Aëtius. It seems that Priscus meant that Merovëus was at Rome as an ambassador when he saw him, and was at some subsequent period sent by Aëtius to carouse with Valentinian, probably at Ravenna. Looking to the subtle character and constant double dealing of Aëtius, it can scarcely be doubted, that when he adopted Merovëus and sent him to Valentinian, he had intended to sow future dissensions in the family of Clodion, and to make use of Merovëus for the furtherance of his own schemes, whether against the inheritance of the Franc king or against the throne of Valentinian, or, as is most probable, against both: and, in directing him to be presented to the emperor as the son of Clodion, with a view to the acquisition of his society and friendship, it is not likely that either Aëtius or Merovëus should have put forward his illegitimacy; nor was it probable that Priscus, a Greek sophist of Constantinople, accidentally seeing this beardless young Franc at Rome, should have been informed at the time of his spurious birth. When Merovëus seized the throne and expelled Alberon who fled to the Huns, it was a matter of notoriety to all Europe that Alberon was the rightful heir and eldest

son of Clodion, and if Priscus was not aware of the illegitimacy of Merovëus, he must have concluded that he was younger than him to whom the inheritance appertained. His silence as to the name of the banished king is proof that he had not very ample information concerning the transaction, and perhaps only knew the little which he states; and, living at Constantinople far from the scene of action, he may have fallen very naturally into an error on the point of seniority. If Merovëus had succeeded to the throne of his lawful father, though to the prejudice of an elder brother, his accession would not have been that of a new dynasty, and, instead of being called Merovingian kings, he and his descendants would from the first have been named after Pharamond the sire or Marcomir the grandsire of Clodion. The brief expression therefore of Priscus, that the elder son of Clodion sought the assistance of the Huns, the younger that of Aëtius, is insufficient to outweigh the far greater probability of the fact as related by other writers, that Merovëus was in fact the oldest, though not the legitimate, son of Clodion. The lineal genealogy runs thus:—1. Marcomir.—2. Pharamond.—3. Clodion who died 448.—4. Alberon, d. 491.—5. Wambert, d. 528.—6. Ambert, d. 570. (collateral Wambert 2.)—7. Arnold, d. 601.—8. St. Arnulf, d. 641.—9. Ansegisus, d. 685.—10. Pepin, d. 714.—11. Charles Martell, d. 741.—12. Pepin, d. 768.—13. Charlemain, and so on, till the occupation of the throne by Hugh Capet in 987, when the Marcomirian line became extinct. John Bertels abbot of Epternach collected all the traditions and chronicles he could find in the convents of Luxemberg and Ardennes. He states that Clodion Capillatus married

Basina daughter of Widelph duke of the Thuringians, probably sister to Basinus who was duke when Attila was in Thuringia. She bore him four sons, Phrison, Alberon or Auberon, Reginald, and Rauchas. Phrison died very young of an arrow-shot, and the grief of that loss hastened the death of his father. Clodion by his will appointed his bastard son Merovëus, who was his master of the horse, to be regent and guardian of his sons. For some years he acted with fidelity, but when the Roman arms were pressing on the Francs, he tendered his resignation, declining the responsibility of administering the affairs of another person in such a crisis, and knowing that his authority and skill were necessary at the moment. The result was conformable to his expectations. The Francs proclaimed him king, and he took the crown, whereupon queen Basina sent her three sons for safety to Thuringia. Some years afterwards Alberon took counsel how he should recover his rights and destroy Merovëus and his progeny; Merovëus at the same time meditating the like against him and his kindred. With these views Alberon married Argotta daughter of Theodemir king of the Goths, formed a strict alliance with the Goths, Vandals, Bohems, and Ostrogoths, and by their aid recovered possession of Arduenna, Lower Alsatia, Brabantia, Cameracum, and Turnacum, and obtained the title of Rex Cameracensis. His chief residence however was in the Nemus Carbonarium, a part of the forest of Ardennes, where he sacrificed to idols and fortified Mons Hannoniæ (Mons in Hainault), as an asylum against the malice of Merovëus. Argotta bore him Wambert, who married a daughter of the emperor Zeno. A lieutenant under

Clovis conquered Brabant and Flanders about the year 492, and took king Alberon and his two brothers prisoners, whom the French king barbarously slew with his own hand, as soon as they were brought into his presence. He afterwards affected remorse, and endeavoured to allure Wambert into his power, in order to cut off the last remnant of Clodion's legitimate heirs. Wambert was however too wary, and placed his sons Wambert and Anselbert (or Ambert), under the safeguard of Theodoric king of Italy and the emperor Zeno who made them senators of the Eastern empire. About A.D. 520 Wambert recovered Ardennes and Hainault, to which possessions the senator Wambert the second succeeded on his death in 528, by favour of Childebert king of Paris, who also gave Anselbert the marquisate of Moselle and Scheld, of which the seat of government was on the latter river. The senator Wambert, who espoused St. Clotilda daughter of Almeric king of Italy, was succeeded by a third Wambert his son. Such is the statement of * Bertels. The only inaccuracy, which appears on the face of it, is that the events, which took place between the death of Clodion in 448, and the flight of Alberon to the Huns previous to Attila's invasion of Gaul in 451, a space of only three years, appear to be extended over a longer, though indefinite, period. With this limitation, that Merovæus could not have continued faithful above two years, and that Alberon immediately sought assistance to recover his rights, there is no reason to doubt that the account of Bertels is substantially correct. He was unacquainted with the writings of

* Bertelii Dicatus Luxemburgensis. Ant. 1634. p. 180. p. 284. p. 317.

Priscus, and appears to have known nothing about Attila and his Huns; yet, except what relates to the inferior age of Merovëus, he affords collateral evidence from quite different sources, which is confirmed by the account of the Greek sophist; for it is evident that the Goths, &c. with whom Bertels states Alberon to have made alliance, were the great confederacy of nations headed by Attila and brought by him on the occasion of the disputed succession of Clodion into the celebrated field of Chalons. The Thuringian * writers of the middle ages make mention of the movements of Attila, and state that he was in Thuringia and at Eisenach. The Danish writer, professor Suhm, † referring to the Thuringian authors, states his disbelief of the existence of Eisenach in the days of Attila, and thinks that Erfurt, anciently called Bicurgium, was the place intended. Sidonius Apollinaris ‡ mentions Toringus (the Thuringian) amongst the people who invaded Belgium under the command of Attila. German histories unknown to Bertelius and only seen in MS. by Lazius, affirm that Attila held a diet of his kings and dukes in Thuringia before he set out to invade Gaul. Putting these concurrent accounts together, it seems that Attila held a diet in Thuringia, where he heard the plaint of queen Basina and her sons, and proceeded to act thereupon. Henning § in his Universal Genealogy gives the following statement. Clodio crinitus had, by ——–, Merovëus, who married Verica daughter of Guntraum king of Sweden, and died

* See Abels Chron. p. 39. Sagittarius de antiquo statu Thuringiæ, p. 13-14. Ej. Ant. Regn. Thur. p. 167-183.

† Historie om de fra Norden udvandrede folk. Copenh. 1773. vol. 2. p. 126. ‡ Carm. 7. v. 323. § Tom. 4. p. 8.

A. D. 458, and by Basina daughter of Widelph king of Thuringia Albero or Alberic from whom the Carlovingians are descended, Rauches or Roches lord of Cambray, and Reginald king of the Eburi who married Wamberga daughter of Alaric the first king of the Visigoths in Spain. Albero warred under Attila, hoping to recover the sceptre of his father, of which his brother Merovëus had taken forcible possession. Being defeated he retreated to his own people, (meaning his Belgic or Cameracan subjects) being careful not to fall into the hands of Merovëus, and died about 491.

§ 46. Brother James of Guise (Chron. de Haynau, vol. 2. Paris 1531. fol. 17—20.) relates that Clodion king of the Francs had by his wife, daughter of the king of Austrien (Austracia) and Toringien, four sons. He made a certain Merovëus his master of the horse. Soon after, besieging Soissons, he lost his eldest son, and, being much afflicted, died also. Previously he assembled his nobles, and assigned to his wife and each of his three remaining sons their portions, and gave them into the keeping of Merovëus. Merovëus enlarged the kingdom by conquest; afterwards, some enemies invading it, he said to the people, "I am not your king, and "I will no longer be the guardian, for I have already "incurred more cost than I can pay; therefore provide "for the country as you will." Consequently the Francs raised him to the throne. He straightways summoned all the soldiers that were on furlough, and drove out the enemy. The widow of Clodion, with two of her sons, fled to Thuringia and Austracia. When big enough, they redemanded the kingdom, and had some combats with Merovëus. By the assistance of the Huns,

Goths, Ostrogoths, Armoricans, Saxons, and many others, they won back from Merovëus the lands their father had assigned them, beginning from Austracia to the Alsatic mountains, and from the south of Burgundy to the Rhine, and westward to Rheims, Laon, Cambray, and Tournay, and on the north to the ocean, which kingdom was molested by Merovëus and many others. From Clodion's three sons, Aubron, Regnauld, and Rauchaure, the rulers of Hainault, Loraine, Brabant, and Namur, took their origin. Clodion was buried at Cambray in 448, according to the rites of the "Sarrazins," *fol.* 18. *a.* He adds that many opinions existed touching Merovëus. According to Sigebert he was the son of Clodion; Andreas Marcianensis styled him his kinsman (*son afin*, meaning affinis); l'histoire des François states that he was not his son, but nevertheless descended from the Trojans, and that he was a useful king, from whom were derived the Francs called Merovingians, who held the kingdom against the heirs of Clodion. Almericus states that after Bleda's death, the widow of Clodion made alliance with the Huns and Ostrogoths, gave them a part of her land, and waged war against Merovëus. Brother James continues to say that in 453 (he should have said 451) Attila, accompanied by Walamir king of the Ostrogoths, and Arderic king of the Gepidæ, and many of their dependants from the quarter of the wind aquilon, left Pannonia and invaded Gaul, *fol.* 18. *b.* Alberic or Aubron, second son of Clodion, was a man of such subtlety, knowledge, activity, and prowess, that he often worsted the Merovingians, who usurped and held his country. He commonly sojourned in the woods, and sacrificed to Gods and God-

desses, and re-established the pagan worship in his territories, for he thought the Gods in whom he trusted would give him back his kingdom; because Mars and Jove had once appeared to him, and declared that to himself, or to his lineage, all the dominions of his father should be restored. Thereupon he began assiduously to rebuild the decayed cities and castles, Estrasburg which was dismantled of walls, Thulle, Espinal, Mersasse, and the leaden baths at Espinal; in the forest of Dogieuse a castle and temples; near the Alsatic mountains and forests the same; in the centre of his kingdom in Ardenne, the altar, temple, and castle of Namur; the temple of Mercury, now chateau Sanson, and other impregnable forts; in the forêt Carboniere many, such as Chateaulieu, where on the mount he built a square tower, and called it from himself Aubron. On the same mount, near the town, he dug a well which is still there. He built a temple of Minerva on a hill, now mount St. Audebert, but then mount Auberon, but which the Christians now call la houppe Auberon; in the forest of Dicongue a temple of the idol, and called it by his own name. By the aid of the Saxons he beat the Merovingians in the forêt Carboniere near Chateaulieu, now called Mons en Haynau, and he named the spot Merowinge, and the inhabitants now call it Meuwin. He beat them again at a place called Mirewault, and the Merovingians said the Gods of the forest gave him victory, and thereupon remained a long time at peace with him. They styled him *enchanteur* or *fée*. He had several children; the eldest Waubert, who was king of the Austracians, and inherited all his father's lands and defended them valiantly. Aubron died old, and was buried with Sarrazin

rites in the mount called la houppe Auberon, upon which great trees are now planted. *fol.* 20. *a.* Clovis invaded the lands of the king of Cambray called Rauchaire, brother of Auberon, and at last he and his brothers Richier and Regnault, were betrayed into his power, and slain by his own hand, and he persecuted their connexions. *fol.* 20. *b.* Here is an evident blunder, in the calling Rauchaire instead of Auberon, king of Cambray, and then to make up the number, repeating the name Rauchaire with a difference of orthography, as Richier, and thus making five sons of Basina, instead of four, the eldest having been killed at the siege of Soissons in the life-time of Clodion. The history thus given contains ample confirmation to the relation of Bertels, with a similar protraction of the period between the death of Clodion, and the attempt of Alberon to recover his throne, which is in some degree accounted for by placing in 453 the Hunnish invasion, which actually took place in 451. That Merovëus did not pretend to be the legitimate son of Clodion, is evident from the expression of Gregory Tours, who flourished in the next century, and might even have conversed with persons who had seen * Merovëus, and merely says that he was "as some

* Bertels in his larger history of Luxembourg says, that one Austrasius, Clovis's lieutenant, being fiercely attacked in battle by Alberon and his brothers, resisted so bravely that he gained the victory, and the brothers of Alberon were taken prisoners and loaded with chains, whom Clovis, when they were brought before him, slew with his own hand, and seized their possessions without opposition from any one. The index has Ragnaldus et Richerus Clodionis criniti filii a Clodoveo rege trucidantur. p. 5. Colon. 1605. He gives there no account of Alberon's death, though the circumstance of there being no one left to oppose the seizure of the territory seems to imply his death; in his smaller edition

assert, of the stock of Clodion," *ex stirpe, ut quidam asserunt, Clodionis*. No reliance can be placed on the relation of any French writer of later times, for, without citing any satisfactory authorities, they all avoid the true point, and falsify the history, so strangely does nationality and a desire to make out the dynasty of their kings to have been legitimate appear to have warped and prejudiced their understandings; in the same manner that we find the Danish historians when they meet with the name of Attila king of the Huns, in their most ancient legends of events, which they themselves refer to the exact period of his Gallic invasion, shutting their eyes against the true history, and saying that this Attila was a petty king over some Huns in Groningen, because they will not acknowledge that which Priscus, who was personally acquainted with Attila, asserts, that his dominion extended to the Baltic or islands of the ocean, and consequently that he was, as appears also from the title he assumed, king of the Danes. That Merovius was received at Rome as the son of Clodion, is clear by the testimony of Priscus; that he was illegitimate and older than the rightful heir, is established by the local chronicles and the greater probability of the fact. Whether Albericus was put to death as well as his brothers by Clovis, or fell in the previous battle, and was buried in the Houppe d' Aubron, appears to be a matter of some doubt, which perhaps might be solved at this day, by

1654, he says that Clodion slew him also. Vorberg (Hist. German. 5 [illegible]) states three brothers to have been slain by the order of Clovis, though he gives to Rauchas (Ragnacharius) the title of king of the Ardbatis. Albericus and Cancracinus, and calls him the grandson, also put to death of the sons of Clodion.

opening the supposed place of his interment; but it is not improbable that his name affixed to that mount, as a monumental cenotaph, may have given birth to the notion that he was buried there, and occasioned the omission of his name in some of the accounts of the atrocious act of * Clovis, especially as there is no other tradition of the manner of his death, though so many particulars of his life are recorded.

§ 47. When Attila had determined to march his army into Gaul, he exerted † himself to sow disunion between the Visigoths and Romans. He sent ambassadors to Valentinian to assure him in a letter full of blandishment that he had no hostile intentions against the Roman power in that country, but was marching against Theodoric, and requested that the Romans would not take part against him. To Theodoric he wrote at the same time, exhorting him to detach himself from his alliance with the Romans, and to remember the wars which they had lately stirred up against him. Thereupon the emperor wrote to Theodoric urging him to act in union with him against the common enemy, "who wished to reduce the whole world to slavery; who sought no pretext for invasion, but held whatever his arm could execute to be just and right; who grasped at every thing within his compass, and satiated his licentiousness with excess of pride." He represented to the Visigoth that he ruled over a limb of the Roman empire, and exhorted him for his own security to unite with the Romans in

* Aimoin (Gest. Franc. p. 15.) says that when Clodion died his kinsman (affinis) Merovëus succeeded. He mentions (p. 34), that Clovis killed Ragnachar king of Cameracum, and his brother Ricanir.

† Jornandes de Bello Get. c. 36.

defending their common interests. Theodoric replied, "Ye have your wish; ye have made Attila and me "enemies. We will encounter him, whithersoever he "shall call us, and, although he may be inflated by di-"verse victories over proud nations, haughty as he is, the "Goths will know how to contend with him. I call no "warfare grievous, except that which its cause renders "weak, for * he, on whom majesty has smiled, has no "reverse to fear." The chiefs of the Gothic court applauded this spirited answer, of which however the last words do not convey any very definite meaning. The people shouted and followed him, and the Visigoths were animated by an ardent desire to measure their strength with the conqueror of so many nations.

§ 48. In the spring of 451 Attila put his immense army in motion to effect the invasion of Gaul. Many of the nations that marched under him are enumerated by † Sidonius; the Neuri, who are stated by Ammianus Marcellinus to have dwelt amongst the Alans in their former situations; the Hurdi, whom Valesius asserts to have been a tribe of Huns; the Gepides, Ostrogoths, Alans, Bastarnæ, Turcilingi, Scirri, Heruli, Rugi, Bellonoti, Sarmatæ, Geloni, Scevi, Burgundiones, Quadi, Marcomanni, Saviensés or Suavi, Toringi, (Thuringians) the Franks who bordered on the river Vierus, and the Bructeri, who were considered to be allied to the Franks in blood. Aventinus mentions also the Boii, Suevi, and Alemanni under king Gibuld. In Henning's Genealogies it is said that a hundred nations marched under Attila. This immense army pursued its course south of

* Nihil triste pavet, cui majestas arridet. *Jornandes.*

† Sidon. Apoll. carm. 7. v. 327.

the Danube, and passed through Noricum and the northern part of Rhætia, that is to say the southern parts of Bavaria and Suabia. His northern vassals the Rugians, Quadi, Marcomanni, Thuringians, and other tribes followed, it seems, a more northerly course, having directions to form a junction with him on the Rhine. Near the lake of Constance he was probably opposed by and routed a portion of the Burgundians, who were in the interest of Aëtius, and attempted to prevent him from passing the Rhine. Aventinus * says that he slew on that occasion their kings Gundaric and Sigismund, which does not appear to be correct, at least with respect to Gundaric. The forests of Germany, almost indiscriminately called Hercynian, furnished him with timber to construct vessels or rafts, on which the immense multitude, which constituted his army, was transported across the Rhine. Strasburg probably † first felt the effects of his fury, and was levelled to the ground. At a later period, a figure ‡ of Attila is said to have been placed over the gate of that town, with an inscription A. V. æta. 47. Sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat. Some writers § have asserted, that Metz (Divodurum Mediomatricorum) was the first place that he destroyed; thither he certainly

* Avent. lib. 2. c. 23.

† Thwrocz. Sebastian Munster, a jesuit, says that Attila, to punish Argentina or Argentoratum for refusing him a passage, threw down all its walls and gates, and said, henceforth thou shalt be called Polyhodopolis, city of many roads or thoroughfares, Strats-burg. Whence did he derive that Greek name, unless from the copy of Priscus, formerly in the Vatican library?

‡ Schœdelius Notit. Hung. P. 1. § 245. A. V. is interpreted Attila Unnus: it has however been suggested that it might have stood for Aulus Vitellius.

§ Had. Valesius. Rer. Franc. l. 4.

proceeded and burnt the town, butchering its inhabitants, and the very priests at the altars. His march was directed towards the Belgian * territory, and, having sacked Treves on his route, he overwhelmed the north of France, destroying whatever resisted him. Whether Tongres and Maestricht were destroyed before † or after the battle of Chalons, is not certain. No effectual resistance could be offered to him by the Franks under Merovēus, and Alberon was speedily reinstated in the greater part of the kingdom of Clodion.

§ 49. At this time Aëtius, ‡ having expected that Theodoric would have made head against Attila, and probably wishing that they might weaken each other by the collision, his own forces remaining untouched, while Attila was overrunning all Belgium, had scarcely crossed the Alps, leading with him a small and very inefficient force. But intelligence was brought to him of the unexampled successes of Attila, and that the Visigoths, appearing to despise the Huns, whom they had formerly beaten when subsidized by Litorius, were awaiting in their own territory the attack of the invader, if he should think fit to bear down upon them. The active mind of Aëtius was equal to the arduous position in which he stood. He immediately dispatched Avitus to urge Theodoric to draw out his force without delay and form a junction with him. His exertions were great and rapid to collect a force sufficient to make head against the conqueror, who was already preparing to fall upon the south of France. Theodoric, accompanied by his

* Sid. Apoll. c. 7. v. 329.

† Had. Vales. R. F. l. 4. says they were destroyed at the pursuit.

‡ Sid. Apoll. c. 7. v. 330, &c.

two eldest sons Torismond and Theodoric, took the field, having ordered his four younger sons to remain at Tolosa, to which he himself was not destined to return. The wonderful genius and activity of Aëtius, when it suited his views to bestir himself, was never more conspicuous than on this occasion, when he speedily brought together a force equal to that of the Hun. In the allied army the Visigoths of Theodoric, the Alans of king Sangiban, the Francs of Merovëus, Sarmatians, Armoricans, Burgundians, Saxons, Litiarii, Riparioli, and several other German and Celtic nations were united with the Romans. Although the affairs of Attila are conspicuous in the Northern legends, it is observable that, in the vast concourse of tribes pouring into France from every quarter of Europe, no mention is made by any writer of Danes, for this simple reason that there was in truth no such nation at that period, other than the * Dacians from the Danube, notwithstanding the assertions of Danish historians.

* I believe the earliest mention of the name Dani is by Servius, who lived a few years before this period, in his commentary on the Eneid, 8. 728, where he says the Dahæ or Dacians dwelt on the confines of Persia, and adds, whence they were called Danes, or whence the Danes were named, but without any allusion to their location in the North of Europe. According to Suhm (Hist. of Danm. t. 1. p. 115.) Dan's father was a Goth and his mother a Gete, and he reigned over a mixed people consisting of those two races in the year of our Lord 280, having his chief seat at Leire in Jutland, said to have been the centre of his kingdom; and he says that this Dan gave to the islands of the Baltic the general name of Denmark, which he asserts that Scania and Holland bore previously; but the statement rests on no tenable foundation, and is based on the use of the word in works that were written many centuries after. In the tragic edda of Sæmund, one of the oldest northern works, but to which an earlier date than the 6th or 7th centuries is not assigned, the names Danmörk and Danskr only occur casually in one ode, which also mentions the Lombards, who were little

§ 50. The attack of Paris did not fall within the line of Attila's operations, and the Christians subsequently

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known till the 6th century, and the word Danmörk is interpreted by the commentators to mean a dark or murky extent of wood. The site appears to have no reference to the country now called Denmark. The widow of Sigurd the Hun (who is certainly identical with Attila) says therein that she rested in Danmörk with Thora, and they embroidered in gold the southern halls and Danish swans, and the Hunnish warriors and royal guards, and in another passage the abode of Attila (under his own name), is called the hall of the South. The only other mention of the word is in a stanza shortly after, where Danum occurs, supposed to mean *amongst Danes or one of the Danes*, the preposition being omitted, and the passage says that Valdarr of the Danes with Jarisleif, and three Rymods with Jariscar companions of the *Lombards* entered and offered her consolation. It is therefore observable that the only mention therein of Danmörk and Dane refers not to the Baltic, but to the affairs of the Huns on the Danube, and that the Danish swans are coupled with the southern residence of their monarch on the banks of that river. The words should therefore not be translated Danish swans, but swans of the Danube or Dacian swans. The Latin translators pervert the text by rendering suthrœni, as meaning Teutonic, though wherever the word occurs in the Edda it means simply southern, and in one passage where it is coupled with the sunshine, they find it necessary to translate it so. The embroidery certainly represented the residence and military pomp of the Hunnish king, and the river which flowed by its walls was indicated by swans. The Dacians who fled to the north from the Hunnish dominions on the Danube carried the name with them to the Baltic. There is, I believe, no other proof of the existence of the name Dane before the time of Attila; for it must be remembered that the application of the name to previous events, whether true or false, by persons who lived long after his time, when the name had come into general use, is no proof of its ancient application, when it is found in no contemporary writer. The commentator on the Edda, wishing to get rid of the mention of the Lombards in the passage alluded to, says that the word probably meant Attila under the name of Long-beard, as he perhaps wore a long beard. He was not aware that we have certain information transmitted to us from Priscus through Jornandes, that Attila whose face was cicatrized, had scarcely any beard, he was rarus barba

attributed the salvation of that city to the merits of St. Genevieve; but Paris was not then a great metropolis. The late king Clodion had had his principal seat at Dispargum, supposed by some to have been Louvain, but probably Duysberg * on the right bank of the Rhine. It was apparently one of the effects of Attila's invasion, by detaching Cambray, Hainault, and the rest of the Belgic provinces from the kingdom of Merovëus, to make Paris become the seat of his government. Tolosa, the flourishing capital of Theodoric the Visigoth, was an object of superior importance to Attila. He had already, in pursuance of his intentions, reduced again under the authority of Alberon the greater part of the Belgic portion of the kingdom of the Francs; and his promises to make a powerful diversion in favour of Genseric king of the Vandals in Africa, and his own ambitious views, pointed to the south of France. His main force was therefore directed against Orleans; from whence, if he had been successful, he would have undoubtedly continued † his victorious course towards the Gothic metropolis, or Arelas the principal city of the Roman province. We know not to whom the military defence of Orleans was entrusted. Sangiban, king of the Alans, who occupied the neighbourhood of the Loire, was at that time in Orleans, but he does not appear to have

* See Baudrand Lex. Geograph.

† According to Callimachus, Attila sacked Tongres immediately after the battle of Chalons, before he went to Troyes. Nicolas Olaus contradicts his assertion, and says that he marched immediately against Troyes. According to Sabellicus, Rheims was attacked, and Nicasius butchered on the entrance of the Huns into Gaul, but it does not appear that Attila was present.

had the command * of the garrison. In the history of these times, whether relating to the Gallic war, or the invasion of Italy, we hear more of the bishop of the place, who seems generally to have taken upon himself the chief conduct of affairs, than of any military præfect; partly, perhaps, because the details which have reached us have been chiefly transmitted † through ecclesiastics. To the bishop, therefore, has been generally attributed both the vigour that defended, and the treason that surrendered to the pagan, the fortresses of the Roman empire; the traitors and the martyrs seem to have found a place equally in the calendar of saints. Anianus, since called St. Aignan, held the see of Orleans, when the immense force of Attila proceeded to invest it. He made every disposition for a stout ‡ defence, encouraged the people and the garrison to put their confidence in God, without relaxing their efforts, and despatched a trusty messenger to Aëtius, urging him to advance immediately to his relief. The operations of the Hun were § perhaps impeded for a few days by unseasonable

* Jornandes, de reb. Get. c. 36. His expression is ubi tunc consistebat, which does not imply authority, though his presence in the town made it practicable for him to betray the place to Attila, with whom he was secretly negociating.

† Prosper, Idatius, Sidonius, Jornandes, were all bishops.

‡ Sidonius Apollinaris, writing to Prosper who succeeded Anianus in the see of Orleans, gives the whole praise of the preservation of the place to Anianus, and alludes to the fulfilment of his prophecy and prayers, "illa vulgata exauditi cœlitus sacerdotis vaticinatio." l. 8. ep. 15.

§ The life of St. Aignan (ap. Chesnium Script. Franc. t. 1. p. 621) informs us, that the bishop spat upon Attila from the walls, and therewith it rained so violently for three days that the [illegible] the besiegers were interrupted [illegible]

weather, but his engines battered the town with irresistible force, and it seemed as if nothing but the direct interposition of Providence could save the town and its inhabitants from the terrible chastisement, which Attila never failed to inflict upon those who presumed to defend themselves. Bishop Anian prayed, and prayed, and prayed; but the walls were shaken by the force of the battering rams, the garrison were driven from the battlements by the Hunnish archery, and the battlements

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("more prophetarum") to the outposts of Aëtius, and sent a sentinel with his message; that he went in person to entreat the forbearance of Attila, and was rejected; that on the following morning the gates were thrown open, and that the Huns were actually loading their waggons with goods, when the incessant prayers of Anianus, who still told the people not to despair, brought the allied army to their relief. We learn at least from this story, that, in his endeavours to obtain assistance, he had not entirely confined his exertions to prayer, and that, when he sent his attendant to look out from the wall, he had some reason to expect the succour he was imploring. That the Huns did enter the city, is certain, though Gregory of Tours, who wrote at the close of the next century, and gives a most spirited account of the transaction, does not say so; but it is equally certain that they were not admitted by capitulation; for the words of Sidonius Apollinaris, who was twenty-two years old at the time, a native and afterwards bishop of Clermont at no great distance, "obsessio, oppugnatio, irruptio, nec direptio," however brief, are quite decisive, that the town was besieged, stormed, broken into, but not plundered. We know from the whole tenor of Attila's conduct, that a town resisting and taken by storm would have been sacked without mercy; therefore it is as certain, as if Sidonius had detailed the particulars, that the Huns had just made good their way into the town, when the approach of Aëtius and Theodoric forced Attila to call back his troops from the assault. "The bishops of Orleans have the privilege of liberating a prisoner from the gaol on the day of their induction into the see, however great his crime; a privilege first conferred upon St. Aignan for his exertions in defending that city against Attila the Hun."—*Heylin's Hist. of St. George*, p. 78.

back upon his own resources and concentrated his forces, for it is not likely that the whole of his enormous army should have been in the lines before Orleans. He knew that he had to contend with a general of great skill, a king of approved valour, and an army equal to his own in numbers and warlike habits. Upon the plain of Chalons was then to be decided the fate of Europe; the combatants there assembled had been drawn together from the immense tract of country which reaches from the straits of Gibraltar to the Caspian sea. It is impossible in our days to approach the consideration of this contest without bringing to mind that nearly fourteen centuries after this great event, the armies of the same immeasurable line of territory were to be again assembled on the same plain, and under circumstances very similar, for the overthrow of the only individual who has arisen since that day, resembling Attila in his character, in his success, in his mode of acting and his views of universal dominion; that both were defeated, and both came forth again to be the terror of Europe in one more final campaign.

§ 52. On his retrograde march towards Chalons, a circumstance is said to have occurred, which, if it was not, as may be suspected, a politic contrivance of his own, was at least adroitly put forward by Attila, for the purpose of increasing the terror of his name, an object of peculiar importance at the moment of a retreat. A Christian hermit * was brought to him,

is Mercy in some maps of France. The great map of Chaucerat [illegible] a Merry near the Marne, a few miles above Chalons, and the [illegible] Mauriacus applied to the plain of Chalons is probably [illegible] that of both these places. [illegible] * Nicolas Olaus. Turoczy, &c.

their name from * Catalannum, the modern Chalons upon Marne, and by that movement he probably fell

* They are called by Jornandes the Catalaunian or Maurician plains. De reb. Get. c. 36. Some writers have represented the movement of Attila to have been an advance to encounter Aëtius and Theodoric, and some (especially Desericius, De initiis, &c.) have laboured to prove that the Catalaunian or Maurician plains stretched towards Cebennes, and lay near the modern Mauriac in Auvergne, which is but a hundred miles from Thoulouse, and lies between that town and Orleans. It was however most decidedly a retreat upon his line of operations, though not in a direction, which would have marked any intention of evacuating the country; and the suggestion that the subsequent battle was within a hundred miles of Thoulouse is absolute drivelling, when it is known that Torismond, after his father Theodoric had been killed in the battle, drew off his army to return to his own dominions lest in his absence his brothers might occupy the throne. If the battle had been fought in front of his capital, he would have no occasion to lead his army home, but must have continued to act with Aëtius, and have fought for his crown on the spot where he stood. The testimony of Sidonius is however incontrovertible, because if the Huns stormed and entered Orleans, and yet were prevented from plundering it, the town must have been relieved at that very instant; but Mauriac in Auvergne is about 200 miles in advance of Orleans nearly in the direct line from thence to Thoulouse the capital of the Visigoths, and the plains which lay toward Cebennes were the very dependencies of Tolosa which are mentioned by Ausonius, juga propter Ninguida Pyrenes et pinea Cebennarum. If Attila had reached that quarter of France, Orleans must have been completely at his mercy, and he must have either already expelled Merovëus from his Parisian kingdom, and Sangiban from the seat of the Alans on the Loire, or have completely cut them off and separated them from the Goths and Romans; yet we know that they were both with their forces present at the battle, and forming important parts of the army of Aëtius. Ammianus Marcellinus (l. 27. c. 3.) gives an account of a great battle fought at an earlier period on the same extensive plain near Catalauni against the Germans of the neighbourhood of Metz. The Mercure de France for April 1753, contains an article to prove that the Campus Mauriacus was the plain of Merry sur Seine, five leagues from Troyes. cit. Velly Hist. de France, 1. p. 41. note duod. ed. The name

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who had been urgent for admittance to his presence, and addressed him at length, assuring him that God, on account of the iniquities of his people, which he fully detailed, placed the sword in his hand, which, when they should have returned to a sound state, he would resume and give to another. He said to him "Thou art the scourge * of God, for the chastisement of the Christians," and added that he would be unsuccessful in the battle he was about to fight, but that the kingdom would not pass out of his hands. From this moment Attila appears to have assumed the title of Scourge of God, which accorded with his views of oversetting the Christian religion, and establishing his own right to universal dominion upon the grounds of a heavenly delegation. He had long pretended to be the holder of that sword, which was regarded either as the God itself, or the symbol of the principal God which the Scythian nations worshipped. The title which he now assumed, appears to have furnished a pretext to insincere Christians, under the specious garb of humility and resignation to the chastisement of the Almighty, to betray into his hands the places which they should have defended; and, in an age so prone to superstition, it is not unlikely that it may have influenced many devout Christians to yield to him without offering any resistance. Attila, having heard the prediction of the hermit, consulted his own soothsayers, of whom there was always a multitude with his army. According to their custom, they † inspected the fibres or

* Perhaps more properly *the flail* of God.

† Jornandes, c. 36, and others. It is observable that the Christian bishop Jornandes evidently marks by his expressions, that he looked

Francs on the side of the Romans, and of the Gepidæ who formed an important part of the Hunnish army, and many on both sides had fallen. Whatever hesitation Attila might have felt in the first instance, he acted with his usual decision when the hour arrived, which was to decide the fate of Western Enrope. The hostile armies lay close to each other on an extensive plain, which stretched 150,000 paces in length, and above 100,000 in breadth. The forces of Attila were on the left, the Romans on the right of a sloping hill, which either army was desirous of occupying on account of the advantage of the position. Aëtius commanded the left wing of the allies, with the troops that were in the service of the emperor. Theodoric with his Goths formed the right, and Sangiban with his Alans was placed in the centre, so surrounded as to prevent his withdrawing himself, since he was regarded with suspicion, and known to be fearful of incurring the vengeance of Attila, and he was probably supported by the Francs.* Attila with his Huns, surrounded by a body-guard of chosen troops, commanded in the centre of his army. His wings were composed of various subject nations, led by their several kings, amongst whom the Ostrogothic brothers Walamir, Theodemir, and Widimir, were conspicuous, distinguished not only by their valour, but by the nobility of their descent, being joint-heirs of the illustrious race of the Amali. But the most renowned amongst them was Arderic, who led into the field an innumerable force of

* The position of the Francs under Merovëus is not stated by any writer, but it was probably in the centre, with his neighbours the Alans. The old French chronicles attribute to him in a great measure the success of the day, but without any particular statement.

Gepidæ, and commanded the right wing. Attila placed the greatest confidence in his fidelity, and relied much upon his advice. He shared the favour of the Hun with Walamir, who was the eldest and principal king of the Ostrogoths, and highly valued for his sagacity. Walamir commanded the left wing which was opposed to Theodoric. But Attila was the soul of his army; the numberless kings, who served under his orders, attended like satellites to his nod, observed the least motion of his eye, and were ever prompt to execute his commands. The battle commenced with a struggle for the possession of the higher ground, which was as yet unoccupied. Attila directed his troops to advance to its summit, but Aëtius had anticipated his movement, and, having gained possession of it, by the advantage of the ground easily routed the Huns who were advancing, and drove them down the hill. Attila quickly rallied the Huns, and encouraged them by a harangue, in which he said that he should think it a vain thing to inspirit them by words, as if they were ignorant of their duty, and novices in war, after having vanquished so many nations, and actually subdued the world, if they did not suffer what they had won to be wrested from them. A new leader might resort to, and an inexperienced army might require, such exhortations; but it neither became them to hear, nor him to address to them, words of trite and common encouragement; for to what had they been habituated, if not to warfare? what could be sweeter to brave men than vengeance, the greatest of the gifts of nature? "Let us therefore," he said, "attack the enemy briskly. "The assailants are always the stoutest-hearted. Despise "the junction of separate nations; to seek alliances

" betrays weakness. See even now, before the attack, " the enemy are panic-stricken; they seek the elevated " places, they take possession of the mounds, and, re- " penting of their hardihood, they are already desirous " of finding fortifications in the open plain. The light- " ness of the Roman arms is known to you; I will not " say that they are overpowered by the first wounds, " but by the very dust. While they are assembling in " line and locking their shields, do you fight after your " own manner with excellent spirit, and despising their " array, attack the Alans, overwhelm the Visigoths. " We must win the repose of victory by destroying the " sinews of war; the limbs drop, when the nerves are " cut through, and a body cannot stand when the bones " are taken from it. Huns, let your spirits rise; put " forth all your skill and all your prowess. Let him, " who is wounded, demand of his comrade the death of " his antagonist; let him, who is untouched, satiate " himself with the slaughter of enemies. No weapons " will harm those who are doomed to conquer; those " who are to die would be overtaken even in repose by " their destiny. Why should fortune have made the " Huns victorious over so many nations, unless the " glory of this contest had been reserved for them? " Who opened the passage of the Mæotian swamp to " our ancestors, so many centuries shut up and secret? " Who enabled them, when as yet unarmed, to defeat " their armed adversaries? An allied assemblage will " not be able to resist the countenance of the Huns. I " am not deceived; this is the field which so many suc- " cesses have promised to us. I myself will throw the " first darts at the enemy, and if any one of you can

"endure repose while Attila is fighting, he wants the "energy of life." By such exhortations the wonted spirit of his soldiers was renewed, and well may it be seen, by the tenor of his language, how absolute was his controul over the various kings, of whose subjects his army was composed, when he could thus publicly contrast the unity of his own force, with the weakness of an allied confederacy. They rushed impetuously onward, and, though the posture of affairs under the disadvantage of ground was formidable, the presence of Attila prevented any hesitation; they engaged hand to hand with the enemy. The contest was fierce, complicated, immense, and obstinate, to which, according to the assertion of Jornandes, the records of antiquity presented nothing similar. That historian, who wrote about a century after, says that he heard from old men, that a rivulet which traversed the plain was swollen by blood into the appearance of a torrent, and that those, who were tormented by thirst and the fever of their wounds, drank blood from its channel for their refreshment. In the heat of the battle Theodoric riding along the ranks and animating his Visigoths, was knocked off his horse, as it was reported, by the dart of Andages an Ostrogoth in the army of Attila. In the confusion his own cavalry charged over him, and he was trampled to death. It appears that the Ostrogoths, who formed the left wing of the Huns,* were overpowered by this charge and gave

* Nicolas Olaus says that Walamir commanded the right wing, and Arderic the left of the Huns, Aetius the left and Theodoric the right of the allies, but he is evidently wrong, for the Visigoths and Ostrogoths were opposed to each other, and the dart of an Ostrogoth was fatal to Theodoric. To Arderic certainly belongs the renown of having routed

way, and that the Visigoths advancing beyond the Alans, who were opposed to Attila in the centre, had turned the position of the Huns, and threatened their flank and rear; but, seeing the danger with which he was menaced, Attila immediately fell back upon his camp, which was fenced round by his baggage waggons, behind which the Hunnish archers presented an insurmountable obstacle to the impetuosity of the Gothic cavalry. But the whole army did not retire behind the defences, and the Huns stood firm until it was dark; for Torismond, the eldest son of Theodoric, who was not by his father's side in the battle, but had been stationed by the wary Aëtius near his own person, probably as a surety for the fidelity of Theodoric, and had at the first driven the Huns down the hill in concert with the Romans, being separated from them afterwards, and mistaking in the darkness the Hunnish troops for the main body of the Visigoths, came unawares near the waggons, and fighting valiantly was wounded on the head and knocked off his horse, and being rescued by his soldiers discontinued the attack. The superstition of the combatants increased the horrors of a nocturnal conflict, and a supernatural voice * was supposed to have been heard by either army, which terminated the conflict. While this advantage had been gained at night-fall by the right wing of the allies, which had broken the left and forced the centre of Attila's army to fall back, the left wing

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Aëtius. The account of Jornandes is confused, and his expressions seem to imply that both Arderic and Walamir were opposed to Theodoric, but his meaning must have been that there were Visigoths in both wings of the Roman army, Torismond not being with his father, but with Aëtius.

* Sabellicus Enn.

under Aëtius had been roughly handled by Arderic, and separated from the main body of his forces. Aëtius, ignorant of the success of his right and cut off from all communication with the rest of his army, was in the greatest peril, and fearful that the Visigoths had been overpowered. With difficulty he retreated to his camp, and passed the night under arms, expecting his entrenchments to be attacked by a victorious enemy. A most qualified victory it was, but certainly a victory, for the Visigoths did carry the battle to the very camp of Attila, whose right wing, though successful, did not pursue Aëtius to his; but the singular result of this engagement was, that each of the chief commanders passed the night under momentary expectation of an assault from his antagonist. Attila, with the desperate resolution of a pagan, made a vast pyre within the limits of his encampment, which was piled up with harness, and such of the accoutrements of his cavalry, as were not in immediate use, on which he had determined to burn himself with his women and riches, in case his defences should be stormed, that he might not fall alive into the hands of his enemies, nor any one of them boast of having slain him; but he presented a determined front to the allies, and placed a strong force of armed men and archers in front * of the cars, keeping up at the same time an incessant din of warlike instruments to animate his own troops, and alarm those of Aëtius by the expectation of an attack.

§ 54. The dawn discovered to both armies a plain absolutely loaded with the bodies of the slain, and Aëtius, perceiving that Attila stood on the defensive, and shewed

* Blondus Hist. dec. 1. l. 2.

no intention of advancing, became sensible of the successes of the former evening; and, after he had communicated with the Visigoths, it was determined to attempt to reduce Attila by a blockade, as the army of Stilicho had reduced the great host of Radagais near Florence; for the fire of the Hunnish archers was so hot, that they dared not attack him in his position. But the victorious Theodoric was missing, and no one amongst his troops could account for his disappearance. Torismond and his brother instituted a search for his body, and it was discovered amongst the thickest heaps of the slain. It was borne in sight of the Huns with funereal songs to the camp of the Visigoths, where his obsequies were celebrated with pompous ceremony and loud vociferations, which seemed discordant to the ears of the polished Romans; and Torismond was raised to the estate of a king upon the shield of his forefathers. Having offered to his departed father all the honours, which the customs of his countrymen required, he was ardently desirous of revenging himself on Attila, and would gladly have bearded the lion in his den, but he was not so rash as to attempt an attack with his Visigoths alone; and it was necessary to consult with Aëtius. That crafty politician, who appears at every moment of his life to have played a double game, did not consider it for his own advantage to renew the attack. The Huns had sustained such a severe loss of men, that it was not probable that Attila would then renew his attempt either to penetrate into the Roman province, or to conquer the kingdom of the Visigoths. On the other hand, if he should succeed in utterly overpowerng the Hun, he dreaded to find a second Alaric in his grandson, who might prove not less

formidable to the empire. His own views were fixed upon the imperial purple, and the report, that he entered into secret negociations with Attila, after the battle of Chalons, with a view to his own advancement, is probably correct. Being consulted by his young ally, he advised him to forbear from renewing the attack, and to retire with his forces to his own dominions, lest his younger brothers should take advantage of his absence to possess themselves of his throne. With like craftiness, he persuaded Merovëus rather to content himself with what remained to him of the kingdom of Clodion, than to risk the consequence of another engagement, in the hope of recovering the Belgian territory. The loss of human life in the battle is estimated at about * 160,000 souls, and whether we look to the numbers and prowess of the combatants, the immensity of the carnage, or its consequences to the whole of Europe, it was undoubtedly one of the most important battles that were ever fought. When the retreat of the Visigoths was first announced to Attila, he imagined that it was a crafty device of the enemy to lure him into some rash undertaking, and he remained for some time close in his camp; but when the utter and continued silence of their late position convinced him that they had really withdrawn, his mind was greatly elevated, and all his hopes of obtaining universal dominion were instantly renewed. He was

* Jornandes says 162,000, besides the Franks and Gepidæ, who had fallen on the preceding night; the number then killed is stated by H. Palladius to have been 15,000, p. 24. Idatius says 300,000 fell; Calanus 100,000 on each side; Nicolas Olaus 180,000 on each side. But these writers probably doubled the original report by applying the whole reputed slaughter to each party.

very boastful in his language, and is said to have cried out,* as soon as the departure of Torismond was confirmed, "A star is falling before me and the earth trembling. Lo, I am the hammer of the world!" In that singular expression will be recognized an allusion to the hammer of the God Thor, of which the form is known to have been a cross, and in fact nearly identical with that of the mysterious sword which Attila wore, reversing it so that the hilt becomes the mallet and the blade the handle. He met with no further opposition from any part of the allied army, from which it may be pretty surely concluded that † Aëtius did enter into a secret arrangement with him, which, though suspected, never became public, as Aëtius did not communicate it to the Romans. If we may judge from the result, the terms must have been that Attila should not attack the Roman province or kingdom of Tolosa, but should retain his Belgian conquests which were raised into the kingdom of Cameracum for Alberon, and should not be molested by the allies; to which we may suppose that Aëtius added private terms to promote his own elevation. It is probable that when, after the decease of Attila, Valentinian caused Aëtius to be put to death,

* Nicolas Olaus. Little attention has been paid to these words by those who had not considered how much of his importance Attila derived from the superstitious awe with which he was regarded. Such expressions are much more likely to have been really used by him, than invented subsequently by an historian who did not understand the allusion.

† H. Palladius says that Aëtius did not follow up the advantage he had gained, either because he dreaded the ascendancy of the Goths, or because a protraction of the war suited his own schemes.

he was apprized of his treasonable plans, which were perhaps on the eve of being carried into execution.

§ 55. In order to remove the impression of a defeat, Attila, having surveyed the field of battle, of which he was ultimately left the master by the retreat of those who had defeated him in a qualified manner, ordered a great sacrifice * to be made according to the practice of his nation, to the God Mars, that is to the sword which he wore, and which was the visible personification of the war-god. The fashion of that sacrifice was after this † manner. They raised a lofty square structure of faggots, measuring 375 paces on each of its sides, three of which were perpendicular, but the fourth graduated, so that it was easily ascended. In their regular stations such structures were renovated every year by an accumulation of 150 waggon loads of brush-wood. On the summit the ancient iron sword, which was symbolical of the war-god, was planted. To that idol sheep and horses were sacrificed. The sacrificator first made fast a rope round the feet of the animal, and, standing behind it, by pulling the rope threw it down, and thereupon invoking the God, he cast a halter round its neck, and strangled * it

* Nicolas Olaus, Callimachus, &c.

† Herodotus.

‡ The prohibition to the Gentiles, (Acts xv. 20.) "that they abstain from pollutions of idols, and from fornication, and *from things strangled*, and from blood," evidently refers to this idolatrous mode of sacrifice, as the abstinence from fornication, by the manner in which it is introduced, has a peculiar reference to the devotional acts of unchastity practised by the Babylonians and even the Athenians. This mode of sacrifice was in direct contravention of the injunction in Genesis, ix. 4. "But, with the life thereof, which is the blood thereof, shall ye not eat;" and the Scythian mode of idolatry, which was extensive and of the highest

by twisting the rope with a stick; and without either burning, or cutting, or sprinkling it, he immediately proceeded to skin and cook it. In ancient times, when their state was very rude, and they dwelt in extensive plains where fuel was very rare, they used the bones of the animals for fuel, as the South Americans do at this day, and even the paunch of the animal for a kettle. As soon as the beast was cooked, the sacrificator taking the first share of the flesh and entrails, threw the rest before him. Of their captives they sacrificed one chosen out of each hundred, not in the same manner as the beasts, but having first poured wine on his head, they cut his throat, and received the blood in a vessel, which they afterwards carried up to the summit of the pile, and they emptied the blood upon the sword. They cut off the right shoulder of each man that was thus slaughtered, together with the arm and hand, and cast it into the air; and after the completion of their ceremonies they departed, leaving the limb to lie wherever it happened to have fallen, and the body apart from it. Such was the mode in which the ancient Scythians had sacrificed nine hundred years before; such were the rites by which the Huns had celebrated their first successes in Europe, and by which Attila now returned thanksgiving on the plain of Chalons for the retreat of the

antiquity, was perhaps partly the reason of the prohibition, as well as the mysterious importance of the blood. In the Jewish sacrifices the blood of beasts prefigured a more perfect atonement; in that of the Scythians the blood of captives was deemed a perfect atonement, and that of beasts not available; but the entire beast was sacrificed and eaten. I believe that almost every prohibition in the Old Testament, superadded to the commandments, was directed against some existing malpractice of the idolators.

Christians. Such was the man, before whom the Christians trembled, and with whom the Arians and some other sectarians are said to have been plotting for the destruction of the Catholics. Ammianus Marcellinus had already testified, that in his time no wild beasts were so blood-thirsty as the various denominations of Christians against each other. Probably more with a view to wipe out the impression of his retreat, and of the check which he had received, than of prosecuting the invasion, he now moved forward again with his whole force, not in the direct line to Orleans, but in a direction which appeared to threaten Orleans, and he advanced against Troyes * on the 29th of July. Lupus the bishop of that place, and soon after sanctified, delivered up the town to Attila, and prevailed upon him to spare the place and its inhabitants. He is said to have gone out bareheaded, attended by his clergy and many of the citizens to meet Attila, and to have asked him, who he was that subdued kings, overturned nations, destroyed towns, and reduced every thing under his subjection. Attila replied, "I am the king of the Huns and the scourge of God." To which Lupus answered saying, "Who shall resist the scourge of God, which may rage against whomsoever he willeth! Come therefore, scourge of my God, proceed whithersoever thou wilt; all things shall obey thee, as the minister of the Almighty, without impediment from me." Attila marched through the town without injuring it, and the Christian legends say that the Huns were smitten with blindness, so that they passed on without seeing any thing, a miracle attributed

* Cal. Valcellensis apud Hagiographos.

to the sanctity of Lupus. That prelate received, as the minister of his God, the barbarian whose sword was reeking with the recent immolation of his Christian captives, and he proceeded with Attila to the Rhine, and is said to have been therefore excluded for some time from his diocese. His panegyrists assert that Attila for the good of his own soul compelled Lupus to accompany him. He may have thought such a tool useful, by inducing others to submit, and the bishop have found himself, after the part he had acted, safest under his protection; not having anticipated, when he received the Hun with such honours, that he would immediately afterwards retire from France. He is eulogized by Sidonius Apollinaris, soon after bishop of Clermont, whose praise is perhaps not very valuable, and whose writings, very different from those of Prudentius,* bear the stamp rather of paganism than of genuine Christianity. Attila thence changed the direction of his march and returned to Pannonia. He certainly, however, left an organized force behind to defend the Belgian kingdom of Cameracum against Merovëus, for Alberon and his two brothers continued in possession of it, till they were defeated by the army of Clovis (Louis), and subsequently massacred by him. Having passed through Troyes, Attila,† seeing the people flying to the woods, had compassion on them, and ordered them to return home without fear. A woman with one little girl tied round her neck, two others on a pack-horse, and seven

* Prudentius, governor at Saragosa, was probably not born there, as stated p. 84, but at Calagurris, (Calahorra) which he calls nostra. Per. 18. 31.

† Callimachus. Nicolas Olaus.

elder daughters accompanying her on foot, cast herself at his feet and supplicated his protection. It was the policy of Attila to treat with general clemency those who threw themselves on his mercy, while he exterminated those who defied him, and he was naturally good-natured, when his ambitious views were not thwarted. He raised up the suppliant lady benignly, and dismissed her with assurances of his favour, and ample gifts to enable her to educate and give marriage portions to her daughters.

§ 56. The Huns who were left to defend and complete the reduction of * Belgium are said to have been commanded by Giulas, who commenced his career by the sack of Rheims, of which the inhabitants had given great offence by harassing the Hunnish army before the battle of Chalons. The † citizens in extreme distress crowded round their bishop Nicasius, imploring his advice in the fatal alternative of hopeless resistance, or surrender to the certain vengeance of the barbarians. Nicasius admonished them that the success of Attila was permitted on account of their sins; but that they were destined to brief torments in the hands of the tyrant to obtain salvation and heavenly life. He exhorted them to follow and imitate his example. His sister Eutropia, a pious virgin of exceeding beauty, seconded his

* It may be observed that Champagne was not considered a part of Gaul, for, according to Jornandes, Actius advised Torismond to retire from Chalons into Gaul. The name Giulas deserves no credit.

† Nicolas Olaus. Hagiographi. Nicolas Olaus makes Attila [illegible] upon Rheims after having passed through Troyes in a contrary direction, which is very improbable. Most likely the attack of these two [illegible] existing towns was simultaneous.

exhortations; and many of the citizens animated by their enthusiastic piety accompanied them to the church of the Virgin Mary, singing hymns and psalms, in the midst of which Nicasius was butchered by the Huns. The beauty of Eutropia excited the desires of the conqueror who had slain her brother, but she is said to have torn out both his eyes, and was slain with all the Christians who had taken refuge in the church. Rheims was demolished, but Attila was not present. Diogenes* bishop of Arras was also killed by the Huns and the town destroyed. Tongres † underwent the same fate, notwithstanding the sanctity and prayers of St. Servatius. Maestrich suffered either before or after the battle of Chalons. After the destruction of Tongres, the Huns are said to have undertaken the siege of Cologne, which has been rendered famous by the alleged martyrdom of St. Ursula and 11,010 virgins, an absurd fable, which it will be however proper to notice, as the lady has obtained a place in the calendar. If the eyes of the Hunnish general had been extinguished, he could scarcely have commanded in the subsequent operations; supposing them to have been lacerated by Eutropia, it is not improbable that he may have acted very ferociously and butchered many young women at Cologne, but the story of Ursula is utterly absurd, and the name Giulas seems like a corruption of Julius borrowed from an older tale, and was probably not the real name of a Hunnish commander. Sigebertus, who flourished at the end of the eleventh century, is probably the first writer extant who detailed

* Molanus in eulog. S. Vedasti.

† Some writers have thought that Rheims and Tongres had been sacked before the battle of Chalons.

the story as relating to Ursula. The tale is given with some variation by different authors. The account of Nicolas Olaus is as follows:—Ursula was the only daughter of the king of Britannia; she was courted by Æthereus son of the king of the Angli, who requested her father to betroth her to him, on condition that she should be permitted to travel for three years according to her vow, requiring from Æthereus ten virgins of undoubted chastity for her companions, to each of whom as well as to herself a thousand maidens should be attached. The 11,011 virgins entered the mouth of the Rhine on board eleven large ships, and proceeded to Cologne and Basle, whence they journied on foot to Rome, and, having visited all the shrines in that quarter, according to her vow, they returned with Cyriac pope of Rome to Basle and Cologne, where the whole party were intercepted and massacred by the Huns under Giulas. Gobelin Persona (born A.D. 1358), in Cosmodrom. ætat. vi. c. 14. fully exposes the absurdity of the story, and shews that there never was such a pope or bishop of Rome, and that such visitations to Rome were unknown at that period. He says the tale was derived from a recluse of Shonaugia about the year 1156 (fœmina quadam, nescio an inclusa, an monacha, quæ erat apud Shonaugiam circa A.D. 1156); and Pray, trusting to G. Persona, says that Elizabetha Shonaugiensis, in her revelations in the 12th century, first added its present form to the story of the virgins, which is untrue, for she did not even place the event in the age of Attila. It is certain that Ursula's name was in the calendar of saints before the time of Elizabeth, and that she did not invent the tale, because she mentions having seen what she relates in a

vision on the day of the feast of the 11,000 holy virgins. Cardinal Desericius found at Rome an old and imperfect MS. which refers the event to the year 237, saying that Alexander Severus sent Maximin the Thracian from Illyria to repress the Germans near the Rhine. The former being killed, Maximin proclaimed himself emperor. He employed Julius præfect of the Rhine to besiege Cologne, and, through hatred to the Romans, caused the virgins returning from Rome to be massacred by Julius. It states another account to be that when Maximin moved to the siege of Aquileia, where he perished, Julius collected a band of Suni (a people of Germany mentioned by Pliny, Tacitus, and Cluverius), and slew the virgins, and that Suni was afterwards confounded with Hunni, who were called according to the Latin orthography Chuni. The MS. quotes Lampridius and Julius Capitolinus falsely. Another account in Baronius (Ann. eccles.) refers the tale to the year 381. He says that Gratian having conciliated the Huns, wished that part of them should attack Great Britain with a fleet, and part enter Gaul in concert with the Alans; that Conan, a petty king in Great Britain, accompanied Maximus from thence to Gaul, and persuaded him to locate the British troops in the territory evacuated by the Armoricans, and to send over to Dinoc king of Cornwall for Ursula who was betrothed to Conan, and 11,000 virgins for wives to the soldiers who were to form the new colony; that Gaunus a Hunnish, and Melga a Pictish, pirate intercepted them, and, as they preferred death to the loss of virginity, slew them all. Baronius probably derived the account from Geoffry of Monmouth, and it originated in the Brut or Chronicle of the

kings of Britain, which says that Maximus and Cynan having killed Hymblat king of the Gauls, Maximus gave Armorica to Cynan, who sent to the earl of Cornwall for 11,000 daughters of noble Britons, 60 daughters of foreigners, and servant maids. Their ships were dispersed and some sank. Two were seized by Gwnass and Melwas, the former commander of the Huns, the latter of the Picts, who were at sea with crews in support of Gratian. Another manuscript of the Brut says that Cynan was enamoured of the daughter of Dunawd king of Cornwall, and sent for her with a large number of British women. See Roberts, Chron. of the kings of Brit. p. 101, where um-vil-ar-deg is erroneously translated 1100 instead of 11,000. See Walters dict. voc. hundred. There appears no reason to doubt the veracity of this narrative, which accounts for the subsequent connexion between Britany and Cornwall; and it appears by a letter of St. Ambrose * to Maximus that the Huns were employed at that time by the Roman emperor; and from another it is evident that the Huns had been desired to enter Gaul, but were diverted by Valentinian. Sigebertus in his chronicle says that in 380 Gnamus and Melga were leaders of the Huns and Britons employed by Gratian against Maximus, and laid waste Great Britain, but were driven into Ireland by a detachment sent by Maximus. The Huns as a nation

* In medio Romani imperii sinu Juthungi populabantur. Rhetiae et ideo adversus Juthungos Hunnus accitus est. Tom. 2. Class. 1. Epist. 29. Vide autem quid interest inter tuas moliliones et Valentiniani Augusti pueri mansuetudinem. Tu flagitabas quod barbarorum stipatus agminibus Italiae te infunderes. Valentinianus Hunnos atque Alanos, propequantes Galliae per Alemannorum terras deflexit. Epist. 27.

had certainly no navy or maritime habits, but it is not improbable that, when they overran the North, some of them may have adventured as sea-rovers after the example of the Northmen. Vegnier, Vertot, Dubos, Turner, &c. deny the migration of Britons into Armorica in the time of Maximin, and maintain that the first Briton who settled there was one Rhivallon who fled from the encroachments of the Saxons in 513. The Loire is the southern boundary of Britany, and the words of Sidonius Apollinaris who wrote in the 5th century, and says that Euric king of Thoulouse was advised to invade and conquer the Britons situated above the Loire, is decisive as to the error of their assertion. Sid. Apoll. 1 Epist. 7. Their king appears to have been Riothamus, to whom a letter addressed by Sidonius is extant, (Epist. 9. lib. 3.) and he is mentioned by Jornandes c. 45, as Riothimus king of the Britons amongst the Bituriges in France. The upshot of the whole appears to be that when Maximus founded a British colony in Britany in the 4th century, some of the wives or intended brides of the colonists were intercepted by a Hunnish and Pictish pirate in the service of Gratian; that in the following century the general of Attila, having had his eyes lacerated by Eutropia, perhaps butchered some women at Cologne, called Colonia Ubiorum; that Ursula the bride of the prince of the British colony, having been killed by the pirates, had been sanctified as a martyr; and that in the 11th or 12th centuries the stories were confounded, * the women who

* A passage in the Philopatris attributed to Lucian, Οἶδα γὰρ μυρίας παρθένους διαμελεῖστὶ τμηθείσας Νήσῳ ἐν αμφιρύτῃ, Κρήτην δέ τέ μιν

were slain having in both instances belonged to a colony, (Colonia) and suffered for resisting the incontinency of

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καλέουσι, has been supposed by the author of Nimrod (v. 3. p. 446.) to allude to this fable, and to be a proof of the modern date of that tract, which for several reasons he attributes to the 12th century. It is not my province to give any opinion concerning the date of that vile tract, or its reference to this story; but the date which I have been able to assign to the tale, viz. subsequent to the 9th, and anterior to the end of the 12th century, tends to support his opinion. A most absurd suggestion made by Callesius (Annal. eccl. Germ. t. 1. l. v. num. 106-7.) that all the virgins of the neighbouring countries had flocked into Cologne, in order to save themselves from violation, is foolishly praised by Pray as being most probable; but his nationality breaks out on the other hand in a most ludicrous manner against a quotation which Callesius had made from Salvianus to prove the incontinence of the Hunnish nation: and, because Salvianus wrote at Marseilles, and died about six, or perhaps ten, years before Attila entered Gaul, he asks how he could know in what manner the Huns behaved, with whom he could *only* have been acquainted, when they ravaged Burgundy, or when they served under Littorius near Narbonne. Those opportunities seem to have furnished sufficient insight into their mode of conducting themselves; nor could any thing be more decisive than the testimony of Salvianus, that the Huns were more incontinent in their warfare than the other barbarians, because it is mentioned by him incidentally as a notorious fact, not in dispraise of them, but in censuring his own flock. Ut de paganis priùs dicam, gens Saxonum fera est, Francorum infidelis, Gepidarum inhumana, Chunorum impudica, omnium denique barbarorum vita vitiositas. Sed nunquid eundem reatum habent eorum vitia, quàm nostra? Nunquid tam criminosa est Chunorum impudicitia, quàm nostra? Salv. de gub. Dei. l. 4. Salvianus is supposed to have died about 440. He mentions the irruption of the Vandals, the pillage by the Visigoths, and the revolt of the Bagaudæ, but not the invasion of Attila, having probably died before it took place. The absurdity of Callesius arises from his supposing it necessary to account for such an immense number of virgins being in Cologne; whereas it is probable that only a small number of young women, if any, were really killed there. When the two stories came to be confounded, or at least the monks of Cologne, the colony on the Rhine, imagined that St. Ursula,

the Huns. That such is the real history of this fable appears further from this, that Florus, Ado, and Wandelbert, writers of the 8th and 9th centuries on martyrology, state the murder of the virgins at Cologne, but nothing about Great Britain, Ursula, Æthereus, or any names of virgins or any thing concerning a pilgrimage to Rome. That Cologne (Agrippina Colonia Ubiorum) was destroyed by the Huns is affirmed by Sigonius, Herm. Fleinius in vit. SS. ad 21 Oct. and Haræus ap. Vales. and others besides the Hungarian writers.

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who had been killed with her attendants going to the colony in Britany, had been slain in their town, the natural question must have been, Alas! poor gentlewoman, how gat she there? to which the monks of the 11th or 12th century would have as naturally replied, that she was undoubtedly going on a pilgrimage to Rome. The tale was subsequently embellished, and her betrothed dignified with the title of Æthereus, and names (Cordula, Pinosa, Eleutheria, Florentia) given to the virgins. See Richard of Prémontré. Weddercamp Hist. sec. prim. &c. Helmst. 1700. p. 30. The number of the virgins has reference to the intended wives of the British colonists, but it appears that only a small part of them were really taken by the Huns. The visions of the Abbess Elizabeth of Schonaug were published in 1150. She states the virgins to have been killed by Julius the Hun at the instigation of the emperor Maximus and of Africanus, as set forth in the MS. cited by Desericius. The bishop, afterwards called pope Cyriac, is by her called St. Pantalus. As soon as the slaughter of the women of the colony of Maximus had been identified with that of the virgins at Cologne, the connexion of the event with Maximus was no longer apparent, and the history was transferred to Maximin, from the ferocity of his character and the similarity of the name, with the gross absurdity of making a Hun be a præfect near the Rhine 136 years before there was a Hun in Europe. Spenser alludes to the expedition of Gaunus and Melga in the lines,

> Then gan the Hunnes and Picts invade this land
> During the reign of Maximinian.—Fa. Qu. c. 10. b. 2. st. 61.

and to the colony of Maximus in the next stanza

> The weary Britons, whose war-able youth
> Was by Maximian lately led away.

§ 57. From Troyes Attila probably * returned directly to Pannonia, through either † Strasbourg or Basle, continuing his course along the Danube. He passed the ensuing winter at his capital ‡ Sicambria, which was perhaps the ancient Buda. It is fabulously stated to have been founded by Antenor the Trojan. When Attila either built or enlarged Sicambria, he is said to have wished to bestow his own name upon it, and the fatal quarrel between him and his brother is stated to have arisen from a dispute whether it should be called Attila or § Budawar. Bleda is by some writers named Buda, and in Scandinavian sagas Buddla is given as the name of the father of Attila, and perhaps it may be considered as having some reference to the name Buddha, the oriental title of Woden or Odin, who seems to have been on some occasions identified with Attila himself in ancient Scandinavian legends. The winter was em-

* Thurocz, N. Olaus, and other Hungarian writers, make Attila return through Flanders, ravaging it, by a northerly route to Thuringia, and hold a great diet there, and spend several years there in debauchery and excesses, after having sent out various expeditions to reduce the several nations in the North of Europe. The testimony of the early writers is quite decisive that his invasion of Italy took place the next year after the battle of Chalons, and his known temperance contradicts the story of his excesses, if they allude to those of the table. They should have placed his sojourn in Thuringia, before the invasion of Gaul.

† The image of a man, said to represent Attila, was still standing on the Cronenburg gate of Strasburg in the middle of the last century. Schœffl. Alsatia. See above, p. 439.

‡ Ascertained by an old inscription preserved by Lazius, to have been called Sicambria by the Romans, from having been built by a Sicambrian auxiliary legion in Pannonia, which was stationed there. See Sicambria, Alt Offen, id est Vetus Buda. Baudrand Lex. Geogr.

§ Thwrocz Chron. Hung. p. 70.

ployed in recruiting his forces, and at the opening of the spring of 453, Attila had under his command a more powerful * army, than that with which he had entered Gaul. Early in the season he set this mighty host in motion for the overthrow of Rome. As he mounted on his horse to take the command of this momentous expedition, a crow † is said to have perched on his right shoulder, and immediately afterwards to have risen so high into the air, that it could no longer be discerned. The augury was accepted with joy, and the soldiers anticipated nothing less than the subjugation and plunder of Italy. It will be remembered that the God Odin is fabled to have had two crows or ravens which flew every day round the world to do his missions, and returned at evening to his heavenly mansion; nor were these messengers unknown to the Greek and Roman mythology. Plutarch relates that two crows were sent out by Jupiter, one to the east, the other to the west, and, having flown round the world, met at Delphi. Livy writes that when Valerius, hence called Corvinus, was engaged in contest with a powerful Gaul, a crow lighted on his helmet, and gave him the victory by assailing the eyes of his antagonist; and we know ‡ from Prudentius that this was one of the Delphic crows, sacred to Apollo.

* Diaconus Gest. Rom. lib. 15.—The Cœletes, Morini, Tungri, Phrisi, Cimbri, and Prathenii were enumerated by N. Olaus, as lately added to his forces. In the life of St. John of Ravenna, (Acta S. S. tom. 1.) Attila is said to have held a meeting at Curta, now called Buda, (apud Curtam quam hodie Budam vocant) and to have animated his vassal kings against the enemy by a spirited speech. In Curta we recognise the Gothic word court, though Pausanias derives it from the Greek κυρτα with reference to a bend in the river. † Callimachus.

‡ Si Corvinum Corvus Apollineus pennis aut gutture juvit. *Prud.*

It is stated by Strabo that when Alexander the Great was in danger of perishing amidst the sands of the desert, on his way from Parætonium to the temple of Jupiter Ammon, he was delivered by the guidance of two crows; nor will it be forgotten that ravens brought food to Elijah. With these recollections it seems not improbable that Attila may have practised some imposture in the sight of his army, or at least that such a tale was purposely circulated amongst his followers, to promote the superstitious belief of a communication having been made to him by the Deity. There is much discrepancy in the various accounts of the route by which he entered * Italy, but from the enormous bulk of his army it is probable that they may all be founded in truth, and that his army advanced in several columns which were to reunite after having passed the Alps. The Byzantine emperor Marcian, who had the administration of the provinces on the north-west of the Adriatic, had left their numerous towns ungarrisoned. Attila crossed the Drave and the Save, and the whole of Styria, Carinthia, Illyria, and Dalmatia, was overrun † by his forces without any serious opposi-

* Prosper. Aquit. says that he entered Italy by the Pannonias. Valesius Rer. Franc. l. 4. by Pannonia and Noricum. Callimachus and Olaus say that he tried the passage by Noricum and Rhætia, but, finding it obstructed, turned aside to Illyria, and, having laid waste the coast of the Adriatic, entered Forum Julium. Bonfinius Rer. Hung. Dec. 1. l. 6. that he went first into Illyria. Blondus Hist. Dec. 1. l. 2. that he destroyed all the Illyrian towns with little or no opposition, Marcian the emperor of the East, under whose administration they were, having left them without garrisons. Sigonius states that he went straight to the gorges of the Julian Alps, and crossed the Sontius.

† Nicolas Olaus says that he burnt Salona, and Spalatum, overturned Tragurium, Scardona, Sibinicum, Jadera, Nova, Segnia, Potentia, Pola, Tergestum, and Capriferium, strong and wealthy towns. The account

tion. Aëtius, who commanded the armies of Rome, whether from treasonable views, or because Valentinian kept the main forces of the empire for the immediate defence of Rome, whither he had withdrawn from Ravenna upon the alarm of an approaching invasion, certainly made no attempt to oppose the progress of the great antagonist whom he had so lately discomfited on the plain of Chalons; but the whole tenor of his life seems to mark that he must have been consulting his own personal aggrandisement, and utterly disregarding the interests of his country. We may figure to ourselves the reminiscences of that great and dissembling commander, while, stretching his hopes to the acquisition of power exceeding that of the mightiest emperors, he lay in purposed inactivity before Rome, awaiting the effects of intemperance and disorganization on the force of Attila, and distraction and imbecility on the imperial counsels. We may fancy him bringing to mind the early instructions of his Scythian father, and of his mother who was descended from one of the most illustrious families of Latium; the youthful energy which had led him to excel in every exercise of the field or forest; his first and early military achievements; his sojourn as a hostage in the court of Alaric, and after-

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of Callimachus Experiens is nearly similar, omitting some of those towns, and adding Belgratum, Parentum, and Æmona. There was a Belgratum in Forum Julii, which may possibly be meant. Sigonius gives a like statement. See also Sabellicus Aquil. p. 71. Jornandes does not mention this series of previous operations, and if it be true, as hath been asserted, though I think with little probability, that Jadera was one of four great stations from whence Attila received intelligence and communicated with his great empire, he must have previously occupied Illyria and Dalmatia.

wards of Rhuas the Hunnish monarch; the hypocrisy with which he had pretended to embrace Christianity, while his heart was imbued with the leaven of paganism; his initiation of his son Carpileo into all the orgies of idolatry in the capital of Attila; his abode in the palace of John the usurper; his advance at the head of a Hunnish army towards Ravenna, the consternation with which he heard of the sudden destruction of John, and the art with which he made his peace with Valentinian; the military titles which were the reward of his treason, extorted from his imbecile rulers; his command in Gaul, where in three campaigns he rescued Arles from the Visigoths, the Rhine from Clodion, and overwhelmed the Juthungians of Bavaria; the treachery by which he had compromised Boniface, and the ruin he brought thereby on the Roman authority in Africa; his personal conflict with Boniface, and mortification at the only defeat he suffered in his life, and the malignant joy with which he heard of the subsequent death of his rival; his flight from the arm of justice to his pagan ally, and the authority which he again obtained through the influence of the enemies of his country; his further successes in Gaul and Burgundy; the art with which he reconciled Theodoric to the Roman arms; the energy with which he inspired his allies; the mighty conflict of Chalons; the skill with which he diverted Torismond from avenging his father, and persuaded Meroveus to remain content with the Parisian kingdom; his secret negociations with Attila, and all the vast and daring projects which had been since fermenting in his mind. If we place this picture before us, we shall probably have filled up the outline of historical truth with no unreal imaginations.

The heart sickens, when we bring to mind the praises lavished by Gibbon upon this evil man, the outbreaking of whose treachery was probably anticipated by the jealousy of his master, and his sudden destruction. The existence of a coin bearing the superscription * Flavius Aëtius imperator, gives reason to suspect that he had even committed an overt act of treason before he was cut short by Valentinian.

§ 58. The defence of the Julian Alps, through which the Huns were preparing to enter Italy, was entrusted to a small number of Visigothic auxiliaries under Alaric and † Antal or Athal. Æmona a flourishing town at the foot of the Alps was evacuated by its inhabitants on the approach of the invaders, by whom it was so completely destroyed, that no author recognizes its existence after that period. The Roman auxiliaries delayed the advance of Attila a little through the Goritian forest; but, after many conflicts, they were forced to abandon the mountain passes, and multitudes of barbarians poured through them with overwhelming impetuosity on the delightful district of Forum Julii. On the first alarm of an intended invasion, Valentinian had taken measures to put the important city of Aquileia in a state to resist the advance of the enemy. About the year 190 before the birth of Christ, the Gauls, having entered Carnia from Germany, had founded a city near the site of Aquileia,

* See Strada numismata.

† He is called Athalia by Ludovicus Cavitellus, Annal. Cremon. Sigonius says that Valentinian took measures to defend (novo præsidio communivit) the Julian Alps, and strengthened Aquileia with new works and a garrison. H. Palladius says that Wolphangus (Lazius I suppose) alone recognises the remains of Æmona in Novo Iggio.

which was soon destroyed by the Romans. The Istri invaded the province four years after, whereupon the senate determined to build a town for the defence of the neighbouring territory, and in the year 181 before Christ Aquileia was founded by a colony from Rome. Augustus Cæsar * adorned Aquileia with temples and theatres, fortified the harbour, and paved the roads. He increased its circuit to twelve miles, or, as some say, to fifteen. The remains of a double † wall were to be seen in tolerable preservation in the 17th century, running directly east, eleven miles in length, like two parallel lines, composed of stones piled up, but not cemented by any kind of mortar. Aquileia stood on the banks and at the mouth of the river Natissa, which washed a large part of its wall. Sabellicus supposes that the name of the Sontius was lost after its junction with the Natissa, (whereas on the contrary the modern name of the Natisone is lost in the Isonzo) or else that the Natissa did not in ancient times fall into the Sontius, or that a stream flowed by a subterraneous channel out of the Natissa into the sea, because both Pliny and Strabo mention the mouth of the Natissa. He adds that in his time ‡ only a church of the Virgin Mary, and the huts of a few peasants and fishermen remained on the site of Aquileia; but that many monuments, public ways,

* Orosius, l. 6. c. 20. Joannes Candidus says it contained 150,000 inhabitants.

† Upon it was the following inscription. Cæsar Augustus Aquilensium restitutor et conditor viam quoque geminam a porta usque ad pontem, pertingens juventutis novæ Italiæ suæ delectus, pesterum longi temporis labe corruptam munivit atque restituit. H. Palladio Rer. Jul. l. 3. p. 37. Utini 1620.

‡ In the 16th century. Sabell. de rer. Aquil. l. 1.

magnificent and sumptuous paved roads, aqueducts, sepulchres, and pavements, were still extant, by which the great size and distinguished appearance of the ancient town might be easily ascertained. The territory of Aquileia was called Forum Julii * and also Carnia. The Carnians were a people inhabiting the mountains, where they led a pastoral life, their country being too rugged for tillage. In the year of our Lord 167 the physician Galen followed M. Aurelius and L. Commodus to Aquileia, and wrote his commentaries there. In 361 in the reign of Julian his general Immon besieged Aquileia, and finding that the citizens derived great advantage from the river as a defence and means of obtaining provisions, he discontinued the siege, and employed his army by an immense exertion to excavate a new bed for the river, and conduct it to the sea at a considerable distance from the town. The inhabitants were however supplied by plenty of cisterns and wells, and did not suffer from the loss of water. Aquileia underwent another siege subsequently, when Maximin was discomfited before its walls and put to death by his own troops. Herodian, who gives an account of this siege, states (l. 8. c. 4.) that Aquileia was a city of the first magnitude, with an abundant population, being situated on the sea-shore in front of all the Illyrian nations, as the emporium of Italy, delivering to navigators the produce of the continent brought down by land or by the rivers, and furnishing sea-borne necessaries, especially wine, to the upper countries, which were less fertile than the southern provinces from severity of climate.

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* Sabellicus, Pliny, Ptolemy.

§ 59. Immediately after crossing the Alps, Attila* routed and utterly annihilated the Roman force which

* Callimachus says "non vicit modò, sed prope delevit, exercitum." N. Olaus says that a strong Roman army opposed his progress near the bay of Tergestum. Ludovico Cavitelli (Mur. thes. Ant. Ital. t. 3. p. 1267.) says that Valentinian had placed Aloric and Athalia with a force of mercenary Visigoths to defend the passes of the Julian Alps, but that they were forced by the army of Attila. That at the Tergestine bay and the gorges of Italy he routed 500 horsemen (equites) probably meaning to give the number of officers or knights, not of the whole force, under Forestus of Este, brother to Arcadius, and Emmanuel and other Italian troops sent by the prefect of that region, and slew Forestus and many more. He adds that the army of Aëtius fell back behind the Po. The most detailed account of the operations of Attila, when he laid siege to Aquileia in 453 is given by Henr. Palladius Rerum For. Jul. Udini 1630. Very few particulars are related by any other author of credit except Sabellicus who wrote in the preceding century. The relation of Palladius in general confirms the statements of Sabellicus, but differs in some respects, and is much more particular. His work seems to have been entirely overlooked by those who have written on the history of this period, and the account of Sabellicus has not obtained much more attention. They were both natives of the neighbouring town of Utinum, and had opportunities of consulting whatever documents existed in the archives of the ecclesiastical establishments of the province. (v. Fran. Palladio, who wrote an Italian account of the province of Friuli. Rer. Jul.) published at Udine in 1660, states that his uncle Henrico Palladio degli Olivi had routed out from the vast ruins of antiquity the chief events that had taken place in the province. H. Palladius begins by lamenting the loss of the history of Priscus, who had written a full account of the siege which had been seen by Jornandes, who however only extracted a few brief particulars. He mentions also an heroic poem on the deeds of Attila, which he had vainly sought to recover, and he considers it as lost also. From two lines quoted by Aventinus (Ann. Boiorum, l. 2. p. 130) it appears that the poem alluded to is that which has been since published at Leipsic in 1780, entitled De prima expeditione Attilæ regis Hunnorum in Galliam ac de rebus gestis Walthari Aquitanorum principis carmen epicum saeculi sexti. It consists of 1331 lines of wretched poetry, with many false quantities, such as Ĭnsŭbrĭ

was opposed to him in the neighbourhood of Tergeste, the modern Trieste, especially the cavalry under Forestus

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lectam vocat ad semet mulierem, and barbarous words grafted on the Latin. Men are always inclined to magnify the value of their own discoveries, and the editor not only thinks the style in parts superior to Virgil's Georgics (p. 7), but refers the date of the poem to the sixth century. I have no hesitation in asserting that it contains internal evidence that it could not have been written before the end of the ninth century, and is probably attributable to the tenth or beginning of the eleventh. In v. 1129—30, the writer speaks of the sun in his westward course passing Thile, which leaves behind it Scotland and Ireland, thereby decidedly identifying Thule with Iceland. Iceland was not discovered till A.D. 861, when it was uninhabited, covered with wood, and without any traces of previous cultivation. I entertain very little doubt that the ancient name Thule was identical with that of Thylemark in Norway, of which the y is pronounced like a French u. Traces of old Phœnician commerce, such as forests felled and mines excavated, having been found there, of which the date is anterior to any history or tradition concerning that country. Virgil and Juvenal probably meant by Thule nothing very definite, but to express the extreme North, as Priscus calls the lands severed by the waters of the Baltic the islands of the ocean, but Claudian distinctly applied the name Thule to the northern extremity of Scotland inhabited by the Picts. The Thule of Procopius was Scandinavia; the extreme northern land of Pitheas was to the N. E. of Albion. Statius in two passages calls Thule black and dark, alluding to the long wintry nights of the extreme North, and for the same reason calls it Hesperian, because the Hesperides were children of Night and Erebus, but no ancient writer has alluded to Thule as lying to the west of Scotland and Ireland. In stating therefore that the sun illuminated Thule in his course, having left the Scotch and Irish behind his back, the author of this rude poem expressly designates the position of Iceland, of which the existence was unknown on the European continent before its discovery in 861, though the name Thule was attached to it after its discovery, nor was any land before known to exist westward of Ireland; it is therefore absolutely impossible that those lines should have been written before the latter part of the ninth century. The poem resembles in style and substance the later Scandinavian sagas, and it is probably

the distinguished ruler of Atestis, the modern Este, and other Italian troops which had been placed there by

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a Latin version of some such prose narrative, and the spelling of Thule, Thile, seems to have been derived from the Scandinavian orthography Thyle. At the end of the tenth century the Scandinavians, who were previously illiterate, began to study in Italy, and the discovery of Iceland would have transpired through them. It is probable that this may be the earliest work in which the name Thule has been applied to Iceland, and it is most likely a production of the 10th century. The MS. is said to be of the 13th. The Huns are called in it Avars, which the Hungarians of the 8th century were, but not the Huns of Attila. The poem contains very little respecting Attila. Walter of Aquitaine is the hero; the Burgundian princes Gunther and Hagen, as well as Hilda (Hiltgund) a name inseparable from the Attilane narratives, are introduced, but with very little reference to Attila, except the flight of Walter and Hilda from his court. H. Palladius next alludes to a modern work concerning the actions of Attila, which he calls a tissue of falsehood and extravagance (deliramenta), and he says that under this loss of ancient documents he can only collect a few out of the many particulars which are preserved in the MSS. of his country. The tissue of falsehoods to which he alludes is undoubtedly the volume of Pigna de principibus Atestinis, and an Italian work to the same effect by the same author, (Hist. d. Princ. di Este. 1572,) published therefore 81 years before that of Palladius. Pigna states his authority to be Thomas of Aquileia, secretary of the patriarch Nicetas, who at his desire wrote a history of the events he had witnessed, and adds that the narrative translated and enlarged (explicata diffusamente) by Nicolo Casolio of Bologna then existed in the archives of the prince of Este. It is evidently a narrative concocted to flatter the princes of Este, by making Forestus prince of Este the hero of the siege, who is said therein to have defeated the Huns in every rencountre till he was killed, and to have fought a duel with Attila, whom he would have killed if the pagans had not interfered. The supposed work of the patriarch's secretary, which perhaps never existed, has been the peg whereon Casolio and Pigna hung a tissue of fictions. The Provençal translation was also rendered into Italian, and published at Venice under the title of La guerra d'Attila flagello di Dio. The Italian translator is said by Angelati (Biblioth. dei volgarizzatori, vol. 4. p. 373) to be Alepi Fino; it is

Menapus the governor of Aquileia to oppose his progress. The Huns then crossed the Sontius, and directed their whole might against Aquileia, which was at that time one of the fairest and most flourishing cities in the world, but was destined to be trampled under the relentless foot of Attila, and to become a desolation and a thing obliterated from the earth. Belenus, Felenus, or Belis had been the tutelary God of Aquileia, and, although the population was now at least nominally Christian, he was still held in great veneration as a guardian saint, if not an actual Deity. Herodian (l. 8. c. 7.) states that, when Maximin was engaged in the fruitless siege of Aquileia, before which he lost his life by the hands of his own soldiers, the besieged were encouraged by the oracles of their peculiar or provincial God Belin, or, if the word be inflected, Belis, whom they worshipped most religiously, and considered to be Apollo. The soldiers of Maximin affirmed that they beheld the likeness of the God in the air, fighting for the town, either superstitiously fancying that they saw something unusual, or making use of the fable to cover their own unwillingness. Julius Capitolinus says that the discomfiture of Maximin was foretold by the augurs of the God Belenus, who is mentioned also by Ausonius, in the line Beleni sacratum ducis ex templo genus. G. F. Palladio says that, when Maxentius was patriarch, about the year 841, a

asserted by Brunet, vol. 2. p. 134, to have been rendered by J. Marc. Barbieri, a Modenese. The work professes to be translated briefly from the Provençal version of Thomas of Aquileia. The disdain, with which Palladius rejected these fictions, gives reason to place more confidence in the particulars, which appeared to him to be authenticated by the manuscripts he had seen in the convents of Friuli.

church and monastery of Benedictine monks was built out of the ruins of the temple of the false God of the province named Bellenus, not far from Aquileia, and was named L'Abbatia della Belligna, but was afterwards abandoned on account of malaria, (P. 1. l. 3. p. 114.) The name given to the monastery and derived from that of the pagan God, out of the ruins of whose temple it was constructed, is very deserving of notice. In the same manner the temple of Flora at Brescia became the chapel of St. Floranus. These are amongst the numerous instances of the manner in which the Christians compounded with the pagans, not really converting them, but permitting the worship of their favourite idol under the licensed character of a saint. This baneful practice became a main source of the corruption of the church of Rome. The Christianity of the Aquileians must have continued in a very unsettled state, for Stephen the patriarch in 517 was an Arian, and the epitaph of Elias the patriarch, who removed the see of Aquileia to Grado, states him to have been a Manichæan, Helias Manichæorum illecebris captus. Palladius gives eight inscriptions in which Belenus * is named. The last is Apollini Beleno C. Aquileien. felix . . . . He adds that the church of St. Felix † the martyr stands where the temple of Belenus was; that the natives do not call it

* Eodem modo Latini Faunum coluere, Sabini Sancum vel Sangum, Romani Quirinum qui est Romulus, Murica fuit Dea Minturnensium, Felenus Aquileiensium. Giraldus de Dis gentium.

† Felix and Fortunatus were two Aquileians who were put to death in the reign of Diocletian, not choosing to renounce Christianity. After the destruction of Aquileia, their bodies were removed to Cividale. H. Palladio, l. 6. The name was evidently chosen to accommodate the worshippers of the heathen God

Felix, but Felus (non Felicem sed Felum) with an evident allusion, as he observes, to the ancient name of the God. He adds that there is another more certain reminiscence of Belenus, because there still exists a noble abbey of which the tutelary saint is called St. Martin, (and be it recollected that in Latin these saints were actually called Divi) but is universally called Belenus for no other reason than the recollection of the idol, which after so many centuries could not be extinguished by any rites of true religion. In fact it was the corrupt impropriety of those rites, which, by attributing divinity to the saint, nourished and appeared to justify the reminiscence of the idol. Palladius adds that in the first age of Christianity the Aquileians did not desist from worshipping Belenus with magnificent sacrifices, and were so prone to that superstition, that those who were initiated in it were a great obstacle to the spread of Christianity. Sir John Reresby, who travelled in the time of Cromwell, speaking of Venice says, "The palace of "the patriarchs is one of the first, where we saw some "ancient statues of the Roman Gods, as of Bacchus, "Mercury, Pallas, Venus, and others; as also some "little couches or beds on which the Romans used "to lie when they made feasts in honour of their Gods "(quando lectisterna faciebant). Upon these are en-"graved certain characters, signifying vows made to the "God Bellinus, formerly in great repute amongst the "Aquileians, from whom these were taken with many "other antiquities, at the razing of one of their chief "cities and a Roman colony by Attila king of the Huns."*

* Travels of Sir J. Reresby, p. 64.

This is a curious confirmation of the account given by Sabellicus and H. Palladius, that Menapus governor of Aquileia removed the valuables and furniture of the town to the Venetian isle of Gradus before he evacuated it, written by a person who does not appear to have known that Aquileia itself had been sacked by Attila. Joannes Candidus, a lawyer of Venice, whose work was published in 1521, seven years after that of Sabellicus, discredits the accounts of Menapus and Oricus, but without any reason assigned, probably from indiscriminate disgust at the Atestine forgeries. H. Palladius gives a remarkable inscription found at Aquileia, and dated a few years before its destruction. Januarius ad imminentia peccatorum flagella expectanda Aquileiensem populum verbi Dei prædicatione sanctè comparavit. Januarius who thus forewarned the inhabitants of the city of its approaching destruction by the scourge of God was patriarch before Nicetas, and died in 452 before the accomplishment of the visitation he foresaw.

§ 60. On * the approach of the enemy Menapus ordered a simultaneous sally from two gates of the town, and slew many of the Huns who had advanced incautiously, and put their van to flight. The conflict was continued for many hours, when he was at last forced to give way before the increasing numbers of the enemy, and retreated safely into the town. Attila fortified his encampment, and on the following day accompanied by a few followers is said to have reconnoitred the town. He had almost reached the river, when Menapus suddenly attacked him from the rear. Attila with

* H. Palladio.

difficulty escaped, wounded, and having lost the ornament of his helmet, and the greater part, if not the whole, of his attendants. After this hazardous encounter he became more cautious, acted more through the agency of his generals, and exposed himself less to personal danger. According to another * account, he had been in the habit of going his rounds alone and disguised, to observe the most assailable points of the city, and having been induced by the apparent silence and loneliness of the wall to approach nearer than usual, he was surprised by a body of armed men, who, having observed him, had sallied through a sewer under the walls, not knowing him to be the great king, but desirous of extorting from a hostile spy the plans of the enemy, and learning what hopes they entertained of capturing the town. They surrounded him, therefore, wishing to take him alive. He placed his back against a steep bank, so that he could only be assailed in front, and defended himself; but finding the Aquileians, who were not desirous of killing him, remiss in the attack, he suddenly sprang forward with a loud shout and slew two of them, and immediately vaulting over the wall of some buildings near the town, he escaped to his own troops. Those, who had surrounded him, reported that, while he was looking round and collecting his strength for the assault, the appearance of his eyes was in a manner celestial, and sparks of fire glanced from them, like the energy attributed by heathen writers to the eyes of their Gods. The same anecdote is related by another † historian, who states that he was on horseback, and that the cir-

* Callimachus Experiens. † Nicolas Olaus.

cumstance took place near the end of the siege, the day before he observed the departure of the stork. He also speaks of the sparks emitted from his eyes, and says that when two of the assailants had been slain by him, the rest were daunted and suffered him to depart. Menapus was a man of great activity and valour; he did not permit the Huns to enjoy a moment of rest by day or night, sometimes attacking them by surprise, sometimes openly, intercepting their foragers, capturing their stragglers, and carrying slaughter and tumult into their quarters by night. Attila at the commencement of the siege had no instruments for taking towns with him except ladders, either because his people were not skilful in the construction of engines, or because he preferred, through excess of pride, to rely on their personal exertions. A desperate attack was however made by the Huns with ladders, which was repelled by the garrison, who threw stones, fire, and boiling water, on the assailants; Menapus everywhere exerting himself, exhorting and exciting his troops, rewarding valour and punishing remissness. After a great loss of men, Attila was forced to discontinue the assault, but it was renewed day after day with no better success, till at last the Huns found it necessary to make regular and scientific approaches, throwing up a bank and constructing *vineæ*, which at that time were the usual protection of besiegers. At this period of the siege it is probable that Attila undertook the great work at Udine, which was at first called * Hunnium, and afterwards Utinum, as a

* Godfrey of Viterbo says, that the army of Attila was so great, that they heaped up a mound in the likeness of a round mountain, with earth

place of safety for his sick and wounded, and a strong depôt, whenever he might advance into Italy. The conical hill which he raised and fortified, remains to this day an imperishable monument of the immensity of his resources. All writers concerning it agree that it was fortified by Attila during the siege, * having been perhaps originally strengthened by Julius Cæsar. H. Palladius gives an ample account of it to the following effect. Attila raised it up and fortified it as a safe post during the siege, and a point of support for his future operations. During the beleaguerment of Aquileia, the concourse to Hunnium had been so great, that many had built themselves houses of wood and stone along the way to Aquileia. Attila feared that a sally from thence might overpower these defenceless houses, and he abstained from pressing the siege for a few days, while he marked out the site of a town, and surrounded it with a strong rampart and gates protected by towers. After the capture of Aquileia he built a wall on the new rampart, and raised the mound of the Julian fortress, not only the slaves and captives, but all the soldiers, bringing earth in the cavity of their shields, till it was sufficiently increased. H. Palladius had an opportunity of verifying this account, the earth having been ex-

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carried in their shields, though others assert that Julius Cæsar raised it. He adds Ego Gotfridus montem illum vidi meis temporibus bene munitum et inhabitatum. Sabellicus says those who followed Attila built Hunnium caput quadrivium et metropolim, and adds, it is sufficiently certain the arx was heaped up by the barbarians, though there may have been some natural mound which they fortified. It stands agreeably, the ground being neither marshy nor hilly. In the middle of the town arx eminens velut specula quædam erigitur.—*De Vet. Aquil. l.* 1.

* See Sabellicus de Hunnii origine.

cavated to make a tank, when the artificial nature of one side of the mound was evident, from the admixture of worked stones and fragments of tiles with the earth, and also by the discovery of an old helmet; whereas the other side of the mound consisted of dry rock.

§ 61. Having thus raised a secure defence for his own troops against the destructive sallies of the garrison, Attila pressed the siege with vigour. At the northern angle of the town stood a tower of great antiquity, which, being occupied by a strong force, very much molested Attila. Menapus had strengthened its fortifications, and made a wall and ditch in front of it. It was a great object to Attila to gain possession of this outwork, because it commanded the whole town He therefore approached his works to it, and filled the ditch with earth and stones, and tried by his archery to drive the Aquileians from the walls, while he sent light troops across the ditch to break down the wall with hatchets. Having succeeded in clearing the walls by incessant vollies of arrows, they overleaped the fosse, singing barbarian omens of victory. Menapus came immediately to the relief of the tower, and hot iron, molten lead, and blazing pitch, were thrown upon the Huns. Attila goaded on fresh troops to the attack, compelling them not only by words of command, but by the sword, to advance to certain death. But at length they gained a footing on the inner side of the fosse, and began to destroy the wall, where the mortar of the new works was not perfectly hardened, and a narrow breach was made. Menapus singly resisted in the breach, and sallied through it, followed by a great power of Aquileians, and they forced their way even to Attila himself through the flying enemy, throwing

torches and firebrands amongst them. Oricus * brother of the governor sallied at the same time through the nearest gate with the Roman cavalry, and made great havoc amongst the enemy, killing all stragglers, and increasing the disorder of the discomfited Huns. Attila immediately ordered his own cavalry to advance, and charged at their head. After a severe conflict near the villa of Menœtius, Oricus was either killed or mortally wounded, and his followers nearly all cut off. Menapus, wounded, returned through the breach in the outer wall, and some of the Huns forced their way in, but their comrades were beat off by the engines of the garrison, and he got safe into the town. Night succeeded, and the Huns continued to sap the foundations of the tower, but, being only protected by their shields, they were at last forced to fall back with great loss of men. The Aquileians however had sacrificed their whole cavalry and its leader, a loss which outweighed all the previous slaughter of the enemy, and the town was become ruinous and almost untenable. Forestus and many other valiant men had fallen in its defence. Menapus, therefore, despairing of successful resistance, as the army of Aëtius remained inactive behind the Po, and no hopes of relief were held out to him, sent by night the children and women, and the wounded men to the nearest island, Gradus, with the patriarch Nicetas and the church

* According to Palladius Oricus was killed. Sabellicus says he was wounded and removed to the isle of Gradus, and states the battle to have been fought near the villa of Menœtius. He also says that he had read that in this conflict Attila and Menapus came in contact with each other, and that Attila was unhorsed and saved by his guards, but no reliance can be placed on that tale.

utensils, being confident that the barbarians, who were unskilled in navigation, would not pursue their enemies by sea. He then attempted to repair the fortifications of the town and the wall in front of it. The third* month was now far spent,† since Attila had commenced operations against Aquileia, and yet there was no certain prospect of taking the town. His troops murmured, and began to talk of raising the siege, when he observed a stork remove its young from the long contested tower. Thereupon he turned to his soldiers, and, auguring its speedy fall from that circumstance, he exhorted them to make a most vigorous attack upon it. Having been undermined and shaken before, it was at last beat out of the perpendicular by the immense stones thrown by the engines which he had caused to be constructed. It fell in the night time with a tremendous crash, which made the whole population start out of their beds; and, if Attila had immediately attacked the city, he might have taken it in the first moment of confusion. The obscurity of the night and the ignorance of the Huns as to the actual state of the defences gave the besieged a short respite, and Menapus quickly constructed an inner fortification with mud and stones, but he was aware that such a defence could not hold out long. At day break,

* Sabellicus de Hunnii origine.

† Some writers have erroneously allotted three years to the siege. Jornandes only says that it lasted a long time, diu multoque tempore, but that does not imply years, and it is quite certain that the whole of his operations in Friuli and his advance into Italy were comprised in one season. The false tale of the triennial siege of Aquileia probably arose from the anachronism of the inaccurate Procopius, who has placed the death of Aetius before the capture of that place. Such a writer did not deserve the precise credit he has bestowed upon him.

Attila, having seen the state of things, made a bloody attack, and gained possession of the ruins of the tower; and, having driven the Aquileians behind the old wall, he began to strengthen the post, intending to use it for offensive operations against the town. Menapus now despaired of making good the defence of Aquileia; provisions were beginning to fail, and Valentinian had abandoned the outfit of a fleet which he had ordered to be equipped at Ravenna at the commencement of the siege. The governor therefore removed the greater part of his people to Gradus during the night, and placed statues or figures on the walls to look like sentinels, and prevent the enemy from noticing the evacuation of the city by the garrison. When the day broke, the Huns at first wondered at the unusual silence, but at length observing birds alight on some of the figures, they perceived that the fortifications were abandoned. They immediately forced their way through the new wall, and killed all the men, children, and aged women, who were still remaining in the town; the younger women found in it were reserved for the embraces of the conquerors. Two matrons of high rank, and distinguished for beauty and chastity, having lost their husbands during the siege, had continued day and night mourning over their tombs, and refused to leave them, when the town was evacuated. Their names were Digna and Honoria. When the defences were stormed, to escape the incontinency of the Huns, Digna ascended an adjoining tower, which stood beside the river, and, having * veiled her head, she

* A remnant of pagan customs, the veiling of the head being a ceremony attending the self-devotion of a victim to the Diis Manibus.

threw herself into it and perished. Honoria, having thrown her arms round the stone sepulchre in which the remains of her husband were interred, clung to it with such perseverance, that she could not be dragged from it, till slain by the swords of the enemy. Thus fell Aquileia, 635 years after its foundation, perhaps * the

* Ausonius, who wrote in the preceding century, makes Aquileia the ninth amongst the most distinguished cities of the empire, placing before her Rome, Constantinople, Carthage, Antioch, Alexandria, Treves, Milan, and Capua, but she had probably made rapid advances since his time, and the testimony of Herodian and Justinian is decisive as to her magnitude. Nicolas Olaus says that, on the day when Attila saw the stork carry its young to a neighbouring marsh, he made a vigorous, but unsuccessful attack; that on the following day he ordered the trappings of every fourth horse to be cast into the ditch, and then attempted to destroy the wall by fire, and prepared all his engines to batter it; but the wall, being weakened by the fire, fell with a great crash; that the Aquileians made a stout defence, but Attila sent his wounded to the camp, and brought out his reserve, and after three hours fighting the town was taken, and all, without respect to sex or age, were put to the sword, except a few of the most beautiful women who were reserved by the conquerors. The anecdote of Digna is mentioned by almost all who have written concerning the siege; that of Honoria I have seen only in H. Palladius. Callimachus writes that, on seeing the stork depart, Attila battered the tower, and in the course of three hours took the town, which was sacked, the king being exasperated at the long and obstinate defence which it had made, and he adds that 37,000 persons are said to have been slain. The accounts of Sabellicus and H. Palladius, who had access to whatever manuscripts existed in the ecclesiastical establishments of Friuli, are entitled to more credit than those of the Hungarian writers, and the relation they give is very consistent and probable. Thurocz (Chron. p. 1. c. 18) says that he put the fourth part of the horse gear under the wall. Pray rejects without cause as improbable the account given by Bionedus (Hist. Dec. 1. l. 2.) that before the evacuation the Aquileians placed all the statues in the town upon the ramparts, and that the Huns discovered the artifice by the birds alighting upon them. Bionedus pro-

greatest town in the West after Rome. Almost all the writers, who mention its overthrow, say that it was completely burnt and demolished, so that the barbarians seemed desirous of obliterating every vestige of its existence, but many circumstances contradict that assertion, which has been hastily adopted by modern historians. Aquileia is frequently mentioned as existing after the departure of Attila, and it is certain that the patriarchs continued to dwell there till the time of the invasion of the Lombards, from whom the last calamity of the town proceeded. Justinian, long after the time of Attila, calls Aquileia the greatest of all the cities of the West, as if it were still existing. Many particulars * indeed are known concerning Aquileia, down to the period of the removal of the see. Nicetas, the patriarch, returned from Gradus, after the retreat of Attila, and exerted himself to restore the church and the town. The fugitives began to reassemble from different quarters, and many of them, having been supposed to have died in the war, found their wives provided with other husbands. This led to a correspondence between Nicetas and Pope Leo, the patriarch complaining that many of the women had remarried, knowing that their husbands were in captivity,

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bably obtained the anecdote from the writers of Friuli. The absurd story of three years duration to the siege has been propagated by Diaconus Gest. Rom. l. 15. and Flavius Blondus 1. l. 2. and others. Desericius (De init. &c. l. 4. pt. 2. c. xii.) makes it last from 452 to 454. The best chronicles are decisive as to the date of the siege. Belius in his notes to Calanus c. 15. suggests that it probably lasted three months. Tillemont (Hist. imp. tom. vii.) makes the time much shorter, for he says that Leo returned to Rome on the 10th of July, after having concluded the peace with Attila, which can scarcely be correct.

* See G. Franc. Palladio Hist. del Friuli. 1660.

and not expecting them to return. Leo exculpated the women who really believed their husbands to be dead, and condemned the others as guilty of adultery, but he ordered all to return to their first husbands * under pain of excommunication. He directed those who had been baptized by heretics, not having been before baptized, to be confirmed by imposition of hands as having taken the form of baptism without the sanctification, but he forbad rebaptism. The heretics alluded to were the Sabellians and Arians, of whom there were many in the army of Attila, and who appear to have made common cause with the pagans. The whole letter of Leo is extant, and proves that Nicetas did not fall, as has been asserted, in the siege. He died about the year 463,† and his statue and epitaph were placed in the patriarchal hall at Udine.

§ 62. During the siege detachments from the army

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* He ordered the ladies who had been the unfortunate victims of barbarian outrage to do penance, with a singular reason assigned, quia id forsan sine aliquâ corporis voluptate fieri non potuit.

† Marcellianus succeeded him, and died in 480. Marcellinus was the next patriarch, and a Latin inscription in the hall at Udine states that he restored the church and patriarchal palace of Aquileia, which had been destroyed by the Huns. Stephen succeeded in 517. In 539 Narses quartered his army in Aquileia, and furthered the restoration of its buildings, erected several towers, and rebuilt part of the walls. Macedonius was the next patriarch, in whose time (A. D. 554) a synod of Italian prelates was held at Aquileia, which is mentioned by Paulus. Paulinus succeeded in 555, Probinus in 572, and Elias in 574. Under the authority of Pope Pelagius in 580, he removed the see from Aquileia to Grado, where a synod was held, by which Grado was declared to be the metropolitan see of Venice and Istria. The rescript of Pelagius confirming that declaration is extant. The violence of the Lombards occasioned the removal, and from that moment, not from the days of Attila, dates the final decay of Aquileia.

of Attila carried devastation far and wide in the adjoining territory, and treason was at work to betray into his hands several of the cities of Italy. Treviso, then Tarvisium,* is said to have been yielded to the Huns through the means of its bishop Helinundus, who was probably inclined to the Arians, and of Araicus Tempestas, and Verona to have been given up by Diatheric or Theodoric, who has been celebrated in various Scandinavian and German romances under the name of Thidrek of Bern, meaning Verona, and has been much confounded with Theodoric the great, afterwards king of Italy, who was not then born. After the demolition of Aquileia, Attila marched immediately against Concordia, a flourishing town, of which the ruler Janus (who has become the hero of an Italian, perhaps originally a Provençal, romance) had probably molested him during the siege. Janus, with his wife Ariadne, fled to the nearest islands, and the conqueror entered and annihilated the deserted city. One church, that of St. Stephen, and a few cottages were the only remains of Concordia† at the end of the 15th century. Attila

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* See Juvencus Calanus Dalmata. Nic. Olaus and Callimachus Experiens call the priest of Tarvisium Helmundus præsul or antistes, and the latter calls Diathericus Diamericus wrongly. J. Bonifacio, in the history of Tarvisium in Italian (l. 4. p. 197) states that Heliundus or Helviandus was bishop of that place, and by a speech to the people persuaded the Tarvisians to throw themselves on the mercy of Attila, and surrender their fortifications; and he mentions a distinguished individual of the family of Tempestas, called Articus. Pius Nic. Garellius, in a letter published by Belius in his Adparatus ad Hist. Hung. proposes to read Artuicus for Araicus in Juv. Calanus.

† Sabellicus Aquil. edit. Franc. p. 54 & 77, first printed in 1514. G. F. Palladio states that marbles, vases, mosaic pavements, and inscrip-

next exterminated Altinum. Patavium (Padua), Cremona, Vincentia (Vicenza), Mediolanum (Milan), Brixia (Brescia), and Bergomum (Bergamo), were successively captured. The fugitives from Aquileia had established themselves in the isle of Gradus, the Concordians fled to Crapulæ, afterwards Caorli, the Altinates to Torcellum, Maiorbium, and Amorianum, and the Paduans to Rivus altus, which is now nearly the centre of Venice, and is recognized in the modern name of the Rialto. The foundations of the bright city of the waters was then laid, upon the sedgy islands that fringed the Adriatic, by the refugees from the various towns of Italy that were dismantled by the barbarian. Valentinian had fled from his palace at Ravenna to the protection of the eternal city, and Attila, while besieging Padua, or at a later period of his progress, is said to have received John the Arian bishop of Ravenna, who came with his clergy in white robes to solicit his mercy for their town and its population, and perhaps* to offer him the assistance of

tions, were in his time (the 17th century) still turned up on the site of Concordia.

* The Acta Sanctorum (tom. 2. ad diem xxi Januar.) give a long account of this interview. Attila says that he is the scourge of God, and the bishop of Ravenna, like him of Troyes, answers that he dares not resist the holy visitation. See also Card. Riccobaldus Ravenn. Eccl. canon. act. 8. l. tom. 1. Thuroez Chron. c. 20 says, that John, the bishop of Ravenna, polluted with the Arian perfidy, had made twelve cardinals of his sect in opposition to the Catholics, and went out with his clergy in white robes, and offered, if he would adhere to the Arian creed, to reduce all Italy under his authority. Nicolas Olaus places the event after the capture of Ferrara, and before the taking of Pavia. He describes John as a virulent Arian, who had created twelve cardinals in defiance of the Pope to disseminate his doctrines. Callimachus states that it took place later, after he had ravaged the country south of the Po.

the Arians to subjugate all Italy without a conflict, if he would adopt their faith. He is said to have answered that he would spare the town, but would throw down their gates and trample them under the feet of his cavalry, that the inhabitants might not in their vanity imagine their own strength to have been the cause of their preservation. On his march to Concordia, Attila is said to have met some* mountebanks, who, in the hope of obtaining money, jumped with singular skill and agility amongst some swords which were artfully arranged. Thinking the employment despicable for men who had evidently sufficient bodily power and activity to use the sword efficiently in warfare, he ordered them to be covered with armour and to imitate him in vaulting on horseback with the weight of metal on them, which they proved unable to perform; neither could they bend the bow properly, nor fix the arrow in the string. He therefore ordered their well-fed bodies to be reduced by spare diet and exercise, and enrolled them amongst his recruits. After the capture of Padua, a distinguished poet named† Marullus the Calabrian, and

* Nicolas Olaus. Callimachus Experiens relates the same anecdote in other words, the two passages appearing to have been variously rendered from one original, which was probably an extract from the lost work of Priscus.

† In Moreri's dictionary, and in an article evidently borrowed from him in the French Encyclopædia, this person is called Tacitus Marullus, but I have not been able to discover from what source the name Tacitus has been derived. It cannot have been forged for no purpose, and seems to imply access to some extract at least from the MS. of Priscus which has not been given to the public. The name Tacitus is not to be found in the extant works of any known ancient writer concerning these affairs. I have examined the three old editions of Callimachus,

who was probably the same person whose poem detailing the latter part of the siege of Troy which had been "left

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but he is styled Marullus Calaber in all of them. He is so called by Nicolas Olaus, and Attilano Marullo della Calabria by G. F. Palladio. It is difficult to understand how the name Tacitus should have crept into Moreri without any foundation. The identity of this Marullus with the poet called Quintus Calaber, has been suggested by the author of Nimrod, vol. 3. p. 113, to which the reader is referred, but he does not give sufficient reasons. It may be further observed, that Herman in his edition of the Argonautics of Orpheus, has proved, by internal evidence of style, that both that work and the Paraleipomena of Quintus Calaber, were written in the century wherein Attila flourished. The assertion that Marullus was a Calabrian and a very distinguished poet is nearly a sufficient identification, for there was no other distinguished poet of that period, certainly not two distinguished Calabrians. The name Quintus, which has descended to us coupled with the designation, is only a prænomen, and the appellation Quintus Calaber is only equivalent to John of Antioch, or Thomas of Ereildoune, leaving the family name unmentioned. Further, the author of the Paraleipomena, l. 12. v. 310, speaks of having fed the sheep of Diana in her consecrated territory at Smyrna. The commentator Pauw believed that he actually attended upon sheep, of which there was a breed, as he says, at Smyrna with very fat tails! Others imagined that he had a flock of young pupils; but the words have evident reference to a passage at the beginning of the Theogonia of Hesiod, v. 23, in which he says that the Muses instructed him in holy song while feeding his lambs under sacred Helicon. Hesiod has also been supposed to have been a shepherd, on account of those lines, by which he seems merely to have meant, that he was plodding along the simple path of life, and providing for the necessities of the body, till the aspirations of the Muses, as afterwards expressed, gave him a new existence. Quintus Calaber says that he fed them at Smyrna, because that was the reputed birth-place of Homer. It is known that Ennius, the Calabrian poet of the Messapian family (Ennius antiquo Messapi ab origine regis. *Sil. Ital.)*, pretended to be Homer himself, and consequently Pythagoras by a later incarnation or metempsychosis (Mæonides Quintus pavone a Pythagoreo. *Pers.*); and it seems that the author of the Paraleipomena, in assuming the name Quintus the Calabrian, and asserting that he fed sheep at Smyrna in his

untold by the blind bard of Greece," has descended to us under the name of Quintus Calaber, recited a poem in his praise, which gave him such offence, because it referred his origin to the gods of Greece and Rome, that he ordered it to be burnt and the poet put to death, but he remitted the latter part of the sentence. This anecdote, which was probably extracted from the MS. of Priscus, has been misunderstood by those who imagined from it that he repudiated divine honours, whereas the offence was the connecting him with a worship he detested, and with Bacchus or some other deity of the Pelasgians. Herodotus relates that Scylas, king of the Scythians, was beheaded by his own subjects in Borysthenes, and his palace, which was adorned with marble sphinxes and gryphons, fulminated and burnt by the

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earliest youth, meant to lay claim to an identity with Homer and Ennius, and to insinuate that their souls and their gift of song had passed into his body. That he was a heathen appears by the tenor of his poem, and therefore he was likely to have been one of those who hailed the dominion of Attila with satisfaction. It may be also remarked, that the Argonautics of Orpheus, written certainly about this period, have very much the appearance of a poem framed to be recited at the court of Attila, the course of navigation attributed to the ship Argo through an inland sea (called the sea of Saturn) to the Baltic and British Channel and through the Straits of Gibraltar, being rather suited to the ears of the Goths and Huns than of a Grecian or Latin audience. The designation Attilano Marullo della Calabria, poeta insigne di quella età, given by G. F. Palladio to the poet who had disgusted Attila, is singular, for it seems to imply that he had, in consequence of having written the poem in question, assumed the prænomen Attilanus, as the name of Quintus may have been assumed with reference to the Homeric poem. The construction of the Italian language would not admit the introduction of an adjective without an article before the name Marullo, and the word Attilano must have been meant as part of his appellation, and not as descriptive of him.

god of the Scythians, because he adopted the Bacchic rites, which were held in abhorrence amongst them. That furnishes an explanation to the indignation of Attila.

§ 63. During the attack of Florence,* a statue of the god Mars, which notwithstanding the edict of Cæsar still occupied an elevated station in the town, having been, however, removed from the temple which was dedicated to St. John, fell into the Arno, probably knocked down by the engines of the besiegers. At Vincentia Attila met with a stout resistance, and, finding his men hesitate, he leaped into the fosse, and wading through the water, which was breast-deep, led them to the assault, and was the first who scaled the rampart. But at Brixia he met with more dangerous opposition, and received a wound in the hand, which induced him to consign† that city to more complete destruction than the rest of the conquered places. Yet Brixia was a town in which paganism appears to have lingered particularly. The temple of Flora had been converted into a church dedicated to St. Floranus, to accommodate the heathens who adhered to their tutelary divinity, furnishing, like the dedication of the temple of Belis, or Felus, to St. Felix at Aquileia, one of the many instances in which the Church of Rome compromised with the pagans, whom it admitted within its pale without really converting them from idolatry, thus laying the foundation of its own corruption; but, in the Triumpline valley hard by, the iron statue of the

* John Villani Hist. Florent. He calls Attila, Totila King of the Huns, flagellum Dei.

† Nicolas Olaus. According to some accounts he twice taken and spared the town.

god Tyllinus had escaped amidst the general destruction of idols, and remained after the days of Attila. Milan submitted to the conqueror, and a curious anecdote is related in a fragment of Priscus, for the preservation of which we are indebted to his having used an uncommon word for a bag, which caused it to be quoted by the lexicographer Suidas. Attila* having observed in Milan a picture of the Roman emperors seated upon a throne of gold, and Scythians prostrate before them, ordered himself to be painted on a throne, and the Roman emperors bearing sacks on their shoulders and pouring out gold from them at his feet. After inflicting this lesson upon the pride of the Cæsars he continued his victorious career, plundering Ticinum (Pavia), Mantua, Placentia, Parma, and Ferrara, and, as Jornandes asserts, demolished almost all Italy, which gives some colour to the improbable assertion of the Hungarian† writers, that he despatched his general Zowar to ravage Apulia, Calabria, and the whole coast of the Adriatic, destroying a town named Catona, as having been founded by Cato. Geminianus,‡ bishop of Mutina (Modena), afterwards sanctified, is said to have played the same game as Lupus and John of Ravenna, and by submission to have conciliated the favour of the invader and saved the town. Attila is particularly stated to have laid waste Æmilia (which must mean the country traversed by the via Æmilia, between Aquileia and Rimini, Pisa and Tor-

* Suidas ad vocem Korucos. † Thurocz, Nic. Olaus, and others.

‡ Sigonius Imp. Occ. Nicolas Olaus says that it was destroyed. There is a tradition that at the prayer of Geminianus it was enveloped in so dense a mist that the Huns could not discover it. Ritius states that Attila, after his interview with Leo, re-entered Ravenna and put its bishop, John, to death.

tona) and Marchia, which has been explained to signify the territory of Bergamo, but was in truth used to designate the March of Ancona. Ferrara is said to have been destroyed, though, perhaps, at an earlier period of the campaign.

§ 64. Thus far had Attila proceeded without meeting any material obstacle after the reduction of Aquileia, but Aëtius had probably a considerable force under his command for the protection of Rome, and, since the Huns had crossed the Po, he had not ceased to hang upon their flanks, and to take every opportunity of cutting off their stragglers. A course of desultory victories and continual plunder had probably contributed to relax the discipline and diminish the numbers of the army of Attila. He deliberated whether or not to proceed against Rome, and such deliberations generally end by the adoption of the weaker counsel. Evil forebodings had become prevalent amongst his vassal kings, who represented to him that Alaric had not long survived the invasion and plunder of the Romulean capital, and the mind of Attila appears at that time to have been influenced by a vague superstitious apprehension. He halted, as the later * authorities assert near the confluence of the Mincio and the Po, but it has been presumed from the relation of Jornandes who names the place Acroventus Mambulettas where the Mincio is forded by travellers, that it must have been where the great Roman road crossed the river at Ardelica, the modern Peschiera, near the point where it issues † from the Benacus or Lago di Garda, close to

* [illegible]

† [illegible] Mincio [illegible] the Benacus, [illegible] the lake Benacus [illegible]

the farm of Virgil, and the Sirmian peninsula of Catullus. It is however by no means improbable that the river might have been forded at some place to the south of Mantua, though the opinion of Maffei has led to the supposition that the place designated was close to Peschiera. Governolo, near the confluence of the Mincio and the Po, is a much more probable situation for the halt of Attila, after having ravaged the southern banks of the Po; for if he had actually fallen back as far as the Benacus before he received the embassy, he must have previously abandoned the prosecution of his enterprize, which is not even surmised by any writer on the subject. While he was hesitating, whether to advance and attempt the complete subjugation of Rome, or to give way to the forebodings of his advisers,* Zowar is said to have returned with great plunder from the coast of the Adriatic, and at the same moment an embassy from Valentinian, who had despatched Leo the pope or bishop of Rome, Avienus † a man of consular dignity, and the prætorian

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reservoir from which the Mincio flows into the Po. The word Mambulcio in Jornandes is corrected by Valesius Rer. F. l. 4. and Ortelius App. Geograph. into Ambulejo, hodie Governum oppidum. Gaudentius Merula de antiq. Gall. Cisalp. l. 2. c. 17. says, that on the banks of the Mincius, which flows out of the Benacus, is a town, which we now call Governum, in which place Attila met Leo. Governolo is south of Mantua, near the point where the Mincio falls into the Po. The words of Jornandes are "in Acroventu Mambuleio ubi Mincius commeantium frequentatione transitur." See also Blondus Ital. illustrata 1474, who states the interview to have taken place at Governolo.

* Nic. Olaus.

† Prosper is the authority for the presence of Avienus and Trigetius. Carpileo and Cassiodorius were certainly with them. The words of Jornandes seem to imply that Leo was there of his own accord and on his own authority. Gennadius Avienus, of the family of the Corvini, is

præfect Trigetius, arrived at the camp of Attila. Leo is stated by his biographer * and some other writers to

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mentioned by Sidonius to have been at the time of Count Ricimer's marriage in 468, a man of advanced age and great influence, having however risen to the consulship by good fortune rather than by merit. In the Saturnalia of Macrobius, there is mention of a youth of great promise named Avienus. "Verecundiam Avieni probi adolescentis juva." Sat. 6. c. 17. "Mi Aviene, instituenda est adolescentia tua, quæ ita docilis est, ut discenda præripiat." Sat. 7. c. 3. If the author of the Saturnalia assumed the apparently mystic name of Aurelius Ambrosius Theodosius Macrobius after the death of Stilicho and the dispersion of his accomplices and wrote at that period, the Avienus he mentions might have been 60 at the time of the embassy and perhaps the identical person. There was about this period a distinguished Avienus surnamed Rufus Festus, whose translations of Aratus and the Periegesis of Dionysius and some original poems including one called Ora Maritima are still extant. In a little poem concerning himself, he says that he dwelt at Rome, was in the flower of youth, and had been twice proconsul. He is said to have flourished in the times of Theodosius the younger, Marcian, and Leo the Thracian. Fabr. Bibl. Lat. v. 3. p. 151. In all the chronicles and fasti collected by Roncallius, Padua 1787, the consul is styled simply Avienus, except in the last by Joseph Maria Stampa where he is named Gennadius Avienus. Onufrius Panvinius in his Capitoline fasti styles him Gennadius Valerius Corvinus Avienus, and he is said to be so styled in an old inscription. Onufrius mentions a consul Rufus Magnus Faustus Avienus senior in 501, and a junior with the same names in 502.

* Acta Sanctorum, t. 1. April. 11. See also Nic. Olaus. It is worthy of observation that at this period the appellation of Pope was not confined to the Bishop of Rome, but that all bishops, many of whom were styled patriarchs, were addressed by the title of papa, which meant father even in the time of Homer. The bishop of Rome certainly exercised metropolitan jurisdiction over the bishops of all the Western empire granted to him in 445. Novell. Theodos. tit. 24. I find a constitution of Theod. and Valent. addressed to Aëtius master of the forces and patrician, ordering that the bishops of Gaul and the other provinces shall do nothing against the old custom, without authority of the venerable pope of the eternal city, on the complaint of Leo against Hilarius

have thrown himself at the feet of Attila, and to have delivered a speech of the most abject and unconditional

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bishop of Arles. The preamble recites that the holy synod had confirmed the authority of the primate of Rome, and that Hilarius had improperly removed bishops, and ordained others against the wish of the citizens. The authority therefore of Leo over the bishops even of the Western empire was not considered to be of primitive and divine authority, but established by the emperor and confirmed by a synod. Dioscorus bishop of Alexandria excommunicated pope Leo. In the proceedings of the general synod of Chalcedon, as detailed by Evagrius, l. 2. c. 4, bishops Paschatius and Lucentius, and Boniface a presbyter, represented Leo archbishop of the great and elder Rome as president (proedros) of the Western, Anatolius presiding (proedreuontos) over the Constantinopolitane, church. In the course of the proceedings, the synod are stated to have exclaimed, The pope Leo believes thus; Cyrillus hath believed thus. The pope has thus expounded; and afterwards they exclaimed, Anatolius believes so also. Leo protested against the equal authority given to Anatolius by the synod of Chalcedon, not however alleging divine right. See Novell. Valent. tit. 17. Leo ep. ad Marcian. Pulcher. Anatol. It seems as if the pretensions of Leo had given some umbrage to the emperor, for I find in Valent. Nov. tit. 12, given at Rome 17 Mai. 452, Herculano cons. a peremptory denial of any jurisdiction of bishops in causes between clergy and laymen, or in any matters except of religion; a direction to all slaves who may have been ordained, unless they be bishops or presbyters, to return to their condition of slavery; and a declaration that no slave shall be ordained or admitted to be a monk so to avoid his bondage, and that clerks exercising any trade or business shall lose the privilege of clergy. The promulgation of this decree immediately after Leo had been reckoned to have saved the empire, seems to indicate personal jealousy. Leo I. was made pope in 440 and died in 461. The bishop of Rome exercised metropolitan jurisdiction over all the bishops of the Western empire, and, when the limbs of that empire were gradually detached previous to its final dissolution, the different tribes that overrun and possessed themselves of its various provinces did not persecute or interfere with the clergy, but generally after a short time were baptized into their faith, and even Attila did not destroy or remove them, but seems rather to have tried to corrupt them, and make them service-

submission. He is made to say, after the manner of Lupus, that evil men had felt his scourge, and to pray that the suppliants who addressed him might feel his clemency. That the senate and Roman people, once conquerors of the world, but now defeated, humbly asked pardon and safety from Attila the king of kings; that nothing amid the exuberant glory of his great actions, could have befallen him more conducive to the present lustre of his name or to its future celebrity, than that the people, before whose feet all nations and kings had lain prostrate, should now be suppliant before his. That he had subdued the whole world, since it had been granted to him to overthrow the Romans, who had conquered all other nations. That they prayed him who had subdued all things to subdue himself; that, as he had surpassed the summit of human glory, nothing could render him more like to Almighty God, than to will that security should be extended through his protection

able to his views. Hence it happened, that, although the civil authority became vested in some barbarian conqueror, the original connexion between the bishops and the see of Rome received no interruption; and they continued to correspond with him without any objection on the part of their illiterate rulers, not from any disturbance of the civil peace, but merely because he had been the metropolitan while the empire was entire, and, under the peculiar circumstances of its dissolution, no offence was taken at the continuance of the intercourse which had subsisted between him and the provincial bishops or patriarchs. The opinion that the supremacy of the Roman pontiff is a doctrine of religion does not appear at this period to have entered into the mind of a single individual, though he protested to the patriarch of the metropolitan of Constantinople, that it was called the younger Rome and to me was not of a part [illegible] [illegible] that [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

to the many whom he had subdued. The letters however of Leo, which are extant, upon various subjects chiefly connected with church discipline, seem to testify a right-judging and upright mind, and render it very improbable that he should have debased himself and the government which he then represented by such mean and contemptible adulation. Whether he addressed the mighty Hun in the language of abject submission, or strove to conciliate him by a more rational and dignified appeal, he was completely successful in obtaining the object of his mission. The king is said to have stood silent and astonished, moved by veneration at the appearance, and affected by the tears, of the pontiff; and, when he was afterwards questioned by his vassals, why he had conceded so much to the entreaties of Leo, to have answered that he did not reverence him, but had seen another man in sacerdotal raiment, more august in form and venerable from his grey hairs, who held a drawn sword,* and threatened him with instant death, unless he granted every thing that Leo demanded. The vision was reputed to be that of † St. Peter, and according to Nicolas Olaus he saw two figures, who were reported to have been St. Paul and St. Peter. This celebrated anecdote, the memory of which is said to have been made illustrious by the works of Raphael and Algarve, is to be looked upon as an ecclesiastical fiction, but Attila seems to have been alarmed by a superstitious dread of the fate which overtook Alaric speedily after the subjugation of Rome. A joke ‡ is related as having been prevalent against Attila amongst his followers, founded

* Sigonius, Sabellicus, Callimachus. † Sigebert chron. ‡ Sigonius.

on the names of the two bishops Lupus and Leo, that as in Gaul he had yielded to the wolf, he now gave way before the lion. He had probably more weighty reasons for his retreat, than the venerable aspect of the lion, the visions of the apostles, or the fate of the Gothic conqueror. His army was enervated by the sack of the Italian towns, and a grievous * pestilence had thinned its ranks; the devastation of the country had rendered it difficult to obtain subsistence, and his troops were suffering from famine, as well as disease; the recollection of Radagais, who had not long before in the plenitude of his power been starved into unconditional surrender on the heights of Fæsulæ, may have furnished him with rational grounds of apprehension, while the army of Aëtius, † fresh and unbroken, was hanging upon his skirts, intercepting his foragers, cutting off his stragglers, and watching opportunity to inflict some more important

* **Idatius. Idatius speaks of the aids of Marcian as having contributed to occasion his retreat. If he meant to say that Marcian had actually made a diversion by entering Pannonia, it is extremely improbable, for no war is mentioned as having taken place between Attila and Marcian, and no remonstrance as having been made on account of any such inroad, but it is very likely that Marcian was arming, and that he may have advanced his forces so as to threaten Attila's fortifications at Hunnium (Udine) and cause some uneasiness lest he should interpose between the army of the Hunnish king and his dominions. It is evident from the account of Priscus that Marcian had committed no overt act, for Attila's cause of complaint against him immediately afterwards was confined to the non-payment of tribute. See Priscus, p. 64.**

† Sigonius states that the whole country between the Alps and the Apennines was laid waste by flight, depopulation, slaughter, slavery, fire, and despair being on all sides, the avarice, cruelty, and lust of the barbarians making most strict inquiry, search, and ravage. But that Aëtius had a very great army of Romans and barbarians mercenaries, so that he might have encountered Attila on equal terms, and that the forces of

injury. An ample donation of gold, according to the base practice of that period, was probably added to the causes which induced Attila to forego for that season at least the attack of Rome; and he consented to withdraw his forces, threatening however that he would return in the ensuing spring to inflict the most determined vengeance on the Romans, unless Honoria and her portion of the imperial inheritance were conceded to him. Cassiodorius and Carpileo probably transacted the details of the treaty after the first audience of the ambassadors. Theodoric king of Italy,* in a rescript to the Roman senate, announcing the elevation of M. A. Cassiodorius to the

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Attila were exhausted by famine and disease; that Attila was advancing along the Æmilian road, that is from Aquileia to Rimini, and Aëtius had moved forwards to the borders of Cisalpine Gaul, that is to Rimini and the Rubicon to give him battle. It does not appear that Attila advanced further south than Ravenna, from whence he perhaps declined to Reggio and Modena instead of advancing to encounter Aëtius. St. Geminianus bishop of Mutina is stated to have declared that he would not resist the scourge of God, (See Acta S. S.) though it is also said that the town was hid from the Huns by a thick fog, in consequence of his prayers. I apprehend the truth to be that Attila finding his army not in a state to risk a pitched battle with Aëtius on the banks of the Rubicon, fell back to Governolo behind the Po, and paused there to deliberate on his further proceedings and reunite his forces, and that he was rejoiced at having an opportunity of conceding to the submissive mission of Valentinian that which circumstances in fact rendered necessary. The forces of Zowar, which are said to have returned from Apulia just before the arrival of the embassy, were probably light troops who had been sent forward along the Æmilian road near the coast, and had fallen back on the advance of Aëtius. Their having penetrated as far as Apulia and Calabria is scarcely credible, unless they had been despatched in boats from Ravenna to make a descent on the coast to the south of Rome, but the campaign did not last long enough to render such operations likely.

* Cass. Variar. l. 1. ep. 4. Senatui urbis Romæ Theodoricus rex.

patriciate, asserts that the conclusion of the peace was mainly attributable to the skill and intrepidity of the elder Cassiodorius his father. He speaks in high praise of him, saying that his mental qualities were equal to those of Aëtius, and that on account of his wisdom and glorious exertions on behalf of the state he was associated with that distinguished commander, and was therefore deputed with Carpileo son of Aëtius to "Attila the armipotent." "Fearless (continues Theodoric) he be-"held the man who was dreaded by the empire; con-"fiding in the truth he disregarded his terrible and "threatening countenance. He found the king haughty, "but left him appeased; and so completely overthrew "his calumnious allegations by the force of truth, that "he disposed him to seek conciliation, whose interest "was not to be at peace with a state so wealthy. By "his firmness he raised up the timid party, nor could "those be looked upon as faint-hearted, who were de-"fended by such fearless negociators. He returned "with a treaty, which the nation had despaired of ob-"taining." Theodoric bears no mean testimony to the magnanimity of Attila, when he asserts, that the truth spoken by a foe could disarm him in the full career of his hostility. Cassiodorius, to whom we are indebted for the preservation of Theodoric's account of his father's distinguished ability in conducting the negociation, says in his chronicle * that pope Leo made the peace under the direction of Valentinian.

§ 65. Whether or not Honoria was afterwards delivered up to Attila is a point that admits of doubt, though

* Cum quo a Valentiniano [illegible] Papa Leo [illegible]

no mention of her having been given to him is made by the Roman writers; but the * Hungarians speak of a son Chaba borne to him by Honoria after his death. Nothing is recorded concerning her after this period, and she most probably died in prison, unless, having been sent to him, she finished her life amongst the heathens. She was not amongst the ladies of the imperial family whom Genseric afterwards carried off from the sack of Rome to Africa. The steps which had been taken on the discovery of the correspondence of Honoria with Attila are buried in oblivion with the lost work of Priscus, but the expression of Jornandes that Attila asserted that Honoria had done (or, strictly, admitted) nothing which should disqualify her from marrying him, induces me to believe that she was immediately compelled to undergo a mock ceremony of marriage, probably never consummated, for the purpose of preventing her union with him. A medal has been preserved, and engraved by Angeloni, in which she bears the title of Augusta, which was perhaps struck at this time to appease and gratify Attila, for at no other time was Valentinian likely to have permitted it. After the pacification had been concluded between Attila and the Roman legates, he fell back with his whole force towards Pannonia. At the passage of the Lycus or Lech, a fanatical † woman, perhaps one of the prophetesses who are described as always accompanying the Hunnish armies, is said to have suddenly crossed his path, and, seizing hold of the bridle of his horse, to have three times cried out, Back, Attila!

* Thurocz Chron. l. c. 23. He also mentions Aladarius a son of Attila by Krymheyleh or Crim-Hilda. † Callimachus Experiens.

but notwithstanding that warning he continued his course to his Hungarian capital, from whence he was never again to take the field against the Romans.

§ 66. Having returned home, * Attila sent an embassy to Marcian to demand tribute, whereupon Apollonius was despatched across the Danube from Constantinople to appease his anger. It does not appear whether he pacified him by gifts at that time, but money was probably paid. Jornandes † states that Attila proceeded afterwards by a different route from that which he had before followed to re-enter Gaul, and again attempt the reduction of the Alans on the Loire; but that Torismond king of the Visigoths was prepared to assist them, and defeated him once more on the same Catalaunian plain, forcing him to return home ingloriously. Notwithstanding the assertion of that writer, who lived in the century next after the events he related, the concurrent testimony of the Roman Chronicles, and the date of Attila's death make it certain that the story was as false, as it is improbable. It must have originated in the circumstance of king Torismond having succeeded to the throne during the victory of Chalons, which might therefore have been truly said to have been gained first by Theodoric, and after his fall by Torismond; and an interval of time being erroneously placed between the exploits of the father and the son, the same events were supposed to have occurred again at a later period. Gregory of Tours however relates that the Alans themselves were defeated by Torismond not long before his

* Priscus, p. 49.

† De bell. Get. c. 43. The account of Jornandes is followed by Sigebert.

death, which took place in this same * year, but he makes no mention of any Huns in Gaul at that period.

§ 67. If the life of the Hunnish conqueror had been prolonged many years beyond this time, it appears as certain, as any event that human foresight can anticipate by the consideration of existing things and past experience, that the Roman empires of the West and East must erelong have been reduced to unconditional surrender of their authority, and that, without the intervention of some great and unexpected deliverance, Christianity, which had so lately become the law of the empire, must have been nearly stifled in Europe; but it pleased the Divine wisdom to cut short the life of Attila at the very moment, when the predictions concerning the termination of the Roman power, at the expiration of its 1200th year, seemed about to be accomplished by his elevation to the thrones of both Cæsars, and the revelation of Antichrist was expected in his person; and with his life the mighty fabric which he had consolidated was immediately dissolved. The innumerable † offspring of his multifarious concubinage claimed participation in the inheritance of his power. They did not however succeed in wresting it from the children of Creca, who were his lawful successors, but the great warriors amongst his

* Prosper Aquit. A. D. 453. The American novelist Cooper, speaks of an old fortification called the Heidenmaur near Limberg, which tradition states to have been occupied by Attila in the season preceding his invasion of Italy: an evident inaccuracy, though its occupation might have preceded the campaign in Gaul, not however by himself, but by some of his tributaries; and it may have been retained as an advanced post after he had withdrawn his forces from Gaul, even to the time of his death.

† Jornandes states that from the abundance of his licentiousness, his progeny were almost a people.

vassal kings were too valiant and preponderant to be long constrained by influence less authoritative, than that of Attila. The Gothic kings threw off the yoke; and Gepidian Arderic, who had been the faithful counsellor and companion of Attila, and the bulwark of his authority, struck the fatal blow to that of the young princes, whom he defeated in a great battle near the river Netad, which is not identified, and took possession of all Dacia. From that moment the ascendancy of the Huns was utterly extinguished. Ellac, the eldest of the princes fell in the battle, and Dengisich and Irnach fled to the shores of the Euxine. In the following year (455) Dengisich having the chief power amongst the Huns, in concert with Irnach, attacked the Goths as refractory vassals, but they were utterly defeated by Walamir, and a small remnant escaped to the strong defences called Hunniwar in Pannonia. Irnach * fled into Asia to a part of the Hunnish dominions called lesser Scythia, and his subsequent career was too insignificant to have been recorded. Odoacer, † who was destined to put an end to the Roman empire in the West a few years after, was a person of no great distinction in the Hunnish court at the time of the death of Attila; and Theodoric, soon afterwards king of Italy, was born from a concubine of one of the Gothic kings two years after his death nearly on the day of the victory gained over the Huns by Walamir. The account of a cotemporary ‡ writer preserved by Photius, states that he was the son of Walamir, who had prognosticated the future greatness of his son, by the emission of sparks from his body, a phenomenon by

* Jornandes bell. Get. c. 50.

† The Greeks accented his name on the second o, and his name was probably Odóacr. ‡ Damasc. in vit. Isidori. Phot. cod. 242.

which the horse of Tiberius and the ass of Severus, (probably Libius Severus) are said by him to have presignated the elevation of their riders. Malchus and some other writers call him the son of Theodemir. Gibbon has followed the latter, and does not appear to have known the doubt which exists on the subject. A coin of Theodoric having the head of Zeno on the reverse, appears to testify, that, like Odoacer, he held the crown of Italy in nominal subordination at least to the Eastern emperor.

§ 68. The particulars of the death of Attila are involved in considerable obscurity. The chronicler Marcellinus, who wrote in the next century, asserts that he was murdered by a concubine, suborned by the patrician Aëtius, and indeed it is difficult to believe that any great act of political villainy should have been committed at that time without the privity of that unprincipled statesman. Jornandes cites from the lost history of Priscus, that Attila, according to the custom of his nation, (probably meaning only the privilege of its kings) having added to the innumerable multitude of his wives a very beautiful girl called Hildico, which is merely another form of the name Hilda, after indulging in great hilarity at the wedding, lay upon his back oppressed with wine and sleep; that a redundancy of blood, which gushed from his nose, having found a passage into his throat, put an end to his life by suffocation; and that inebriety thus terminated all his glories. This story was doubtless promulgated by his murderers, but is highly improbable, when we consider the great abstemiousness of Attila, recorded by Priscus; and, as marriage was to him a circumstance of very frequent occurrence, it is not likely that he should have departed from his usual habits of

sobriety on this occasion. Sigonius and Callimachus state the name of the lady to have been Hildico, but Olaus, Thurocz, and Bonfinius, call her Mycolth, daughter of the king of Bactria, and Ritius varies that name to Muzoth, while Diaconus, the Alexandrine Chronicle, and Johannes Malalas simply call her a Hunnish * prostitute, by which opprobrious term the Christian writers would probably have styled any of his subsidiary wives. Johannes Malalas also says that the girl was suspected of having murdered him, but that others assert he was murdered by his sword-bearer at the instigation of Aëtius. He is said to have struck † his foot painfully, as he entered the bridal chamber, on which, addressing himself, as it was supposed, to the angel of death, he exclaimed, "If it be time, I come;" and on the night of his marriage his favourite horse died suddenly. The most ancient legends of Germany and Scandinavia are filled with the adventures of Attila, and of the ever memorable Hilda (the Hildico of Jornandes) in a variety of forms, and with much confusion of circumstances and appellations. The celebrated old German lay of the Nibelungians treats of this matter. A great part of the poetical Edda of the Scandinavians is occupied with the detail of these transactions, and the old sagas called Volsunga, Wilkina, and Nifflunga Saga, are

* Met'Ounnas pallakidos katheudon. Joh. Mal.—Aventinus calls her Hildgunda daughter of Erric, a petty king of the Franes. The notion of her being a Franc princess arose from her connexion with the Burgundians; the poem of Walther speaks of Hiltgund, daughter of Erric, king of Burgundy.

† Callimachus Experiens.—Nicolas Olaus and G. Pray, following him, have misunderstood the words of Callimachus "novæ sponsæ cubiculum intrantis," *of him entering the bride's chamber*, and have stated that the bride tripped on entering his chamber, which makes the tale absurd.

records of the same. A careful consideration of the old Scandinavian documents, together with the undeniable evidence of Priscus, that Attila ruled over the Northern islands, makes it pretty clear, that the Danes have no real history previous to the occupation of their territory by Attila, and that most of their ancient traditions are reminiscences of that mighty conqueror, (who was in some respects the Odin of the North, as he was also the Arthur of Great Britain) or at least blended with them.

§ 69. In the Heltenbuch we read of the emperor Otnit, certainly meaning Attila, and attributing to him a name almost identical with Odin. Odin or Woden having been worshipped by the Scythian tribes in Asia, and probably being one with the sword-God, of whose type Attila had possessed himself, the name would be naturally bestowed upon Attila by those who acknowledged his divine title. An ancient medallion represents Attila with teraphim or a head upon his breast, and Odin was said to have preserved the head of Mimer cut off, which gave oracular responses. See *Brynhilda quida* 1. *st.* 14. Attila is named Sigurd in several Scandinavian legends; Sigge is a name for Odin, and Sigtun his place of abode, all being connected with the word Sigr, victory. Sigi the son of Odin acquired dominion in France according to the prose Edda, and Volsunga saga says he was king of the Huns. The Edda states also that Sigi's brother Balldr, who fell by an act of fratricide, (meaning Bleda) ruled in Westphalia. Those statements actually designate Attila, who was looked upon as the son or incarnation of the sword-god, being the only Hun who ever had power in France. It must be borne in mind that, while the oldest Northern legends connect Odin with the Huns, the existence of

that nation was unknown in Europe till 78 years before the death of Attila. The Edda of Snorro (Göranson's ed. p. 34.) states that Hlidskialf was the throne of Odin, and in Atla quida st. 14. the same name is given to the tower or dwelling-place of Attila. That Valhall was the residence of Odin is universally known; the abode of Attila bears that name in the Edda, Atla mal in Gr. st. 14. In the same Edda, in Sigurd. quid. Fafn. 3. st. 34, Hilda says that Attila compelled her to marry against her will; and in Brynh. quid. she says that Odin condemned her to involuntary wedlock. In Brynh. quid. 1. st. 14. and in Volospa it is said that Odin conversed with, and obtained responses from the head of Mimer cut off, but, in Wilkina saga c. 147, Sigurd, who is unquestionably Attila, kills Mimer. That Odin and his followers were Asiatics, or Asians, as they are styled in the Edda, perfectly accords with the origin of the Huns who had so lately entered Europe; nor does there appear to be the slightest ground for the suggestion of the Danish historian Suhm, that Odin was a person driven out of Asia into the North of Europe by the conquests of Mithridates, except the antiquity which, without proof, he was desirous of giving to the events detailed in the Scandinavian records; whereas it is most probable that no such individual bearing the name of Odin ever existed in the North of Europe, though that opinion may not be palatable to the Danish antiquarians. Attila is called in the Edda the son of Buddla, a name which seems closely connected with Buddha, the Asiatic title of the God Woden or Odin. Buddla is stated in Fundinn Noregur to have conquered Saxony and established himself there, but not to have been himself a Saxon. The exclamation attributed to

Attila, (see above, p. 459) "Lo, I am the hammer of the world," has evident reference to the Scandinavian hammer of the God Thor; and, as he is identified with the war-god, his sister and wife Hilda is the war-goddess, of the Northern nations. According to Olaus Magnus (3. c. 10.) Hother (the same who according to the oldest mythology of the North killed Balder son of Odin, from jealousy, on account of a woman), was set on the throne of Sweden by his brother Attila; and (c. 12.) Attila succeeded Hothinus, that is Odin. This Hother, according to Vegtam's quida (known as the Descent of Odin), in the verse Edda, was brother to Balder, as he is above stated to have been brother to Attila. Hother himself according to Vegtam's quida was killed by Ali, (sometimes called Vali) who in the old Swedish version is Atle, that is Attila, and in the Latin Atlas, another form of his name, son of Odin and Rinda; therefore all the three were brothers. I entertain no doubt that this famous tale of fratricide refers to the known murder of Bleda by his brother Attila, with a duplication of the act of fratricide, like that which occurs in all the tales of the murder of Attila himself; the cause assigned for the first act of fratricide being jealousy, for the second, revenge. Olaus Magnus states in his appendix, (p. 825-6.) that Attila hated the Danes so, that he set a dog to reign over them, (which has some reference to the account in the Provençal romance that Attila was himself begotten by a dog, and had canine features) and that he was betrayed by his wife, who robbed him, and fled from him, and conspired with his son against him. In p. 827, we find another Attila king of Sweden, who also conquers the Danes, and dies by murder. Olaus compiled his work from vernacular legends, and

in these fables we cannot fail to recognize the reminiscences of the mighty Hun, and his close connexion with Odin, and the earliest mythology and story of the north; and they are confirmatory of the fact asserted by Priscus, that he did rule over the maritime countries of the Baltic. But the Scandinavian mythology not only begins with Attila, either doing the same things that are averred concerning Odin, or called his son, but it also ends with him; for the prose Edda concludes with stating that this Ali, Atle, or Attila (who is stated in c. 15. to be the son of Odin, powerful in military valour, and in archery, which was the special weapon of the Huns), is to survive with Vidar the God of silence, after the destruction of all the other Gods, and *reign as before upon Ida;* that is, that Attila was expected to come again in power, as appears by so many accounts of him both under his own name and the romantic name of Arthur. He is the son of Odin, taken as the sword-god or spirit of war and victory; he is Odin himself, looking to his achievements upon earth. The strange tale of the deception of the Jews in Crete in the reign of Attila, by a person pretending to come in the power of Moses as he did, throws some light on the assertion that Ali or Attila was ultimately to reign on Ida, the Cretan mountain, which was a type of that in Asia.

§ 70. In the Scandinavian legends the catastrophe of Attila's life is told and repeated under different names with some variation. In the first place he appears as the son of Sigmund, possessing a celebrated sword called Gram, and a wonderful grey horse * Grana, under the

* The name Grana was perhaps derived from his grey colour. Did the unexplained word *gereenios*, obsolete in the time of Homer, and always coupled with *horseman Nestor*, merely imply that he was grey,

name Sigurd, a Hunnish king, superior to all his cotemporaries in martial prowess, the vanquisher of many kings in France, sojourning for some time with the Burgundian monarch, betrothed to and lying with Hilda, surnamed Bryn-hilda, the sister of king Attila, fraudulently giving her up to Gunnar or Gunther, prince of Burgundy, and espousing the daughter of Hilda surnamed Grim or Chrim-Hilda, and murdered at the instigation of the revengeful woman he had forsaken by one of the Burgundian (otherwise called Nibelungian) princes, but not before he had slain one of his assailants, and after his death she burns herself, together with much wealth and many of her slaves. He next appears in the same legends as Attila (Atli), son of Buddla, a king victorious over the Saxons near the Rhine, espousing Hilda, surnamed Grim or Chrim-Hilda, the widow of Sigurd, and having not only the same wife, but the same sword Gram and horse Grana, and his wife excites another Burgundian prince to murder him, having previously served up to him at supper her own children by him, after which she attempts to destroy herself. Then she is conveyed to the court of another king who had married her daughter Hilda, called Svan-Hilda, where another catastrophe takes place, a child of the same name as before, Erpur, is killed, and she likewise orders a pile for the purpose of burning herself. The first half of the old German Nibelungen-lied relates the adventures of the person called Sig-urd by the Scandinavians,

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or that he rode grey Grana? Bufil-tarn, near which the horse Grana is stated in Volunga saga to have been begotten by Sleipner, the horse of Odin, was perhaps the lake out of which Herodotus says (lib. 4. 52.) that the Hypanis flows (on the banks of which the Huns formerly dwelt), adding that it was famous for a wild breed of white horses.

under the name Sig-fried, his marriage with Chrim-Hilda, and his murder by the revenge of Bryn-Hilda. The second part relates the marriage of the widow to Attila king of the Huns, her attempts to avenge the death of Sigfried on the Burgundian princes, and her destruction by Theodoric. It is strange that the Danish historian Suhm, although in his chronology he has made these events coincide exactly with the æra of Attila, appears never to have suspected, or did not choose to perceive, that the Attila mentioned in the Sagas and Edda was the renowned king of the Huns; nor did it ever occur to him that Sigurd king of the Huns could be no other person. On the contrary, he supposes the Attila there mentioned to have been a petty king over some Huns settled in Groningen. That Attila, brother of Brynhilda and son of Buddla, was Attila king of the Huns is certified by the Nibelungen-lied and the copious detail of his adventures in Wilkinga saga; and the Danish editors of the late edition of the tragic Edda are satisfied of that simple fact, though they see no further into the unravelling of their confused traditions concerning him. That Sigurd the Hunnish king of the Edda and Sagas, the Sigfried of the old German poem, was Attila, appears indisputably from the following considerations:—He had the same wife, the same sword, and the same horse; he was king of the Huns, and the greatest warrior of his age; he was engaged with the Burgundians, partly in alliance and partly in warfare; he vanquished many princes on the French side of the Rhine: all which applies to Attila. He was exactly cotemporary with Attila according to the chronology of those who did not suspect their identity. He was not only married to, but murdered by Hilda, as well as

Attila. It is utterly impossible that such another king should have existed at the same period, and been engaged on the same theatre of action with similar success, and under like circumstances, without coming into collision with him, and that no vestige of such a character should appear in the authentic histories of the times, still less could there have been such another Hunnish king at the same time. His identity with Attila is proved by his renown and achievements, as well as by the catastrophe of his life; and in a still more striking manner by the assertion of Brynhilda in the Edda (Brot. af Brynh. Quid. 2. st. 7.), that, if Sigurd had lived a little longer, *he would have obtained universal dominion*. In Sinfiotla lok is found another form of the story of Attila. Sinfiotl is the son of Sigmund the Volsungian; he and Gunnar woo the same person, on which account he slays Gunnar, and in his turn is murdered by Borg-Hilda, said there to be sister to Gunnar. In Oddrunar Gratr there is another version of the tale. Gunnar is surprised in an intrigue with Oddruna, sister of Attila, whereupon Attila puts him to death in a cellar filled with vipers, and has the heart of his brother Hagen cut out. In Oddruna, sister of Attila, intriguing with Gunnar, may be recognized, under another name, Brynhilda, sister of Attila, fraudulently married to him. In Atla mal and Atla quida, Attila is said to have decoyed the Burgundian princes to his court to avenge the death of their sister Brynhilda, who had burnt herself after they had killed Sigurd, to have cut out the heart of Hagen, and thrown Gunnar amongst the vipers, in consequence of which his wife, the sister of Gunnar, killed his children and himself, and tried to commit suicide. In the Nibelungen-lied, instead of being decoyed by

Kreka of Priscus, wife of Attila, and called Cerca* by his Latin translators) *under the feigned name of Sigurd.* In Sæmund's Edda (Sig. quid. 3. 4.), Sigurd is called the Southron, agreeing with the appellation of halls of the south given in another passage thereof to the residence of Attila. The legend of Hedin is a confused inversion of the Attilane tragedy. The same enchantress Hilda is the occasion of bloodshed; Hedin, a name nearly identical with Odin, representing Attila, and Hagen, his antagonist, bearing the same name as one of the Burgundian conspirators. The tale is an inversion of the conflict between Attila and the Burgundian princes. That it belongs to Hunnish history, and not merely to the Scandinavian population, is clear, because Saxo Grammaticus says that Hedin fought a battle which lasted three days with the king of the Huns. The ancient chronology of the Danes respecting the inhabitants of Scandinavia is in a great measure founded upon Fundinn Noregur or Norwegian origins, a genealogical work in the old Scandinavian tongue, evidently written in the reign of Harald Harfager, who first united all Norway under the dominion of an individual (in 888 according to Suhm), for the purpose of shewing that through his female ancestors he was descended from all the great families of the North; from Odin, through one line, from Buddla, the father of Attila and Brynhilda through another, from Sigurd through another, from Norr, Gorr, &c. The Danish historians have shewn much want of discernment in believing this fabrication. The falsehood of these genealogies, which were forgeries

* It is well-known that Childeric is a guttural pronunciation of Hilderic, and Chlovis of Hlouis.

of great political importance to Harald, may be at once demonstrated by the descent from Sigurd, whose death, if he be considered as Attila, took place in 453, and, taken as he is by the Danish historians, is placed a very few years earlier, that is just long enough before to give time for the last events of his life to be acted over again under the name of Attila. Yet the pedigree (Fund. Nor.* p. 11) gives, 1. Sigurd; 2. Aslauga, his daughter by Bryn-Hilda, married to Regner Lodbrok; 3. Sigurd the snake-eyed; 4. Aslauga, his daughter; 5. Sigurd the hart; 6. Ragn-Hilda, mother of Harald Harfager; allowing only five generations for the space of 435 years between the death of Sigurd, taken at the latest period, and the monarchy of Harald, which makes each person in the pedigree 87 years old at the time of the birth of the child that succeeds. Such an absurdity throws complete discredit upon the whole tissue of genealogies, evidently a clumsy fabrication to reconcile the North to the usurpations of Harald, and it strikes at the root of the whole frame of ancient Danish story. In a note to a short poem at the end of Helga, I apologised for a supposed confusion in my Icelandic translations between Aslauga, the daughter of Sigurd Sigmundson, surnamed Fafnisbana, who lived in the fifth century, and Aslauga, wife of Regner Lodbrok, daughter of Sigurd Swein, asserted to have lived in the eighth. I now retract that apology, into which I was misled by the disingenuous chronology of Suhm. The Fundinn Noregur distinctly says that the wife of Regner was Aslauga, the child of Brynhilda daughter of Budlia, and of Sigurd Fafnisbana, who lived, by the assent of

* Printed in Biorners Nordiska kämpa dater

all writers, in the fifth century, and who was no other than Attila; and Nifflunga Saga, relating his death and the vengeance of Bryn-Hilda, calls the same person by the name of Sigurd Swein. The Danish historian, finding himself thwarted by the gross anachronism in the false pedigree of Harald, attempted to bolster it up by splitting the same individuals into separate persons in different centuries, ringing the changes on the names Sigurd and Aslauga; to such a degree could nationality and a desire to uphold the truth and authenticity of Scandinavian legends warp the understanding, and even apparently the candour, of an antiquarian, whose disquisitions were too minute to allow a probability of his not having suspected the imposture. The story of Regner Lodbrok is a blending of the adventures of the grandfather of king Harald Harfager (a northern sea-rover, killed in the eighth or ninth century by Ella* in Northumberland), with some of the celebrated Attilane reminiscences concerning Hilda, Sigurd, and Aslauga, who may have been the younger Hilda; and consequently we read† that the sons of Regner, with a great army, proceeded in his lifetime to Luneberg in Saxony, *with the intention of marching against Rome, but abandoned the expedition on further consideration*, a passage from the life of Attila, ridiculously misapplied to the offspring of a Northern pirate. The name Regner appears to have been Hunnish, for Agathias mentions that Regnar, general of the Goths, who attempted to

* According to Thoresby, Ella, from whom the tumulus called Alla's hill, or the Hoe-hill, near Ripon was named, was not killed till 867. Schöning places the death of Regner, who was killed by Ella, in 824; Suhm in 794. † Ragnar Lodbroks saga, c. 14. Biörner N. K. D.

assassinate Narses, was not a Goth, but of the tribe of Bittores, a Hunnish race. Regner Lodbrok himself is stated to be the son of another Sigurd (Sigurd Ring) and another Hilda (Alf-Hilda), so incessantly are the changes rung upon these feigned names of the æra of Attila. It appears that the poetical Edda had been written long enough before the reign of Harald Hafager for the particulars related in it to have obtained credence, and before the names Dane and Denmark were established in the north of Europe, (see note, p. 441) probably at the close of the sixth century.

§ 71. It will be observed that, in all the various versions of the catastrophe which cut short the life of this mighty potentate, a revengeful woman of the name of Hilda bears a conspicuous part; that some false play, by which she was dishonoured, seems invariably to be the cause of her virulence, and that the Burgundian family are always mixed up in the transaction, with great confusion between an elder and a younger Hilda. Both Cassiodorius and Prosper Aquitanicus testify in their chronicles the fact that Gundicar or Gunnar, the Burgundian, was slain by the Huns not long after his treaty with Actius, shewing thereby that the later legends have some foundation in reality. The result of these various relations, taking into consideration that Priscus states Attila to have married his daughter Eskam, seems to be, that he, as told of him under the name of Sigurd, had a daughter by his sister Hilda, who is sometimes called Bryn-hilda, sometimes Hilda i bryniu, or the mailed Hilda, described as a warlike woman and enchantress; that he had betrothed himself to her, but not married her, and that he afterwards

compelled her against her will to marry the prince of Burgundy; that he subsequently in 448 espoused the younger Hilda, (sometimes called Chrim or Grim Hilda, sometimes Gudruna or divine enchantress, as the other Hilda is also called Oddruna or enchantress of the arrow-head) his daughter by his sister, (Bryn-hilda, sometimes also called Grimhilda) in consequence of which she, the elder Hilda, excited the Burgundian princes to attempt to slay him; but that he put them to death, and was afterwards murdered by a younger prince of that nation at her instigation; that the catastrophe did not take place on the night of his marriage with Hilda, but at a later period and on the occasion of another wedding, though the previous union with Hilda was the cause of his murder. Coupling these particulars with the account of Priscus, that in 448 he wedded his own daughter Eskam, of other historians that he died on the night of his wedding with Mycolth, and of others that Hilda was suspected of having murdered him, it seems not improbable that Eskam was the younger Hilda, his daughter by his sister whom he had compelled to marry the Burgundian, and through whose revenge his murder was effected, with the aid of one of the Burgundian princes, on the night of his marriage with Mycolth in 453; Gunnar, otherwise called Gunther or Gundicar, having been previously excited against him, and slain after an unsuccessful attempt upon his life. It is very probable, that Aëtius was privy to the conspiracy, as Marcellinus has positively asserted. The Wilkina saga contains the detail of a variety of exploits by Attila, his victory over Osantrix king of Denmark, with his gigantic champions Aspilian and his

might be bewailed by the blood of men, and not by the tears of women. A silken tent was pitched in the open plain, and there his body was borne and lay for some time in state; while the most distinguished of the Hunnish cavalry careered around him, in the manner customary at the games or tournaments of the Roman circus, in which the horsemen used to be divided into four parties clothed with uniforms of different colours, and they chaunted during their evolutions his praise in funereal accents, saying, "Attila, the chief king of the Huns, son "of Mundiuc, lord of the bravest nations, endowed "with an extent of power unheard of before his time, "having alone possessed all the kingdoms of Scythia "and Germany, and terrified both empires of the Ro-"man city, having captured or trampled on their towns "and having consented to receive an annual tribute,' "being appeased by entreaties to spare those which were "not yet sacked, when he had brought all those things to "a prosperous conclusion, ended his life, not by hostile "violence or by the treachery of his own people, but in "the full enjoyment of the security of his nation, amidst "festivities, and without any sense of pain. Who would "not esteem such a termination of his life desirable!"* After the equestrian exercises had been performed, and the dirge, of which the above substance has been preserved to us, had been chaunted, they buried him secretly. He had three several coffins or rather biers, the first decorated with gold, the second with silver, the

* These words were translated from the Greek of Priscus into Latin by Jornandes; they appear in Sigonius and Calanus Dalmata with such variation as if they had translated them severally from the lost original.

third with iron, signifying by those symbols that the three metals appertained to so powerful a king; with evident reference to the prophetic monarchies * of Daniel, the gold representing the Babylonian, the silver that of the Medes, to both of which he pretended in the title he had assumed, and the iron both the Roman empire, and the deified sword by virtue of which he ruled. He was interred † at night, after which a vast heap of spoils was made over his tomb, or rather over his body; and they buried with him arms of his enemies which had been taken in battle, trappings studded with gems, and the banners of various nations. After this ceremony, the Huns celebrated his funeral rites with profane feasting and wassail, and the supper is said to have been served up in ‡ four courses, the first on plate of gold, the second of silver, the third of brass, the fourth of iron, including the third or brazen Macedonian king-

* Daniel, c. 2. † Jornandes. Calanus says at [illegible]

‡ The words of Jornandes concerning the [illegible] ferculà primum auro, secundum argento, tertium [illegible] nium, signo cæsis tali argumento potentissimo [illegible] nisse. Calanus, perhaps referring to the same [illegible] Greek of Priscus, says, Cœnæ fercula primo in vasis [illegible] argenteis, tertio in æreis, quarto in ferreis dedita [illegible] served that the word ferculum, used by the [illegible] senses, is of very doubtful import, as it means sometimes [illegible] sometimes a tray, sometimes a standard, sometimes [illegible] served at table, or even their contents. The Greek word [illegible] probably [illegible], which admits the same ambiguity [illegible] nandes and Calanus have understood the same word [illegible] but it will be observed, that the account of Calanus [illegible] metal of the prophetic monarchies, which represented the Greek or Macedonian [illegible] and it is scarcely probable that Jornandes [illegible] omitted it, if he had had access to the same source of [illegible]

dom with the three others which had been before signified; and it is observable that the historians, who have recorded these remarkable facts, do not seem to have had any notion of their apparent mystical intention, and their ignorance of the secret meaning affords strong reason for believing their report. The slaves by whose labour the grave of the Hunnish monarch was excavated, were put to death as a sacrifice to his manes, and, as Jornandes states, to deter curiosity from prying into and pilfering the wealth which was interred with him; but it is difficult to understand how the place of his interment could be rendered secret, even by murdering the workmen, if the tomb was covered with the spoils of nations, and it is most probable that the spoils were all buried and laid over the site of the body, and not over the tomb externally. With like view to secresy and security, the body of Alaric had been deposited under the bed of the river Busentinus. The Hungarian writers say that Attila was buried near Kaiazo or Cheveshusa (a Hunnish word of Teutonic origin, meaning Cheve's house) where the Hunnish kings Cheve, Cadica, and Balamber, were entombed.

§ 73. The identity of Attila with the Arthur of romance has been pointed out by the author of Nimrod, vol. 1. p. 465. It is by no means improbable, that, when the arms of Attila extended themselves successfully over the North of Europe, the Saxon sea-kings, whom he, being unprovided with a maritime force, could not reduce under his dominion, may have removed to England in some measure to avoid his ascendancy; and, although we have no reason to believe that Attila ever sent any military expedition into Great Britain, the Scandinavian

legends say that his companion Theodoric sent Herbert his nephew thither to king Arthur, who can be demonstrated to be no other than Attila, to ask for the hand of his daughter Hilda in marriage, but there is a story of fraud wherever the nuptials of Hilda are mentioned, and Herbert in this account draws a frightful picture of Theodoric to disgust her, and marries her himself. It may be surmised, that, as it was natural for the Britons, who were sorely pressed by the Saxons, to apply to the great conqueror of Europe, he may have sent them assurances of his good-will and intention of succouring them hereafter, and have initiated them in his Antichristian pretensions and claim to universal monarchy. From such secret communications the Druidical freemasonry may have originated; and Olaus Magnus, who styles Arthur king over Britain, Ireland, Scandinavia, Denmark, and the rest of Europe to the Palus Mæotis, which could not have been predicated of any man except Attila, mentions that he instituted certain families or societies of *illustrious* men, which seems actually to designate lodges of *illuminati*. The following extract from a MS. by the author of Nimrod, which he has kindly communicated, will preclude the necessity of my entering further into this part of the subject. It seems to me clear that the Arthurian fable is a Druidical location of Attila, as head of the Antichristian power, in Great Britain. "This topic may be handled to better "satisfaction by shewing to what real man and actions "the unreal Arthur of Britain had reference, and why "mortals so widely removed from the era of the lower "Western empire, as those who seem to revive in his "person, have been raised up, like phantoms, to cross

" our path in history. The Arthur of romance was king
" in A.D. 452, and the *siege perileux* in the centre of
" the round table, bore an inscription that in that year
" the seat ought to be filled, and the quest of the Saint
" Greal achieved; yet Arthur failed of doing either.
" Bearing that date of romance in mind, we must ob-
" serve that Arthur was armed with a sword brought
" to him from heaven, in right of which he was (like
" a second Orion) called Llaminawg, the sword-bearer.
" The celestial sword was so interwoven with his life,
" that, until it was flung into the water, he could not
" depart from this world for his appointed sojourn in
" Damalis or Avallon. It seems to have contained the
" divine part of his nature. In Tyran le Blanc we
" read of Arthur imprisoned in a silken cage, having
" life, but void of knowledge and discernment, save that
" he could answer all questions by gazing fixedly upon
" the naked blade of his sword excalibar. When that
" was taken from him, he no longer knew, perceived,
" or remembered anything. That sword was his mind
" and his memory. Ireland, the Hebrides, Iceland,
" Scandinavia, Denmark, Germany and France, were
" conquered by Arthur, according to the accounts given
" in the Bruts and in Romance; he prevailed over the
" Roman empire of the West, and (as Leslie bishop of
" Ross says) over that of the East also. Attila king of
" the Huns claimed sovereignty over the Scythian and
" Sarmatic nations in right of the sword of Mars, not a
" weapon used by that God, but an idol of him, imme-
" morially revered in Scythia, though seldom seen upon
" earth, of which he boasted himself to be the possessor.
" Most of the Northern nations seem to have been obe-

" dient to his power, and both sections of Constantine's
" empire were humbled by his arms into the payment
" of tribute. Arthur is stated to have passed into Gaul,
" and gained a great victory in Champagne over the
" Roman general Lucius Tiberius, and was marching
" on to attack the Roman emperor himself in Italy,
" (whom Geoffrey ap Arthur calls Leo) when the in-
" trigues of Medrawd the Pict, and Guenever recalled
" him home, and shortly after destroyed him. The
" Hun fought a great battle in Champagne against the
" general Flavius Aëtius, and soon after marched
" against Italy, where he was encountered by pope
" Leo, and by agreement with him, (but for what pri-
" vate reasons I leave for historians to enquire) returned
" to his own country. This was in A.D. 452, the very
" same year in which the Romantic Arthur should have
" filled the *siege perileux*, but did not. A few months
" completed the life of Attila, by means (as it has been
" supposed) of an unfaithful wife and foreign or domes-
" tic treason. It may be asked, is it possible, that two
" celestial sword-bearers should have been thought, or
" even feigned, to spring up, conquer Europe, success-
" fully assail the Roman empire, return home, and
" perish under circumstances so minutely similar, and a
" perfect correspondence of date? True it is that the
" Brutic Arthur bears date considerably later than the
" Romantic, but it is also true that the later date is
" only a cryptographic expression or cypher to denote
" the earlier one. Arthur, say the Bruts, withdrew to
" Avallon in A.D. 542, which three figures are merely
" an anagram of 452."—" Of Arthur the sword-bearer
" it is said that he disappeared mysteriously from the

" earth, to which he was one day to return; Niebelun-
" gen-lied * speaks of the disappearance of the Hun, as
" doubting whether he was swallowed up by the earth,
" concealed in the mountains, or carried off by the
" Devil; and a Norse saga describes him as being en-
" closed alive in a hollow mountain, amidst accumulated
" treasures."—" Alain Bouchard (Grand Chronique de
" Bretagne, fol. 53) pretends that one Daniel Dremruz
" or the Red-visaged, reigned in Little Britain from
" 689 to 730, carried his arms into Germany, was elected
" king of the Germans, and proceeded to Pavia, where
" he married the daughter of the emperor *Leo*. He
" returned to Armorica where he was the most power-
" ful monarch of all the West. His title is equivalent
" to Florid-faced (Gwrid ap Gwrid Glau) an Arthurian
" title. He is said to have descended from the Earls of
" Cornwall, Arthur's native province. Like Arthur he
" had no real existence; like Attila he ended his career
" of conquest by an Italian expedition, but did not pe-
" netrate beyond the north of Italy, during the reign of
" an emperor Leo who did not exist at the time men-
" tioned. The circumstances identify him with both
" Arthur and Attila."—" In a great lake near Nantes
" is an island called *isle d'Un*, meaning Hun, in which
" is a great stone with a hole in it, under which a giant
" is said to sleep, who contended against Christianity,
" represented in the person of St. Martin of Tours; and
" it is traditional that a virgin is hereafter to put her
" arm through the hole and raise the stone, and resus-

* The lines concerning the disappearance of Attila are omitted in the German translation, but they stand at the end of the old Swabian poem.

" citate the giant and convert him. Martin died before " the reign of Attila, but was uncle to St. Patric, his " cotemporary. The sleeping Hun is evidently Attila, " and the legend furnishes another proof of his anti- " christian character, and of his identity with Arthur, " abiding in, and expected to return from, the island " of Avallon."

§ 74. As the early legends and mythology of the Germans and Scandinavians are replete with reminiscences of Attila, and the Arthur of romance appears to be a mystical denomination of the same mighty conqueror, we may expect to find his adventures pervading the early literature of other parts of Europe; and true it is that the exploits of this celebrated man have resounded in fable and in verse throughout the greater part of this quarter of the world. A fragment of a Latin poem found amongst the archives of Bavaria was published by Fischer, A.D. 1780, at Leipsic, from a MS. said to be of the 13th century, and in 1792 a continuation of the same from a MS. said to be of the 9th, found at Carlrhue. The poem is supposed to have been written by a monk named Walther, and has been referred to the latter part of the sixth century. It is however clear to me, as stated at length in a note to § 59, p. 480, that the poem could not have been written before the latter part of the 9th, because it speaks of Thule as lying further west than either Spain or Ireland, and previous to the discovery of Iceland by the Norwegians, no land was known to exist to the west of Ireland and Spain; and, although, in the line incalunt Pictorum sanguine Thule, Claudian may have intended the northern extremity of Scotland or the Hebrides, it is impossible that, before the

discovery of Iceland in 861, at which time there was no vestige of the island having been ever inhabited, any man should have designated Thule as lying to the west of Ireland. Placing the date of this poem at the end of the 9th or beginning of the 10th century, it will still, I believe, be the first record of the misapplication of the name Thule to Iceland, which was unknown to the ancient Romans. The lines are—

> "Interea occiduas vergebat Phœbus in oras
> Ultima per notum signans vestigia Thilen,
> Quæ cum Scotigenis post terga reliquit Hiberos."

It makes no difference whether Hiberos is understood to mean Ireland or the Spanish peninsula, which before 861 were the western limits of the known world. It is probably a lapse for Hibernos. In this poem Gibicho (meaning the Burgundian monarch, who is elsewhere called Giuka, the u being changed into a v or b) is represented as king of the Francs near the Rhine. Hiltgund daughter of Herric king of Burgundy is betrothed to Walter prince of Aquitain. Attila with the Huns, who are therein called indifferently Avars, having advanced from Hungary against France, Gibicho submits to pay tribute, and Attila returns carrying with him Hagen, Hiltgund, and Walter, as hostages. On the death of Gibicho, his son Gunthar succeeding him refuses to pay ransom, and Hagen makes his escape to him. Walter successfully leads the Huns against them. Ospiru, wife of Attila, advises her husband to attach Walter to his service by offering him the choice of the daughter of any of his Pannonian satraps in marriage, which Walter declines, pretending the desire of leading a life of military activity. After obtaining further distinction at the head of Attila's forces,

he arranges with Hiltgund to escape from Attila's court, and to rob Attila of his arms and treasure, and a horse to carry them, and she is specially charged to provide herself with fish-hooks, that he may catch fish for their support on the way. Arrived at the Rhine, he pays the ferryman with a fish he had previously caught, which being presently sold to king Gunthar's cook is recognized by him to be an outlandish fish, and, enquiry being made, Walter is discovered. Gunthar, together with Hagen and several other warriors, pursues Walter to take from him the treasures of Attila, and they attack him in a cavern in the Vosges, where he is reposing. Walter kills all the assailants, except the king, and Hagen, who had scrupled to attack him, but is at length prevailed upon by the entreaties of Gunthar to assist in his discomfiture. They retire to some distance, and attack Walter on the road after he has come forth to prosecute his journey with the damsel, and after a desperate conflict, in which Walter loses a hand, Gunthar a foot, and Hagen an eye, they part and return to their several homes. Aventinus calls the bride, in whose chamber Attila died, Hiltgund daughter of Erric king of the Franes; the identical Hilda or Hildico of Jornandes is therefore here meant. This old poem does not appear to contain a word of historical truth, but we recognize in it some of the persons who acted in the great drama that ended with the death of Attila, the circumstances being adapted to the honour of some Aquitanian prince, whom the author wished to celebrate, and who seems to be placed in Attila's shoes, with his treasures, his bride Hilda, his sword, and his horse. The barbarous name Ospiru, which I have not seen elsewhere, may perhaps

have been that of some real wife of the Hunnish king. The poem is written in Latin of the dark ages, with great disregard to quantity, and with the use of such words as wantis for gauntlets (Fr. gaunts) of which, I believe, the earliest use is by Bede and Notger the monk of St. Gall in the 8th century. The editor thinks the poem may compete with the Æneid; its readers will find nothing, but its antiquity, to recommend it. The first part consists of 1333, the two together of 1452, lines.

§ 75. There are certain points in the Morgante Maggiore of Pulci, which appear to have been drawn from the fountain of the Attilane legends. Orlando is possessor, like Attila, of a divine sword, after his death it is cast, like the sword of Arthur, into the water, and continues to float upon the surface, but dives when any one attempts to lay hold of it. Orlando espouses, like Attila, the sister of the prince or marquis of Burgundy; in his last confession he states his deep regret for ill-conduct towards her. Her Burgundian brother, though in amity with him, strikes Orlando on the head the severest blow he had ever received. The favourite horse of Orlando dies suddenly without cause, like that of Attila, immediately before his death; and he also dies, like the Hun, from the bursting of a vessel and the blood gushing from his mouth and nostrils. In Ellis's English romances (3. p. 299) will be found the epitome of a romance which has also reference to the legends concerning the Hun; and it has been since published complete in Early metrical tales, Laing, Edinb. 1826. It is that of Sir Eger, Sir Graham, and Sir Gray-steel. The two latter are personifications of the sword of Sigurd and Attila, called Gram, which is lengthened into Graham. Winliane vowed, like

Bryn-hilda, to marry none but the man who should win her from all rivals, valuing nothing in her suitors but prowess. Sir Eger, to approve himself worthy, went to the land of doubt to fight Sir Gray-steel, but like Gunnar, he was worsted and wounded. Sir Graham, his sworn friend in arms, advised him to go to bed and disguise his voice and personate him, while he proceeded to fight Sir Gray-steel in Sir Eger's armour, with a wonderful sword and a horse borrowed from the brother of Sir Eger, and he slew him, and brought back his helmet and shield. Winliane, believing Sir Eger to be the real conqueror, marries him, as Bryn-hilda had married Gunnar under like circumstances, and Sir Graham marries Lilias daughter of the Lord of Gallias. Winliane, afterwards discovering the fraud which had been practised upon her, and in despair at having shared the bed of a beaten champion, abjures his company for ever, and after the death of her and Sir Graham, Sir Eger consoles himself by marrying the widow of Sir Graham. In this romance the elements of the legend concerning Attila as Sigurd and Gunnar, and the two Hildas, are plainly discernible, though mixed up with some variation of circumstances. In 1502 was published at Venice a romantic work called Attila flagellum Dei, and in 1550 Rocho of Rimini published a poem with the same title. They call Attila the son of a daughter of Osdrubald king of Hungary by a dog, and state that his features * were half canine.

* Jornandes says that the Huns in general were frightfully [illegible] this must be taken with some allowance for the exaggeration [illegible] stitious man, who seems to have believed that their ancestors [illegible] actually engendered by demons, and that they were [illegible] Europe by an especial artifice of the evil spirit. A [illegible]

They treat of his Italian campaign, and chiefly of his contests with one Giano or Janus a petty king of Concordia, of his entering into Rimini disguised as a pilgrim, and his head being struck off and sent to his army by Janus, who recognized his doglike features. His successor Panduachus repulses the Count of Este, and is afterwards routed and slain by Eradius. By a gross anachronism the mother of Attila is said to have been destined by her father to espouse the emperor Justinian. A manuscript said to have been written by Thomas of Aquileia secretary to the patriarch Nicetas at the time of the siege, is recorded as having been preserved amongst the archives of the princes of Este, and an amplified translation of it was made, as it is pretended, into Provençal, by Nicola da Casola a Bolognese, for the use of Boniface of Este; and the Provençal was again translated into Italian and printed at Ferrara in 1568. The translator's name does not appear in the copy in the king's library. It is stated by Angelati (Bibl. dei volgarizzatori, v. 4. p. 373) to be Alepi Fino. Brunet, vol. 2. p. 134, says it was translated by J. Marco Barbieri a Modenese. Whether there ever existed a MS. by the secretary of Nicetas is very doubtful; if there did, some brief notice by him may have served as a peg on which to hang a long tissue of fictions, but certainly it could have contained nothing like the romance which the supposed translator presented to the public. From this romance Pigna derived his two works relating to the princes of Este, in which the fabulous events of the

such prejudices would probably have called their complexion sallow. The rumour of his canine features and parentage is of the same class.

siege of Aquileia are detailed, and a variety of romantic personages introduced, Forestus prince of Este being the most formidable antagonist of the Hun. These productions, evidently intended as a compliment to the house of Este, Palladio, who wrote not long after their publication, justly called the ravings of an insane person, (deliramenta) considering that they were published as true history. Concerning the romantic exploits of Forestus, Chiabrera wrote three cantos in blank verse, published amongst his posthumous works, and he makes Attila fall by the hand of the prince of Este. The poem of Quinctianus, an officer who had served under Aëtius and wrote in his praise, laudans Aëtium vacansque Musæ, as Sidonius tells us, is lost. It would probably have thrown some light on the affairs of Attila. Sidonius himself, the friend and correspondent of bishop Lupus who admitted Attila into the city of Troyes, unfortunately abandoned the idea he had conceived of writing his history. Raphael Volaterran, in his Catalogue of illustrious men, mentions a MS. of the eight books of Priscus, history of Attila, then existing in the Vatican: but it is not forthcoming, and the Byzantine history of Priscus is also lost. He was a native of Panium in Thrace. We possess only some extracts preserved in the Excerpta de legationibus. The poem of Marullus in praise of Attila has also perished. Cælius Calanus Juvencus dwelt in Dalmatia, where in 1197 he was bishop of the five churches. Some copies of Canisius (Promptuarium ecclesiasticum) contain his life of Attila. Felippo Callimacho, called from his learning Experiente, was a Tuscan of the noble family of Buonacosti, but took the fancy name of Callimachus. He established a sort

of academy in concert with Pomponius Lætus; but Pope Paul II., who occupied the see from 1464 to 1470, believing that it concealed a pernicious mystery, persecuted its members with rigour. He retired to Poland, where he was preceptor to the children of Casimir IV. He was accused of advising Casimir to get the Polish nobles slaughtered in a disastrous battle in Moldavia, and was forced to lie hid the rest of his days, and, after his death, it was found necessary to conceal his body. His life of Attila was published in 4to. in 1531, and in 8vo. in 1541. Pomponius Lætus his associate affected paganism, kept the anniversary of the foundation of Rome as a festival, and erected an altar to Romulus. Nicholas Olaus was bishop of Strigonium, and published a life of Attila. The Enneads of Sabellicus, and the Decads of Bonfinius, which treat of the affairs of Attila, were published in the 16th century. The Hungarian collections are Rerum Hungaricarum Scriptores varii. Franc. 1600, and the Hungarian chronicles published by Belius in three volumes, and by Schwandterus in other three. I am only acquainted with Cardinal Desericius's large work on Hungarian origins through the quotations made by Pray, which are sufficiently ample and unimportant to prevent my regretting that I could not obtain access to the book itself, which is not in England, and, as I understand, not in France. There are some continental tracts relating to Attila which I have not seen, but I have no reason to believe they contain any thing material which is unknown to me from other sources. Whether the Latin MS. of John Brame of Thetford, in the library of Bene't College, Cambridge, translated, as he states, for the benefit of a lady who neither understood

Saxon nor French, relating the wars of Atling king of Attleburg in Norfolk and Rond king of Thetford, has any reference to the legends of Attila the Hun or not, I am unable to state; not having seen either it, or the fragment of the same work unfinished in 27,000 French verses, of which the MS. was purchased at Mr. Heber's sale, as I understand, by Sir Thos. Phillips; but I believe it has not. Amongst the works of taste relating to Attila there is a tragedy by Corneille, one of late date by Mr. Hippolite Bis, and one of outrageous absurdity in German by Werner who makes Pope Leo conduct Honoria to Attila's tent at night to facilitate their amours. There is a romance * in two volumes by Robineau, who was an agent of the French revolutionists in Brabant, published under the name of Beaunoir, an anagram of Robineau. The little French work called Conjuration contre Attila is drawn from the Cantoclarus's incorrect Latin version of Priscus.

§ 76. It is much to be regretted that the particulars of the life of this conspicuous man have not been more perfectly preserved, but if we assume from what has been premised, that which I firmly believe, that the mythology and the early history of the North originates in Attila, that the Arthurian legends have like reference to him, and that the Antichristian expectations, which had centred in him, continued to be cherished in the mysticism of romances, giving a tinge to whatever literature did not spring from monastic sources, we cannot fail to perceive how great was the depth and durability

* The romance of Attila advertised by Mr. James March 1837 [illegible] I doubt not exhibit a perverted [illegible] picture of the mighty Hun.

of his spiritual influence and machinations, as well as his political power; and we may estimate what would have been the grievous consequences, if his career had not been cut short before he had had time to complete the subjugation of Europe and consolidate his Antichristian empire. His character may be easily traced from his conduct and achievements. Simple and abstemious in his habits, he gave no cause to the humblest of his followers to look with an evil eye on his exaltation. He was hardy, strong, active, and distinguished in martial exercises; silent and thoughtful in his hours of festivity; his determinations were peremptory, their execution rapid and effectual. Superstition and terror extended his influence, but the happiness of his subjects, his kindness, justice, and success, gave strength to his authority. He afforded safety to all who were overshadowed by his power, while he threatened certain destruction to all who resisted his dominion, and unrelenting persecution to all who fled from it. The lamentable state of Europe, at the time of his accession, gives reason to conceive the delight, with which the industrious portion of the nations under his government must have hailed its protection; while the rapidity of his conquests, and the belief that he acted under a divine delegation, ensured to him the enthusiastic confidence of his soldiers. Partial and corrupt administration of the laws, tyrannic and ruinous exactions, inroads of barbarous marauders, wavering and imbecile policy, had annihilated the security of every individual within the limits of the Roman empire; and incessant strife, between the various nations who were pressing upon each other and upon the Romans for subsistence, had spread havoc and starvation without its

confines over a large portion of Europe; but, wherever the ascendancy of Attila was established, the scene of bloodshed was immediately removed beyond its boundaries; the wealth, which he snatched by force of arms, or extorted by negociation, from his opponents, continued to flow into his territory, and its interior presented an unexampled scene of contentment and security. Attila was perhaps the mightiest of those, who have distinguished themselves for a few brief years on the theatre of earthly glory; and, if he had not been cut short in the plenitude of his strength by an over-ruling Providence, we have every reason to believe that he must erelong have obtained the undisputed possession of Europe, and neither the Persians of Asia, nor the Vandals of Africa, could have offered any serious opposition to the indefinite extension of his empire. But his personal influence was the magic girdle which held together the immense league that had been cemented under his authority, and the moment his commanding talents were removed by a sudden and unexpected death, the power, which had been a single-handed and resistless weapon in his grasp, appeared too mighty to be wielded by any person of inferior qualifications. The establishment of his government over the habitable world was inconsistent with the spread of Christianity, and the Almighty will, which had sent him as a scourge on the population of the Roman empire, permitted him not to complete the overthrow of true religion; but annihilated by his decease the great fabric he had constructed, which was immediately dissolved by internal conflict in the absence of his absolute and decisive authority. The mighty one was gathered to his fathers; the power of the Huns, which had shed

a baleful and meteorous gleam over the age in which he lived, was speedily obscured; their generation was lost, and their name extinguished; and the historian, after searching amongst the records of time for the imperfect relation of his achievements, is left to conjecture the city of his abode, the manner of his death, the place of his interment, and even the language that he spoke, and in which his decrees had been promulgated from the confines of China to the waters of the German ocean.

THE END.

The reference, mentioned in the note to page 244 as having been mislaid, is Torfæi Hist. Norveg. l. 2. p. 1. c. 27. He states, that the Finns of Lapland worship certain demons called by them Gan, and are therefore themselves called Ganfinns; that those demons have the form of blue flies, and can raise any wind, but especially that which prevailed at the time when each of them was born. The name clearly comes from the same root as the Oriental gin, and the Latin genius, and the superstition is connected with that which gave a winged personification to the winds proceeding from different points, as Boreas, Eurus, Zephyrus, Auster, Notus, Caurus, Iapyx, &c.—Gan, magic machination; ganfluga, a magic fly. Biörn Haldorson, Lex. Island.

The following quotation, from Florus l. 1. c. 1, concerning the consecration of Rome by the blood of Remus (see p. 158) should have been added to the note, p. 361. Prima certè victima fuit, munitionemque urbis novæ sanguine suo consecravit.

Greg. Turon. cit. (in p. 425) would more properly have been printed Greg. Turon. cont. cit.; and in the following sentence, (continuation of Gregory of Tours) should be substituted for from Gregory of Tours. I had stated (p. 158) that Gregory lived in the preceding century, and I meant that the quotation was from the volume bearing his name, to which the continuation is appended.

The furr'd tiara for a Roman helm,
Spoil of the slain. Upon the gallant youth
Black-mantled Arderic smiled. That look call'd back 395
The mind of Attila. In quick review
From Aquileia's ruin it had sped
O'er the past field of life, and far away
Into the vast futurity; as when,
By slumber disembodied, the soul's eye 400
Travels with unfelt haste thro' space and time,
Swifter than light. His spirit, too often strain'd
By ardent yearnings, now sank gloomily,
And to the friend of his close heart he turn'd
Unbosoming its cares. " Gepidian king, 405
" Firm bulwark of my strength, and faithful oft
" Proved amid perils, unto thee alone
" My secret thoughts are given, when the cold fit
" Hangs like a winter-mist upon my soul,
" Chilling the life-blood of ambition. See 410
" With what a stern impress hath destiny
" Set on these walls her seal ! Wealth, joyance, power,
" Weigh'd down beneath her iron hand, lie sunk
" In ghastly dissolution, though still lit
" By the same bounteous flood of light, that beam'd 415
" On the land's glory. Arderic, I would
" That city still were in her gorgeous robe
" Of undefiled security, and ne'er
" Had braved the wrath, which none may brave and live !
" Time creeps with noiseless presence unobserved 420
" Over the conqueror, and him who lies
" Trod under, and annihilate. We march
" On to that mighty goal, where fate sets high
" The culminating star of all my hopes.

" Rome, and Byzantium, and the distant Mede, 425
" Must fall before its bright ascendancy,
" And many a glorious city must, like this,
" Be blotted from the earth, teaching the weak
" To shun such bloody end, and chew the bread
" Of patience and submission; but at last 430
" The term appointed to all flesh must come,
" When the grand pageant of victorious war
" Will be, as if it never had held sway;
" And Attila himself, with this dread sword
" That rules the universe, pass far away 435
" From man's perception. What will then avail,
" And unto whom, the deeds which have been wrought?
" Can man resolve that riddle? and, if not,
" Are all our present toils for present joy,
" And is this joy?" " Great King," replied the chief, 440
" I am ill school'd to solve high mysteries,
" And hold it wisest with the sword to cut
" The knot of disquisition. I have learn'd
" That each man hath his hour, appointed long
" In fate's concealment, and ill fits the brave 445
" To entertain the doubt of when or how
" With vain anticipation. When it comes,
" My nation deems the brave will find in death
" A bright hereafter. On that faith content
" My spirit leans, and does with joy look forth 450
" On this triumphal waste; joy, haply tinged
" With such emotions, as will cling perforce
" Unto the heart of flesh; yet joy to see
" Great ends atchieved, and all the bristling front
" Of fierce impediment trod down to earth, 455
" And thee, great monarch, magnified in power,

" Whom, second to no other, thus to serve
" It is my will and pride." " There is such joy,"
Replied the king; " and, when the hand of man
" Resists my will, this heart, which thou call'st flesh, 460
" Is hard within as flint, that yields no fruit
" Save the consuming fire; but, when all lies
" Before me desolate, and fierce revenge
" Hath quaff'd her full, an afterthought, dark, deep,
" And striving to burst thro' the mist of time, 465
" Swells in me, and a secret voice cries, why
" Hast thou done this? and then my thoughts revolve
" That power is given to me, and shall be still,
" With greatness, far excelling all that man
" Has compass'd yet; but earth I am, and soon 470
" To earth must turn again, and worms obscene
" Shall prey upon this form of glory. Then,
" The spirit asks, will that which I have rear'd
" Stand firm, a monument to after days
" Of what was Attila? I have wiped from earth 475
" All might, that stood before me; but behind,
" From Danube to the frozen Scandian wave,
" Justice, contentment, peace, and mercy, bloom
" Under my strength; and thus I seem to sway
" The sceptre of a God, with equal hand 480
" Dispensing death and joy. But who, me gone,
" Shall wield it? The great empire, won by strength,
" Upheld by wisdom, and by justice bless'd,
" Who shall inherit? Of my countless sons
" That ardous toil the voice of destiny, 485
" From lips unerring pour'd, to the unfledged hope
" Of Irnach's youth assigns. Will he have power
" To hold what I have bound? or, with the hand

" That rear'd it, must the wondrous fabric sink,
" And all, that flourish'd under it, once more 490
" Be fell contention's prey? Must he too wade,
" Like me, thro' all his kinsmen's blood to power?
" And, (grant it) Arderic, wilt thou till death
" Uphold him with that stern fidelity,
" Which binds thee to my heart?" One instant gazed 495
That warrior on the boy; perchance the thought
Flash'd o'er his haughty spirit, which* erelong
Brought evil fruit, that it were hard to yield
Allegiance to the weak; but straight he flung
The image back, and with full heart exclaim'd, 500
" My liege-lord, whom I follow to the death,
" If fast integrity and faith need proof,
" Thou knowest, that the rude Gepidian's sword
" Is prompter to avouch it, than his tongue;
" And that, which I have done, must plead alone 505
" For that, which will be; other pledge were vain,
" Alike unworthy him who gives or takes;
" But treason is around thee. In that throng,
" Gift of Aëtius, thy dissembling scribe,
" With gold, and the auxiliar arms of Rome, 510
" Is plotting for thy blood. Me, even me,
" His tongue's defilement dared approach with guile."
" I know the treason," Attila replied,
" Nor less the true of heart;" then loudly call'd
Orestes, Scottas, and Edecon, found 515
Faithful in need, and charged their trusty hands
To seize Constantius. Him of guilt arraign'd
Thus he upbraided. " Dog! vile instrument

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* See Hist. Treatise, § 67.

" Of him who nurtured thee! What wilt thou? What
" Has Attila withheld of good or rare, 520
" Which thy rank wishes coveted? Who clothed
" Thy meanness with Byzantine riches, wrung
" From the reluctant emperor? Who gave
" The noblest and most fair of Grecian* brides
" To be thy mate? Rather foul beast, than dog! 525
" (For to the sternest master dogs are true)
" Avow thy treason!" Pale and terror-struck
Stood silent with amaze the conscious scribe,
Expecting death. Then kindled the Hun's eye
Flashing terrific, and impetuous rage 530
Burst from his voice.† " Accurst designer, speak!
" Or wife and offspring slain shall make for thee
" Instant atonement, and their sever'd heads
" To the Patrician on a charger sent
" Give answer to his treason." Fierce he spoke; 535
Then bade Edecon with her issue lead
The beauteous matron forth, and, in his sight,
Slay them incontinent. A traitor's doom,
Death done upon the cross, had not appall'd
The vicious Roman; but that menace sent 540
The blood with such disturbance to his heart,
He fell before the Hun, with loud lament
Disclosing all his crime, and sued for death.

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* See Hist. Treat. § 37.

† The treason and pardon of Constantius are not historical, but such had been the previous conduct of Attila on learning the attempt of Theodosius to procure his murder through the agency of Bigilas, and it can scarcely be doubted that Constantius was recommended to his confidence with sinister motives by Aetius, who is said to have compassed his death.

Death due for guilt, but unto him alone.
" Unworthy of my wrath, base caitiff, rise !" 545
Scornful the king rejoin'd. " Go hence in peace !
" Depart, and to thy foul suborner say,
" Fit comrade, and fit tool, thee Attila
" Sends to Aëtius ! to that Roman chief
" Twice* raised by Hunnish arms unto the staff, 550
" Wherewith he sways the faithful ! Shameless lack
" Of honest faith in who assert that name !
" Depart ! but not the bride, ill-link'd with thee,
" To whom it doth repent me to have join'd
" The widow of Armatius, once as high 555
" In rank and worth amongst the sons of Rome,
" As thou art vile !" This said, he bade the guards
Forth with safe-conduct usher from his camp
The subtle scribe; then, turning, thus address'd
The many. " Warriors, to the sack of Rome 560
" We go, and would that her degenerate arms
" Were worthy to confront us ! Easy prey
" Suits not the hand, that wields this sword of power
" Transmitted from on high. Brave Huns, we march
" To-morrow." At those words, high raised, the voice 565
Of thousands cheer'd; legion from legion took
The joyous acclamation, far away
Where Apicilia's recent ruin smoked,
And Tiliaventus from his rocky bed
Sent up the shout, and swift Anassus shook, 570
And the high Carnian hills sent back the roar.
The while, slow rolling on the marble way,
Unnumber'd wains to Hunnium's guarded height

* See Hist. Treat. § 12. note.

Bore the rich booty. There, with strong reserve
Posted by Attila, the Bactrian king 575
And many a warrior clad in gleamy steel
Look'd eastward from the ramparts, to ward off
Illyrian inroad, or that* son of Thrace
Whose hardy valour on the eastern throne
Wielded regenerate power. Within that fence 580
Safe from all wrong Mycoltha's virgin bloom
Abode beneath his banner. There she bent
Over a lonely couch, where one, perchance
As lovely, but with statelier charms matured,
Lay faint and maim'd; sole relict, saved in vain 585
From Aquileia by the arm of lust
To be the Bactrian's slave. Gentle of heart
Mycoltha, with a leech's patience, stoop'd
O'er the disconsolate, and soothed her wo
With pity's bland assuagement. Half uprose 590
The pallid mourner; her enquiring eye
Gazed on the virgin, while between them grew
Sad interchange of speech. With deep-sunk voice
The Roman to her questioner replied.
" Thou see'st the widow of brave Oricus, 595
" Tarvisian Digna. Three short moons before
" The Hun had pour'd his sacrilegious host
" Over my country, in Saint Felus' fane
" He led me to the altar. Vain it were
" To thee, a pagan, thrall'd by carnal thoughts, 600
" (Who seemest yet of other mould, than those,
" With whom thou mak'st sojourn) to speak the tale
" Of Christian graces; how truth, piety,

* The Greek emperor, Marcian the Thracian.

" Endearing courtesies, and love, adorn'd
" The lord of my young heart. They rest, weigh'd down
" By the long slumber, till the fatal trump
" Shall wake us from the dead; but wo the while,
" That I abide, to see my country's wreck,
" To mourn our loves by heathen force cut short,
" And shrink from the dread morrow! Eternal God! 610
" Thy mercies overshadow all thy works,
" And will sustain my soul!" " Fair sufferer,"
Replied Mycoltha, " from the Bactrian tents
" That gallant chief I saw, of stature tall,
" Graced with surpassing symmetry, and strength 615
" Above his comrades. Fame to him assign'd
" Superior worth, valour and skill in arms,
" Which knew no equal." " Even such he was,"
Digna rejoin'd; " strong, beautiful, and brave,
" I saw him sally from the portal forth 620
" Arm'd at all points, and with his battle-cry
" Giving his horse the rein; I saw him strike,
" And, like an angel sent to smite and slay,
" With his good lance upon the Hunnish flank
" Pour death and terror; and, at every blow, 625
" I cried, for God and for our country strike,
" My lord, my life, my glory! Wo the hour,
" His course was like the levin-brand, whose bolt
" Ethereal nothing can arrest or stay,
" Till it has reach'd the goal, and gloriously 630
" Dies in the wreck it made! The moon-light shone
" That night upon the mangled form of him,
" Who was to me life, glory, love, and all
" Save my firm faith in God, who gives and takes
" For wiser ends, than mortal thoughts discern; 635

" And I was strengthen'd to exclaim, Great Lord,
" Thy will, not mine, be done ! Darkling at night
" With two attendants the same path I trod,
" O'er which he rush'd to death. I found him pierced,
" Torn, trampled in the dust, where battle had raged 640
" Fiercest, and the red plain was cumber'd. Back
" We bore his body, and an army's grief
" Hallow'd his obsequies. Since then, retired
" In his sepulchral vault, I pray'd to die
" Near my lord's ashes. Soon, too soon, the scourge 645
" Of the Almighty wrath prevail'd. I heard
" Shrieks of the dying, and extremities
" Surpassing death; the all-devouring flame
" Lit my dark mansion. Nigher and nigher still
" Approach'd the din: furious pursuit and flight 650
" Rang fearful thro' the vault, a scream, a voice,
" Wild as the mountain-fiend's; and on the grave
" My sister fell, thrice happy to have escaped
" Worse outrage. Then gleam'd many a Bactrian glaive
" Close by the corse, and, baffled of his prey 655
" By the kind hand of death, their leader turn'd
" On me, dead to life's uses, me the bride
" Of sainted Oricus, his eye of lust,
" And bade them save me. Strike, I exclaim'd, strike home,
" Fierce pagans! and therewith I clasp'd the urn 660
" With such strong agony, their iron grasp
" Could not divorce me from that monument.
" They smote my hand with steel;* the slender joints
" Fell from my fingers, and incarnate Hell
" Hath made me what I am." This said, she bow'd 665

* See the anecdotes of Honoria and Digna, Hist. Treat. § 61.

Her pallid countenance, from which had gleam'd
Strength more than feminine; then raised to heaven
Her eyes in prayer, and thus with alter'd tone.
" Forgive me, Lord of mercies, who hast said
" Bless them that persecute you, bless the foe 670
" E'en for his violence, and blessing thus
" Heap coals of fire upon his head. Thou, Lord,
" Thou shalt do right, and the weak arm of man
" Shall be as nothing in the awful day
" Of thy great wrath." A long sad pause ensued, 675
Silence, that spoke unto the inmost heart
Plainer than speech; at length Mycoltha thus.
" He is my father; with life's earliest milk
" I learn'd his faith, that man should hate his foes,
" Requiting ill with ill; but other thoughts 680
" Have dawn'd upon my musings, and I seem
" To have walk'd long in mist; for never died
" A pagan with such joy, as they* who bled
" Victims in Catalaunum. Ever since,
" Lucilia's voice hath warbled in my ear 685
" Glad tidings of a Saviour, who hath led
" Death captive. Fain would I a Christian be,
" And learn to die, and, what is more, like her
" And thee, to suffer." " God's high name be praised!"
The Christian mourner cried; " His righteous will 690
" Can draw life's savour from the deadliest deeds,
" And make them work for good. Who shall forbid
" Water, that this meek virgin be made thine!
" Unworthy, Lord, tho' thy maim'd servant is
" To do thy blessed ministry." This said, 695
With placid visage, from her bosom's fold

* See book 3, v. 370.

She drew a scroll of John's evangely,
And open'd all the scripture, telling first
Of prophets and of seers, and many a type
Portending Him, who, when the time was full, 700
Made good the promise; then of saving faith,
Firm trust in Him who died, hope, charity,
And changeless truth, and resignation meek
That lifts the soul to heaven. "I do believe,"
The virgin said, and kneeling pray'd to Christ; 705
Then, as such narrow strait of time and means
Yielded occasion, from baptismal rites
Arose regenerate. With grateful care
Three days she tended the pale sufferer's couch,
Giving and taking comfort, and each day 710
Wax'd stronger in belief; but death had set
Fatal impression upon Digna's brow,
And, thankful to her Maker, she expired.

ATTILA.

BOOK ELEVENTH.

To be inserted in lieu of verse 240.

To scale the high defences. Stillness deep 240
Succeeded, till with anguish-breathing voice
The mournful silence thus Mycoltha brake.
" Andages, it is done! To us the term
" Of those short joys, which mortal sympathies
" Can yield, is pass'd into death's shadow. Nought 245
" Remains on earth, to who has braved the will
" Of him tremendous, in whose hand is placed
" Jehovah's brand of wrath. Father of good,
" Deal mildly with thy servants! Grant, that we,
" Link'd in one doom, may drink the cup of death 250
" Together, and in glory taste thy peace
" Perturb'd by force no more! O heart's fond wish,
" Breathed oft, but not accepted! bootless prayer!
" That thou, beloved, on whom I lean with trust
" Too earthly, at the fount of Christian hope 255
" Which sprinkled me with blessedness, should'st kneel
" Near thine espoused bride." To her the youth
Deep sorrowing; " Desired, above all joy
" Man can possess! and, in the acquirement, lost!
" O miserably, and past retrievement, lost! 260
" My fathers worshipp'd that terrific God,

" Who wields the fate of battle; me and them
" Oft he has heard. On Chalons' field I call'd
" On him, and low before my lance he laid
" The glory * of Tolosa. Is thy God 265
" Able to save, and from extremest strait
" Enlarge his servants? Will he suffer thee,
" (O far excelling amongst all his works!)
" In thy spring-tide of loveliness, to fall
" By death annihilate, or (maddening thought!) 270
" Become the prey of power?" " Andages, He
" Can save unto the uttermost, and will
" Even in this extreme," (the maid replied)
" If it be just and meet, when weigh'd by Him,
" Who holds the ends of good and seeming ill, 275
" For comfort those, and these for trial hard
" But wholesome to the soul." No answer gave
Andages. Fill'd with the one hope to die
Defending her, whom hope to save was none,
He listen'd to the coming step of death. 280

* Theodoric. See b. 1. v. 87, and b. 3. v. 176.

ATTILA.

BOOK TWELFTH.

To be inserted after verse 86.

ALONE, from empire's care short-space retired,
The king of nations communed with his thoughts,
Dark recollections, and uneasy hope,
Which touch'd no grateful chord. Revenge had work'd 90
Its bloody will, and tyrannous desires
Had blazed to light, while gloating fancy view'd
Their full completion nigh; but joy came none
Unto the inner man. That evil wish
Press'd on the soul with such foreboding weight, 95
Bliss reach'd not there; sullen, unsatisfied,
The spirit within, by fruitless passions vex'd,
Brooded o'er fantasies. Strange visions rose
Of the Sarmatian shepherd's humble cot,
By one chaste partner graced; the mess of herbs, 100
Where peace dwells, better than the regal feast
Of love's voluptuous variety,
And strife therewith. Sudden with alter'd brow
He started from that dream, as Hilda's voice,
Liquid and clear, within the sculptured wall 105
That girt his palace, from his faithful guard
Peaceful admittance craved. The monarch's hand

Moved to the hilt, but fell as quickly back
Upon his oaken throne. Calm, motionless,
He bade her enter. The first time, since hate 110
Had sever'd those stern spirits, once conjoin'd
In strictest love, they met, placed front to front
Without a witness. Conscious thoughts illumed
Her cheek, translucent with the vermeil hue,
And, when her virgin charms first call'd him lord, 115
They scarce exceeded in that blushing hour
Her present self. "I thank thee, Attila,"
Thus she began, "I thank thy justice, done
" Too late, but righteously (how late soe'er)
" Both doom'd and done. Just is it, the vile worm, 120
" Placed by thy fraud in my unwilling bed,
" Should be by thee at once divorced from life
" And that proud eminence. I thank thy wrath
" For Gunther's death." She ceased; from her dark eyes
The majesty of perfect beauty gleam'd, 125
Terrific loveliness; like that fell snake,
Which, arm'd with close malignity, displays
Its scaly pride, and with strange radiance, pour'd
From its fix'd vision, fascinates in hate
What it would slay. No answer Attila 130
Vouchsafed, but silent chew'd the bitter cud
Of things long past, emotions spent, and deeds
Wrought in his earlier prime. "That knot is cut,"
The queen resumed; "and Hilda once again
" Is free from that abhorr'd entanglement, 135
" Wherewith thou didst enthrall her. Attila,
" The time has been, when thou wert all to me
" That youthful wishes dream'd. Fancy could weave
" No brighter spell. Inspired by thy great soul,

" And breathing a twin spirit, I embraced 140
" Thy rugged limbs, and gazed on thy grim cheek
" With a young bride's devotedness; and all
" The fairest semblances of manly grace,
" That ever to a maiden's pillow call'd
" Amorous imaginings, in my esteem 145
" Lost by compare with thee. Thy sister, (born
" Equal in rank, from one great fountain sprung,
" As fit to wield the sceptre and the sword,
" And wiser in deep lore) I gave thee all
" Woman could give; a form not ill esteem'd, 150
" And fresh with youth's accomplishment; a heart
" As ardent as thine own. I was thy guide
" To power, thy counsellor, the strong right-hand
" Of thine intelligence. I gave thee all,
" All, Attila, save that one precious pledge, 155
" Whose beauty crown'd our couch. Where am I now?
" Ejected, scorn'd, thrown to thy very slaves,
" The offal of thy love; but still unblench'd
" In outer form, in spirit, in the power,
" Before which now thy stern eye quails to earth, 160
" Unequal to confront me. Where is she,
" My daughter? Crown'd upon thy kingly throne!
" Usurper of a mother's couch and rights!"
Haughty she spoke, and haughty he replied.
" Sister of Attila, thine own deserts, 165
" Thy precious gifts, whether of youthful bloom,
" Or the mind's daring, well hast thou detail'd,
" Well magnified; but me it ill beseems
" To bandy high reproaches, and cast back
" Anger for anger. To let thee abide 170
" (Proud as thou art, fairest perchance of all)

" Amongst the beauteous consorts of my throne,
" Traversed my will. I gave thee to a prince,
" Burgundia's pride, of Nibelungian hoards
" The famed inheritor. But thou art cursed 175
" To whosoe'er possesses thee, and death
" Has been his meed; event well born of thee,
" And well conceived! Sage counsellor of good!
" Sure guide and safe!" "Add to oppression scorn,"
Hilda rejoin'd, "but still expect the end, 180
" Which, mid the glory of thy boundless sway,
" May fling thee from thy greatness. This hand, chaste
" Save by thy treason, with no other hand
" Shall e'er make union. Thine, unto the death
" I still am thine; and hate, though dark and deep, 185
" Shall ne'er dissever us. The while, secure,
" March to thy destiny! Add bride to bride,
" And, from thy transient joys, draw perilous fruit
" To thy retirement, the mind's canker, keen
" Self-judgment, loneliness of heart and soul! 190
" And, when thou fall'st, as signs prophetic bode,
" Erelong, it shall be noted, that of those
" Fate gave thee, none were link'd to thine embrace
" By the soul's tie, save she who hates thee most,
" And hating loves." This said, with stately port 195
The queen departed. He nor spake, nor stirr'd;
Wrathful, in lone disquietude, he thought
Of the weird woman, who had warn'd him back
Thrice waving high her hand, and his good horse
Gone with her to the wilderness; and now 200
Anticipations strange and gloomy cares
Involve his spirit; Bleda's haggard form
Seems present to his sight, and kindred shapes,

Mama and * Atakam, with all who died
Nail'd on the cross, weak obstacles o'erwhelm'd 205
Upon his path to power. Hilda pass'd on
To yellow-hair'd Mycoltha's bower, where pale
From anguish, her blue eyes' ethereal beam
Suffused by the heart's mournfulness, she sat
A lonely captive, midst the glittering pomp 210
Of bridal mockery. The sapphire wreath
In Bactrian† fashion round her forehead bound
Excell'd not the eye's lustre, so obscured ;
And golden chains of finest texture hung
Twined round her graceful neck, lovelier perchance 215
Without adornment; and of gorgeous breadth
A gold-chased belt of emerald confined
The snowy robe of silk, beneath her breast
Moulded luxuriantly ; and perfumes rare
Of spiritual essence, choice delight 220
To Ariaspe's‡ sisterhood, diffused
Voluptuous odour round. But her regard
Turn'd, from those vain appliances, to two
Dear gifts by Digna given, the scroll of truth,
And a small silver cross. Them, long with zeal 225
Secreted, darkling, she had cherish'd, thence
Extracting joy in wo, and in despair
Hope, other hope, than o'er her infant mind
From Buddha's Orient shrine or the untouch'd flame

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* See Hist. Treat. § 19.

† The Bactrian women used splendid apparel, perfumes, and much of gold ornaments and jewels.—*Pliny*. Emeralds were worn by the most wealthy.—*Q. Curt.*

‡ The ancient name of Bactriana. *Pliny*.

Of high* Cophantus dawn'd. With no mild will 230
On her the queen majestically bent
Her dark-brow'd gaze, illumined by such charm
As vice illusive wears ; and thus, " Fair maid,
" Too fair perhaps, if beauty, else secure,
" Gather'd by violence must droop with wo 235
" In joy's first blossoming, awake! arise!
" Hast thou the strength to dare?" " Small pride of strength
" Has Heaven's high bounty on these limbs bestow'd,"
Gently she made reply. " May He, who shaped
" And breathed His breath into this body, form'd 240
" Not for dishonour, by His mercy grant
" Daring to endure, and in my weakness make
" His own strength perfect!" On that maiden form
So fragile, by despair of human help
Nothing abased, long look'd with thoughts intent 245
The soul-distemper'd queen ; and would have spelt
What power sustain'd her, and have dragg'd to light
The characters, by God's own finger writ
Upon the heart within; but little she,
Though learn'd in dangerous lore, was school'd to know
That wisdom from on high, whose paths are peace ;
And from her robe she drew a dagger forth,
Strong, keen, and small, with venom'd point, imbued
By her own hellish knowledge. " Darest thou strike?"
(And, with that word, the present fraught with death 255
She tender'd) " strike, and be the child of bliss,
" Even as yestermorn? strike him, whose might
" Subdues thy will, and mars the blessed hope

* In Bactriana. See B. 3. v. 202.

" Of thy heart's joy?" Scarce knowing what she did,
And paler than a bloodless spectre, she 260
The deadly weapon took; strange spirit flash'd,
As grew the thought within, from her still eye
Lit with new energy; and, giving voice
To the deep yearning of her soul, she said
Low whispering, " Does Andages live?" " He sleeps,"
As low, the queen replied. So quickly pass'd
That gleam of passion from the virgin's face,
And her lip quiver'd, and the shining blade
Dropp'd from her hand. With look in agony
Upraised to heaven, " Vengeance is Thine!" she said,
" Thou wilt repay." Silent and wondering
The tempter, in whose bosom vengeance reign'd
Sole arbitress, survey'd her; nor divined,
How that afflicted heart beat once again
Slow as before, and, to its Saviour turn'd, 275
Drew comfort born of meek humility
From glowing faith. " Vengeance indeed is mine,"
At length the enchantress said, " and wo betide,
" If I repay not!" Scornful, forth she fared
Unto her dark designs. Alone, unseen, 280
Mycoltha pray'd. " Teach me to do Thy will,
" Almighty Father, and to suffer what
" Thy mercy shall inflict! My earthly hopes
" Are in the grave, and vast eternity,
" By thee reveal'd, before my dazzled eye 285
" Spreads as a vision. O bow down from heaven
" In majesty, Thou source of light and life!
" Instruct my weakness! What Thou wilt is just!
" I know Thou canst deliver me, if so
" Seems to Thy wisdom good. All else is wrong." 290

From that appeal she rose calm, fortified,
And wiped from her fringed lids the tremulous drops
Just springing to their brink ; then turn'd again
To that blest page of solace, which had given
To earth, and heaven, and all the things thereof, 295
A new aspéct, opening the darksome eye
Of her untaught intelligence ; and, fill'd
With thoughts of praise, and resignation built
On trust in the Almighty will, she drank
Therefrom the promise of eternal life. 300

ATTILA.

BOOK TWELFTH.

To be inserted in lieu of v. 165 *&* 166. 167 *&* 168 *not changed.*

" Arm me with strength !" This said, the virgin strove
Repelling force with bold reluctancy,
And beam'd disdain; but strength was not vouchsafed, 380
Save to the soul, nor present aid, to shield
Woman's best attribute. Resistance chafed
Him absolute, and heat of inward rage
Suffused his sallow countenance. The cup
In wassail deeply quaff'd, and rank with drugs 385
Mingled by vengeance, to o'erwhelm the pulse
With vehement flood, and at its ebb induce
Slumberous oppression, work'd distemperature
Thro' all his frame. Upon his feeble prey,
Fierce as Hyrcanian tyger, dark as night, 390
His angry brow was fix'd ; his arm retain'd
The palpitating victim of his will
Strictly embraced, and bow'd with rugged might
Her jewel-cinctured charms. Obstructed pride,
And passion wrought to perilous excess, 395
Made his heart strangely beat, and every throb
Sent back the ruddy tide with such a swell

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